ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS.

MICHAEL J. SCHAACK.

PREFACE.

IT has seemed to me that there should be a history of the development, the revolt, and the tragedy of Anarchy in Chicago. This history I have written as impartially and as fairly as I knew how to write it. I have kept steadily before my eyes the motto,—

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

It will be found in the succeeding pages that neither animosity against the revolutionists, nor partiality to the State, has influenced the work. I have dealt with this episode in Chicago's history as calmly and as fairly as I am able. I have tried to put myself in the position of the misguided men whose conspiracy led to the Haymarket explosion and to the gallows; to understand their motives; to appreciate their ideals — for so only could this volume be properly written.

And to present a broader view, I have added a history of all forms of Socialism, Communism, Nihilism and Anarchy. In this, though necessarily brief, it has been the purpose to give all the important facts, and to set forth the theories of all those who, whether moderate or radical, whether sincerely laboring in the interests of humanity or boisterously striving for notoriety, have endeavored or pretended to improve upon the existing order of society.

After the dynamite bomb exploded, carrying death into the ranks of men with whom I had been for years closely associated — after an impudent attack had been made upon our law and upon our system, which I was sworn to defend — it came to me as a duty to the State, a duty to my dead and wounded comrades, to bring the guilty men to justice; to expose the conspiracy to the world, and thus to assist in vindicating the law. How the duty was performed, this story tells.

It is a plain narrative whose interest lies in the momentous character of the facts which it relates. Much of it is now for the first time given to the public. I have drawn upon the records of the case, made in court, but more especially upon the reports made to me, during the progress of the investigation, by the many detectives who were working under my direction.

I can say for my book no more than this: that from the first page to the last there is no material statement which is not to my knowledge true. The reader, then, may at least depend upon the accuracy of the information presented here, even if I cannot make any other claim.

It would be unfair and ungrateful if I did not seize this opportunity to

put on lasting record my obligations to Judge Julius S. Grinnell, who was State's Attorney during the investigation. His support, steady and full of tact, enabled me to go through with the work, in spite of obstacles deliberately put in my way. My position was a delicate and difficult one: had it not been for him, and for others, success would have been almost impossible.

Nor can I forego this occasion to bear testimony to the magnificent police work done in the case by Inspector Bonfield and his brother, James Bonfield, and by the officers who acted directly with me. These were Lieut. Charles A. Larsen and Officers Herman Schuettler, Michael Whalen, Jacob Loewenstein, Michael Hoffman, Charles Rehm, John Stift and B. P. Baer. Mr. Edmund Furthmann, at that time Assistant State's Attorney, as I have elsewhere recorded, worked upon the inquiry into the conspiracy with an acumen, a perseverance and an industry which were beyond all praise. I knew, when he was first associated with me in the case, that the outcome must be a victory for outraged law, and the result vindicated the prediction. To Mr. Thomas O. Thompson and to Mr. John T. McEnnis much of the literary form of this volume is to be credited, and to them also I am under lasting obligations.

Chicago, February, 1889.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—"THE FEAST OF REASON."

ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Beginning of Anarchy — The German School of Discontent — The Socialist Future — The Asylum in London — Birth of a Word — Work of the French Revolution — The Conspiracy of Babeuf — Etienne Cabet's Experiment — The Colony in the United States — Settled at Nauvoo — Fourier and his System — The Familistère at Guise — Louis Blanc and the National Work-shops — Proudhon, the Founder of French Anarchy — German Socialism: Its Rise and Development — Rodbertus and his Followers — "Capital," by Karl Marx — The "Bible of the Socialists" — The Red Internationale — Bakounine and his Expulsion from the Society — The New Conspiracy — Ferdinand Lassalle and the Social Democrats — The Birth of a Great Movement — Growth of Discontent — Leaders after Lassalle — The Central Idea of the Revolt — American Methods and the Police Position.

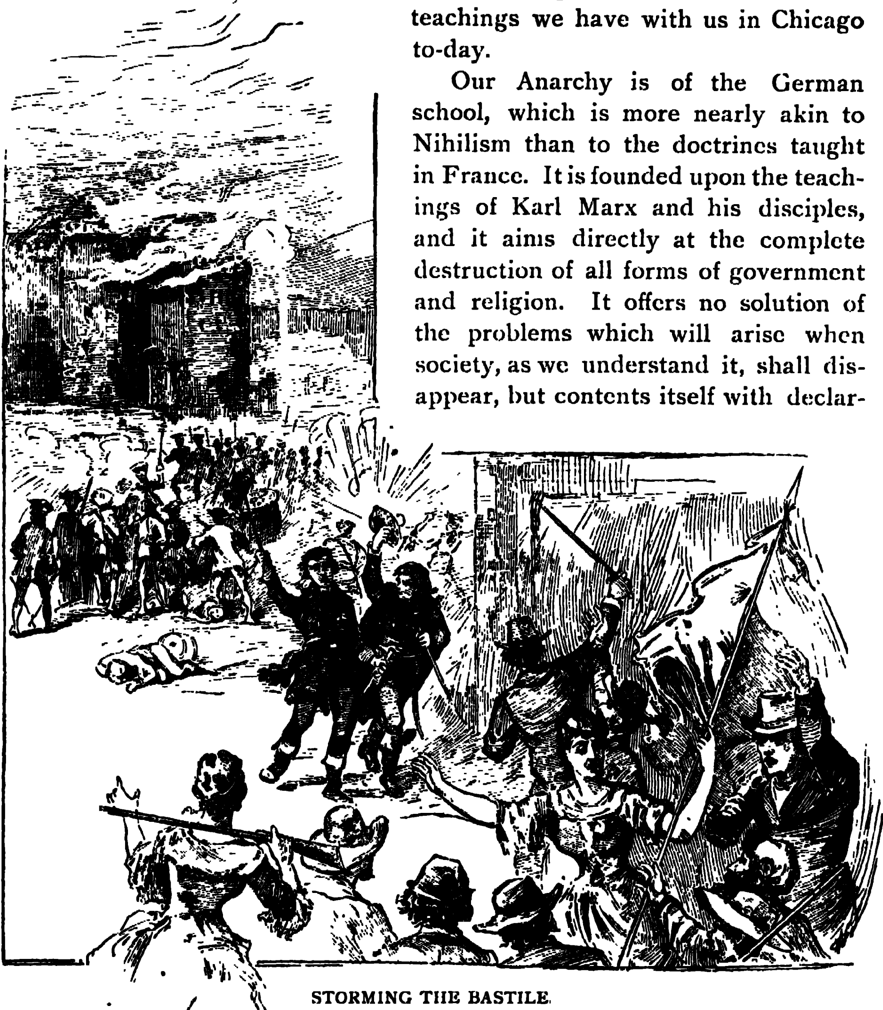
THE conspiracy which culminated in the blaze of dynamite and the groans of murdered policemen on that fatal night of May 4th, 1886, had its origin far away from Chicago, and under a social system very different from ours.

In order that the reader may understand the tragedy, it will be necessary for me to go back to the commencement of the agitation, and to show how Anarchy in this city is the direct development of the social revolt in Europe. After "the red fool fury of the French" had burnt itself out, the nations of the Old Word, exhausted by the Titanic struggle with Napoleon, lay quiet for nearly a quarter of a century. The doctrines which had brought on the Reign of Terror had not died. After a period of quiet, the evangel of the Social Revolution again began. There was uneasiness throughout Europe. In France the Bourbons were driven out, although the cause of the people was betrayed by Louis Napoleon. In Germany the demand for a constitution was pushed so strongly that even the sturdy Hohenzollerns had to give way before it. In Hungary there was a popular ferment. Poland was ready for a new rising against Russia. In Russia the movement which subsequently came to be known as Nihilism was born. In Italy Garibaldi and Mazzini were laying the foundations for the throne which the house of Savoy built upon the work of the secret societies.

Nor must the reader believe that all this turmoil had not beneath it real grievances and honest causes. The peasantry and the laboring classes of Europe had been oppressed and plundered for centuries. The common people were just beginning to learn their power, and, while the excesses into which they were led were deplorable, it is not difficult to understand the causes which made the crisis inevitable.

There is nothing ever lost by endeavoring to enter fairly and impartially into another's position — by trying to understand the reasons which move men, and the creeds which sway them. Anarchy as a theory is as old as the school men of the middle ages. It was gravely debated in the monasteries, and supported by learned casuists five centuries ago. As a practice it was first taught in France, and later in Germany. It caught the unthinking, impressible throng as the proper protest against too much government and wrong government. It was ably argued by leaders capable of better things, — men who turned great talents toward the destruction of society instead of its upbuilding, — and the fruit of their teachings we have with us in Chicago to-day.

Our Anarchy is of the German school, which is more nearly akin to Nihilism than to the doctrines taught in France. It is founded upon the teachings of Karl Marx and his disciples, and it aims directly at the complete destruction of all forms of government and religion. It offers no solution of the problems which will arise when society, as we understand it, shall disappear, but contents itself with declar-



STORMING THE BASTILE.

ing that the duty at hand is tearing down; that the work of building up must come later. There are several reasons why the revolutionary programme stops short at the work of Anarchy, chief among which is the fact that there are as many panaceas for the future as there are revolutionists, and it would be a hopeless task to think of binding them all to one platform of construction. The Anarchists are all agreed that the present system must go, and so far they can work together; after that each will take his own path into Utopia.

Their dream of the future is accordingly as many-colored as Joseph's coat. Each man has his own ideal. Engels, who is Karl Marx's successor in the leadership of the movement, believes that men will associate themselves into organizations like coöperative societies for mutual protection, support and improvement, and that these will be the only units in the country of a social nature. There will be no law, no church, no capital, no anything that we regard as necessary to the life of a nation.



KARL MARX.

The theory of Anarchy will, however, be sufficiently developed in the pages that follow. It is its history as a school which must first be examined.

England is really responsible for much of the present strength of the conspiracy against all governments, for it was in the secure asylum of London that speculative Arnarchy was thought out by German exiles for German use, and from London that the "red Internationale" was and probably is directed. This was the result of political scheming, for the fomenting of discontent on the continent has always been one of the weapons in the British armory.

In England itself the movement has only lately won any prominence, although it was in England that it was baptized "Socialism" by Robert Owen, in 1835, a name which was afterwards taken up both in France and Germany. The English development is hardly worth consideration in as brief a presentation of the subject as I shall be able to give. Before passing to an investigation of the growth and the history of Socialism and Anarchy, I wish to express here, once for all, my obligations to Prof. Richard T. Ely's most excellent history of "French and German Socialism

in Modern Times." This monograph, like everything else which has come from the pen of this gifted young economist, contains so clear a statement and so complete a marshaling of the facts that it is not necessary to go beyond it for the story of continental discontent.

The French Revolution drew a broad red line across the world's history. It is the most momentous fact in the annals of modern times. There is no need for us to go behind it, or to examine its causes. We can take it as a fact — as the great revolt of the common people — and push on to the things that followed it.

Babeuf — "Gracchus" Babeuf, as he called himself — after serving part of a term in prison for forgery, escaped, went to Paris in the heat of the Revolution, and started *The Tribune of the People*, the first Socialistic paper ever published. He was too incendiary even for Robespierre, and was imprisoned in 1795. In prison he formed the famous "Conspiracy of Babeuf," which was to establish the Communistic republic. For this conspiracy he and Darthé were beheaded May 24, 1797.



MICHAEL BAKOUNINE.

Etienne Cabet was a Socialist before the term was invented, but he was a peaceful and honest one. He published, in 1842, his "Travels in Icaria," describing an ideal state. Like most political reformers, he chose the United States as the best place to try his experiment upon. It is a curious fact that there is not a nation in Europe, however much of a failure it may have made of all those things that go to make up rational liberty, which does not feel itself competent to tell us just what we ought to do, instead of what we are doing. Cabet secured a grant of land on the Red River in Texas just after the Mexican War, and a colony of Icarians came out. They took the yellow fever and were dispersed before Cabet came with the second part of the colony. About this time the Mormons left Nauvoo in Illinois, and the Icarians came to take their places. The colony has since established itself at Grinnell, Iowa, and a branch is at San Bernardino, California. The Nauvoo settlement has, I believe, been abandoned.

Babeuf and Cabet prepared the way for Saint Simon. He was a

count, and a lineal descendant of Charlemagne. He fought in our War of the Revolution under Washington, and passed its concluding years in a British prison. He preached nearly the modern Socialism,—the revolt of the proletariat against property,—and his work has indelibly impressed itself upon the whole movement in France.

Charles Fourier, born in 1772, was the son of a grocer in Besançon, and he was a man who exercised great influence upon the movement among the French. He was rather a dreamer than a man of action, and, although attempts have been made to carry his familistère into practice, there is no conspicuous success to record, save, perhaps, that of the familistère at Guise, in France, which has been conducted for a long time on the principles laid down by Fourier.



PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON.

All these men had before them concrete schemes for a new society in which the evils of the present system would be avoided by what they considered a more equable division of wealth, and each made the effort to carry his scheme from theory into practice, so that the world might see the success and imitate it. Following them came the men who held that, before the new society can be formed, the old society must be got rid of—the men who see but one way towards Socialism, and that through Anarchy.

Louis Blanc was the first of these, although he would not have described himself as an Anarchist, nor would it be fair to call him one. He represented the transition stage. He attempted political reforms of a most sweeping character during the revolution of 1848. The government of the day established "national work-shops" as a concession to him. Of these more is said hereafter.

Pierre Joseph Proudhon, born in Besançon July 15, 1809, is really the father of French Anarchy. His great work, "What Is Property?" was published in 1840, and he declared that property was theft and property-holders thieves. It is to this epoch-making work that the whole school

of modern Anarchy, in any of its departments, may be traced. Proudhon was fired by an actual hatred of the rich. He describes a proprietor as "essentially a libidinous animal, without virtue and without shame." The importance of his work is shown by the effect it has had even upon orthodox political economy, while on the other side it has been the inspiration of Karl Marx. Proudhon died in Passy in 1865.

Since his time until within the last year or two, French Socialism has been but a reflex of the German school. It has produced no first-rates, and has been content to take its doctrine from Lassalle. Karl Marx and Engels, the leaders of the German movement, and Bakounine and Prince Krapotkin, the Russian terrorists, have impressed their ideas deeply upon the French discontented ones. The revolt of the Commune of Paris after the Franco-German war was not exactly an Anarchist uprising, although the Anarchists impressed their ideas upon much of the work done. The Commune of Paris means very much the same as "the people of Illinois." It is the legal designation of the commonwealth, and does not imply Communism any more than the word commonwealth does. It was a fight for the autonomy of Paris, and one in which many people were engaged who had no sympathy with Anarchy, although certainly the lawless element finally obtained complete control of the situation. The rising in Lyons several years later was distinctly and wholly anarchic, and it was for this that Prince Krapotkin and others were sent to prison.

At the present day there is no practical distinction between Socialism and Anarchy in France. All Socialists are Anarchists as a first step, although all Anarchists are not precisely Socialists. They look to the Russian Nihilists and the German irreconcilables as their leaders.

German Socialism is really the doctrine which is now taught all over the world, and it was this teaching that led directly to the Haymarket massacre in Chicago. It began with Karl Rodbertus, who lived from 1805 to 1875. He first became prominent in Germany in 1848, and he was for some time Minister of Education and Public Worship in Prussia. He was a theorist rather than a practical reformer, but competent critics assign to him the very highest rank as a political economist. His first work was "Our Economic Condition," which was published in 1843, and his other books, which he published up to within a short time of his death, were simply elucidations of the principles he had first laid down. His writings have had a greater effect on modern Socialism than those of any other thinker, not even excepting Karl Marx or Lassalle. His theories were brought to a practical issue by Marx, who united into a compact whole the teachings of Proudhon and of Rodbertus, his own genius giving a new luster and a new value to the result. Marx is far and away the greatest man that the Socialism of the nineteenth century has produced. He was a deep student, a man of most formidable mental power, eloquent, persua-

sive, and honest. His great book, "Capital," has been called the Socialist's Bible. Ely places it in the very first rank, saying of it that it is "among the ablest political economic treatises ever written." And while the best scientific thought of the age agrees that Marx was mistaken in his premises and his fundamental propositions, there is accorded to him upon every hand the tribute which profound learning pays to hard work and deep thinking.

Coming from theory to practice brings us naturally from Marx to the International Society. It was founded in London in 1864 and was meant to include the whole of the labor class of Christendom. Marx was the chief, but he held the sovereignty uneasily. The Anarchists constantly antagonized him. Bakounine, the apostle of dynamite, opposed Marx at every point, and finally Marx had him expelled from the society. Bakounine thereupon formed a new Internationale, based upon anarchic principles and the gospel of force. The Internationale of which Marx was the founder has shrunk to a mere name, although the organization is still kept up, and the body with which the civilized world has now to reckon is that which Bakounine formed after his expulsion from the old body in 1872. It is a curious fact that many of the Socialists in Chicago to-day are enthusiastic admirers of Marx and at the same time members of the society and followers of the man Marx declared to be the most dangerous enemy of the modern workingman.

Marx is dead, however; many things are said in his name of which he himself would never have approved, and the "Red Internationale" proclaims the man a saint who refused either to indorse its principles or to consult with its leaders. It is the same as though, twenty years hence, the men who last year followed Barry out of the Knights of Labor were to hold up Powderly to the world as their law-giver and their chief.

Louise Michel, who was a very active worker in the radical cause during the outbreak of the Paris Commune, was born in 1830, and first attracted attention by verses full of force which she published very early in life. She was sentenced in 1871 to deportation for life, and was transported with others to New Caledonia. At the time of the general amnesty, in 1880, she returned to Paris, and became editor of *La Révolution Sociale.*

Ferdinand Lassalle, like Marx of Hebrew blood, and of early aristocratic prejudices, was the father of German Anarchy as it exists to-day. He was a deep student, and a remarkably able man. He took his inspiration from Rodbertus and from Marx, but applied himself more to work among the poor. Marx was over the heads of the common people. His "Capital" is very hard reading. Lassalle popularized its teachings. On May 23, 1863, a few men met at Leipsic under the leadership of Lassalle and formed the "Universal German Laborers' Union." This was the foundation of Social Democracy, and its teachings were wholly anarchic.

It aimed at the subversion of the whole German social system, by peaceful political means at first, but soon by force.

Lassalle was shortly afterwards killed in a duel over a love-affair, but he was canonized by the German Social Democrats as though his death were a martyrdom. Even Bismarck in the Reichstag paid a tribute to his memory. Lassalle died just about the time that a change was occurring in his convictions, and had he lived longer, and if contemporary history is to be believed, he would have taken office under the German Government and applied himself heartily to the building up of the Empire.

After Lassalle's death the movement which he had initiated went forward with increased force. The German laborer was finally, as the Internationalists put it, aroused. The German Empire, following the example of the Bund, decreed universal suffrage in 1871. Before this, in Prussia especially, the laborer had but the smallest political influence. The vote of a man in the wealthiest class in Berlin counted for as much as the vote of fifteen of the "proletariat," so called. Lassalle died in 1864, and suffrage was first granted in 1867. The Social Democrats at first were in close accord with Bismarck. It was the Social Democratic vote which elected Bismarck to the Reichstag in the first election after the suffrage was granted. In the fall of 1867 they sent eight members to the parliament of the Bund. In the elections after the formation of the Empire the Socialistic vote stood: In 1871, 123,975; in 1874, 351,952; in 1877, 493,288; in 1878, 437,158. The Social Democrats poll nearly 10 per cent of the whole vote of Germany at the present time.



LOUISE MICHEL.

In 1878 occurred the two attempts on the life of the Emperor of Germany described in a succeeding chapter, and the result was severe repressive measures against the Social Democrats. Their vote fell off, and their influence declined, but in the past two years, 1887 and 1888, they have more than recovered their past strength, and they now poll more votes and seem to exercise a greater political control in Germany than ever before.

The passage of the "Ausnahmsgesetz," the exceptional law against

German Socialists, drove many of them to this country, but had no effect in diminishing the propaganda in Germany. The result was an exodus of Socialists, or rather Anarchists, to America—by this time the two terms, wide apart as they may seem, had become one—and to Chicago came most of the irreconcilable ones. The American sympathizers, thus formed, at first fixed their attention upon the political situation in the old country, and they applied themselves closely to work in connection with the agitators who had not expatriated themselves. Money was sent in large quantities to the old country.



FERDINAND LASSALLE

In Germany, in the meantime, the movement varied and shifted with each wind of doctrine; one president after another was tried and found wanting, until at last Jean von Schweitzer was chosen, and he guided the party until it was finally swallowed up in the organization perfected by Liebknecht and Bebel. Liebknecht was really but an interpreter of Marx, but he was honest, enthusiastic and devoted, and no man in the whole line of German political energy has left his name more thoroughly impressed upon the time. Out of these conditions and born of these ideas came the Anarchy which hurled the bomb whose crash at the Haymarket Square first aroused us to the work which is being done in our midst.

The Anarchists of Chicago are exotics. Discontent here is a German plant transferred from Berlin and Leipsic and thriving to flourish in the west. In our garden it is a weed to be plucked out by the roots and

destroyed, for our conditions neither warrant its growth nor excuse its existence.

The central idea of all Socialistic and Anarchic systems is the interference with the right of property by society. If we can convince ourselves that society has the right and the duty thus to interfere, then there is to be said nothing more. As long as the American citizen can buy his own land and raise his own crops, as long as average industry and economy will lead a man to competence, Socialism can only be like typhus fever—a growth of the city slums. There is no real danger in it. There is no peril which those charged with the protection of law and order are not ready to face, for every officer of the law that unreasonable discontent may menace is backed by the whole power of the republic; and the republic is founded upon principles which this alien revolt can neither harm nor affright.

There is a fact which, before I leave this chapter, I wish to bring home to the mind of every reader, and that is this:

The police of Chicago, like the police of every city in the Union, are actuated by no feeling of hostility to these people. We understand the genesis of their movement; we can put ourselves in their places and feel the things which actuate them; we are prepared to make as many excuses for them as they can make for themselves; we are ready to grant everything that they could claim, and more; but we see beyond this, and above this, facts which they forget and forego.

We have a government in these United States so firm and so elastic that it has every bulwark against either foreign or domestic attack, and yet it provides every opportunity to adjust itself to the will of the people.

The majority must rule, and does rule; but under our Constitution it rules only along lines decreed by the fathers long ago for the protection of the minority. There is a legal and constitutional means provided for every man to carry his theories of good government into actual practice. Every citizen has the right to vote, and to have his vote counted, and this right belongs to Anarchist and conservative, to radical and reactionist. There is no man can stand before the American people and say we have refused him his right: if it were done, the whole power of the Government would be marshaled to do him justice. When, then, we have provided every man with a means to impress his convictions upon the government of the country—when we have done everything that human ingenuity can do to secure a full and free expression of the popular will, as the final and supreme test upon every public question, we may be excused for refusing to let the Anarchists have their way. They are a minority of a minority, yet they would impose their system and their doctrine upon the majority. They would substitute for the ballot-box the dynamite bomb—for the will of the people the will of a contemptible rabble of discontents, un-Ameri-

can in birth, training, education and idea, few in numbers and ridiculous in power.

Thus, while the police entertain no animosity against these men, we feel — I feel and every officer under my command feels — that we are bound by our oaths and by our loyalty to the State and to society to meet force with force, and cunning with cunning. We are the conservators of the law and the preservers of the peace, and the law will be vindicated and the peace preserved in spite of any and all attacks.

If our system is wrong, which I do not believe; if the principle that the majority of the citizens is to be ruled by an alien minority is to be accepted, which I do not accept, still there is the orderly and well-protected means provided by law, and guaranteed by the Government, to transform that idea into a governing fact. There is the ballot, free to every citizen, safe, satisfying, final. The men who try other methods are rushing to their own destruction. We pity them, we sympathize with them; but our duty is clear and manifest. We have a government worth fighting for, and even worth dying for, and the police feel that truth as keenly as any class in the community.

CHAPTER II.

Dynamite in Politics — Historical Assassinations — Infernal Machines in France — The Inventor of Dynamite — M. Nobel and his Ideas — The Nitro-Compounds — How Dynamite is Made — The New French Explosive — "Black Jelly" and the Nihilists — What the Nihilists Believe and What they Want — The Conditions in Russia — The White and the Red Terrors — Vera Sassoulitch — Tourgeneff and the Russian Girl — The Assassination of the Czar — "It is too Soon to Thank God" — The Dying Emperor — Two Bombs Thrown — Running Down The Conspirators — Sophia Perowskaja, the Nihilist Leader — The Handkerchief Signal — The Murder Roll — Tried and Convicted — A Brutal Execution — Five Nihilists Pay the Penalty — Last Words Spoken but Unheard — A Deafening Tattoo — The Book-bomb and the Present Czar — Strychnine-coated Bullets — St. Peter and Paul's Fortress — Dynamite Outrages in England — The Record of Crime — Twenty-nine Convicts and their Offenses — Ingenious Bomb-making — The Failures of Dynamite.

THE attempt to gain political ends by an appeal to infernal machines is not a new one. It is as old as gunpowder — and the evangel of assassination is older still. Murder was the recognized political weapon of the Eastern and Western Empires, and the Chicago Anarchists have proved themselves neither better nor worse than the "old man of the mountain" or the Italian princes of the middle ages. During the reign of Mary Queen of Scots the mysterious explosion occurred in the Kirk of Feld in which Darnley lost his life. Somewhat later was the "gunpowder plot," in which Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament. The petard and the hand-grenade were the grandfather and the grandmother of the modern bomb, and murderous invention came to its new phase in the infernal machine which Ceruchi, the Italian sculptor, contrived to kill Napoleon when First Consul — a catastrophe which was avoided by the fact that Napoleon's coachman was drunk and took the wrong turn in going to the opera-house.

France was fertile in this sort of machinery. Some years later Fieschi, Morey and Pepin tried to kill Louis Philippe with a similar apparatus on the Boulevard de Temple. The King escaped, but the brave Marshal Mortier was slain. Orsini and Pieri made a bomb, round and bristling with nippers, each of which was charged with fulminate of mercury, to explode the powder within, meaning to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie.

In the year 1866, according to the most trustworthy authorities, dynamite was first made by Alfred Nobel. In speaking of the invention, Adolf Houssaye, the French litterateur, recently said:

It should be remembered that nine-tenths, probably, of the dynamite made is used in peaceful pursuits; in mining, and similar works. Indeed, since its invention great engineering achievements have been accomplished which would have been entirely impossible without it. I do not see, then, much room for doubt that it has on the whole been a great blessing

to humanity. Such certainly its inventor regards it. "If I did not look upon it as such," I heard him say recently, "I should close up all my manufactories and not make another ounce of the stuff." He is a strong advocate of peace, and regards with the utmost horror the use of dynamite by assassins and political conspirators. When the news of the Haymarket tragedy in Chicago reached him, M. Nobel was in Paris, and I well remember his expressions of horror and detestation at the cowardly crime.

"Look you," he exclaimed. "I am a man of peace. But when I see these miscreants misusing my invention, do you know how it makes me feel? It makes me feel like gathering the whole crowd of them into a storehouse full of dynamite and blowing them all up together!"

Few people know what dynamite is, though it has attracted a good deal of attention of late, and before considering its use as a mode for political murder it may be well here to give an account of its making.

Nitro-glycerine, although not the strongest explosive known to science, is the only one of any industrial importance, as the others are too dangerous for manufacture. It was discovered by Salvero, an Italian chemist, in 1845. It is composed of glycerine and nitric acid compounded together in a certain proportion, and at a certain temperature. It is very unsafe to handle, and to this reason is to be ascribed the invention of dynamite, which is, after all, merely a sort of earth and nitro-glycerine, the use of the earth being to hold the explosive safely as a piece of blotting-paper would hold water until it was needed. Nobel first tried kieselguhr, or flint froth, which was ground to a powder, heated thoroughly and dried, and the nitro-glycerine was kneaded into it like so much dough. Of course, many other substances are now used, besides infusorial earth, as vehicles for the explosive — sawdust, rotten-stone, charcoal, plaster of Paris, black powder, etc., etc. These are all forms of dynamite or giant powder, and mean the same thing. When the substance is thoroughly kneaded, work that must be done with the hands, it is molded into sticks somewhat like big candles, and wrapped in parchment paper. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when placed on the tongue or the wrist. It freezes at 40° Fahrenheit, and must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of 100°. In dynamite the usual proportions are 25 per cent. of earth and 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine. The explosive is fired by fulminate of silver or mercury in copper caps.

Outside of the French arsenals it is to be doubted if anybody knows anything more about the new explosive, melinite, further than that it is one of the compounds of picric acid — and picric acid is a more frightful explosive than nitro-glycerine. I find in my scrap-book the following excerpt from the London *Standard,* describing the artillery experiments at Lydd with the new explosive which the British Admiralty has lately been examining. The *Standard,* after declaring that the experiments are "entirely satisfactory," says:

The character of the compound employed is said to be "akin to melinite," but its precise nature is not divulged. We have reason to believe that the "kinship" is very close. The details of the experiments which have lately been conducted at Lydd are known to very few individuals. But it is unquestionable that the results were such as demonstrate the enormous advantage to be gained by using a more powerful class of explosives than that which has been hitherto employed. There could be no mistake as to the destructive energy of the projectiles. Neither was there any mishap in the use of these terrible appliances. The like immunity was enjoyed at Portsmouth. A deterrent to the adoption of violent explosives for war purposes has consisted in the risk of premature explosion. But there is still the consideration that the advantage to be gained far exceeds the risk which has to be incurred. France has not neglected this question, and she is ahead of us. Her chosen explosive is melinite, and with this she has armed herself to an extent of which the British public has no conception. All the requisite materials, in the shape of steel projectiles and the melinite for filling them, have been provided for the French service and distributed so as to furnish a complete supply for the army and the navy. Whatever may be said as to the danger which besets the use of melinite, the French authorities are confident that they have mastered the problem of making this powerful compound subservient to the purposes of war. Concerning the composition of this explosive great secrecy is observed by the French Government, as also with regard to the experiments that are made with it. But Col. Majendie states that melinite is largely composed of picric acid in a fused or consolidated condition. Of the violence with which picric acid will explode, an example was given on the occasion of a fire at some chemical works near Manchester a year ago. The shock was felt over a distance of two miles from the seat of the explosion, and the sound was heard for a distance of twenty miles.

The conduct of the French in committing themselves so absolutely to the use of melinite as a *materiel* of war clearly signifies that with them the use of such a substance has passed out of the region of doubt and experiment. Their experimental investigations extended over a considerable period of time, but at last the stage of inquiry gave place to one of confidence and assurance. So great is the confidence of the French Government in the new shell that it is said the French forts are henceforth to be protected by a composite material better adapted than iron or steel to resist the force of a projectile charged with a high explosive. In naval warfare the value of shells charged in this manner is likely to be more especially shown in connection with the rapid-fire guns which are now coming into use. The question is whether the ponderous *staccato* fire of monster ordnance may not be largely superseded by another mode of attack, in which a storm of shells, charged with something far more potent than gunpowder, will be poured forth in a constant stream from numerous guns of comparatively small weight and caliber.

Combined with rapidity of fire, these shells cannot but prove formidable to an armorclad, independently of any damage inflicted on the plates. The great thickness now given to ship armor is accomplished by a mode of concentration which, while affecting to shield the vital parts, leaves a large portion of the ship entirely unprotected. On the unarmored portion a tremendous effect will be produced by the quick-firing guns dashing their powerful shells in a fiery deluge on the ship.

Altogether the new force which is now entering into the composition of artillery is one which demands the attention of the British Government in the form of prompt and vigorous action. While we are experimenting, others are arming.

Dynamite, however, is the weapon with which the "revolution" has armed itself for its assault upon society. A terrible arm truly, but one difficult to handle, dangerous to hold, and certainly no stronger in their hands than in ours, if it should ever become necessary to use it in defense of law and order.

A number of Russian chemists, members of the Nihilist party, were the first to apply dynamite to the work of murder. It is to their researches that is to be credited the invention of the "black jelly," so called, of which so much was expected, and by which so little was done.

Nihilist activity in Russia commenced almost as soon as the emancipated peasantry began to be in condition for the evangel of discontent. It was Tourgeneff, the novelist, who baptized the movement with its name of Nihilism—and the truth is that it is a movement rather than an organization. It is a loose, uncentralized, uncodified society, secret by necessity and murderous by belief; but it is a secret society without grips or passwords, without a purpose save indiscriminate destruction, and its very formlessness and vagueness have been its chief protection from the Russian police, who are, perhaps, after all is said and done, the best police in the world. A statement of Nihilism by that very famous Nihilist who is known as Stepniak, but who is suspected to be entitled to a much more illustrious name, runs thus:

By our general conviction we are Socialists and democrats. We are convinced that on Socialistic grounds humanity can become the embodiment of freedom, equality and fraternity, while it secures for itself a general prosperity, a harmonious development of man and his social progress. We are convinced, moreover, that only the will of the people should give sanction to any social institution, and that the development of the nation is sound only when free and independent and when every idea in practical use shall have previously passed the test of national consideration and of the national will. We further think that as Socialists and democrats we must first recognize an immediate purpose to liberate the nation from its present state of oppression by creating a political revolution. We would thus transfer the supreme power into the hands of the people. We think that the will of the nation should be expressed with perfect clearness, and best, by a National Assembly freely elected by the votes of all the citizens, the representatives to be carefully instructed by their constituents. We do not consider this as the ideal form of expressing the people's will, but as the most acceptable form to be realized in practice. Submitting ourselves to the will of the nation, we, as a party, feel bound to appear before our own country with our own programme or platform, which we shall propagate even before the revolution, recommend to the electors during electoral periods, and afterwards defend in the National Assembly.

The Nihilist programme in Russia has been officially formulated thus:

First—The permanent Representative Assembly to have supreme control and direction in all general state questions.

Second—In the provinces, self-government to a large extent; to secure it, all public functionaries to be elected.

Third—To secure the independence of the Village Commune ("Mir") as an economical and administrative unit.

Fourth—All the land to be proclaimed national property.

Fifth—A series of measures preparatory to a final transfer of ownership in manufactures to the workmen.

Sixth—Perfect liberty of conscience, of the press, speech, meetings, associations and electoral agitation.

Seventh—The right to vote to be extended to all citizens of legal age, without class or property restrictions.

Eighth—Abolition of the standing army; the army to be replaced by a territorial militia.

It must be remembered that the conditions in Russia are peculiar. The country is ruled by an autocracy; government is not by the people, but by "divine right." The conditions which the English-speaking people ended at Runnymede still exist in Muscovy. There is neither free speech, free assembly, nor a free press, and naturally discontent vents itself in revolt. There is no safety-valve. Russia is full of generous, high-minded young men and women, who find their church dead, and their state a cruel despotism. They find themselves face to face with the White Terror, and they have sought in the Red Terror a relief. Flying at last from the hopeless contest, they have carried the hate of government born of bad ruling into Western Europe, and it is the infection of this poison that we have to deal with here. The average Russian Nihilist is a young man or a young woman —very often the latter—who, by the contemplation of real wrongs and fallacious remedies, has come to be the implacable enemy of all order and all system. Usually they are half-educated, with just that superficial smattering of knowledge to make them conceited in their own opinions, but without enough real learning to make them either impartial critics or safe citizens of non-Russian countries. We can pity them, for it is easy to see how step by step they have been pushed into revolt. But they are dangerous.

When one reads such a case as that which gave Vera Sassoulitch her notoriety, it is easier to understand Russia. General Trepoff, the Chief of Police of St. Petersburg, had arrested Vera's lover on suspicion of high treason. The young man was by Trepoff's order frequently flogged to make him confess his crime. Sassoulitch called on Trepoff and shot him. She was tried by a St. Petersburg jury and acquitted. Immediately a law was declared that no case of political crime should be tried by a jury, except when the Government had selected it. The arrest of the woman was ordered that she might be tried again under the new regulation, but in the meantime her friends had spirited her away.

A very similar crime was that attempted by another Nihilist heroine, Maria Kaliouchnaia, who attempted to kill Col. Katauski for his severity to her brother. In the assassination of the Czar, as I shall relate, a number of women were concerned, and their bravery was greatly more desperate than that of their male companions. The Russian woman is peculiar. I know no better picture of the "devoted ones" than that given in Tourgeneff's "Verses in Prose":

I see a huge building with a narrow door in its front wall; the door is open, and a dismal darkness stretches beyond. Before the high threshold stands a girl—a Russian girl. Frost breathes out of the impenetrable darkness, and with the icy draught from the depths of the building there comes forth a slow and hollow voice:

"Oh, thou who art wanting to cross this threshold, dost thou know what awaits thee?"

"I know it," answers the girl.

"Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, a fearful death even."

"I know it."

"Complete isolation and separation from all?"

"I know it. I am ready. I will bear all sorrows and miseries."

"Not only if inflicted by enemies, but when done by kindred and friends?"

"Yes, even when done by them."

"Well, are you ready for self-sacrifice?"

"Yes!"

"For anonymous self-sacrifice? You shall die, and nobody shall know even whose memory is to be honored?"

"I want neither gratitude nor pity. I want no name."

"Are you ready for a crime?"

The girl bent her head. "I am ready—even for a crime."

The voice paused awhile before renewing its interrogatories. Then again: "Dost thou know," it said at last, "that thou mayest lose thy faith in what thou now believest; that thou mayest feel that thou hast been mistaken and hast lost thy young life in vain?"

"I know that also, and nevertheless I will enter!"

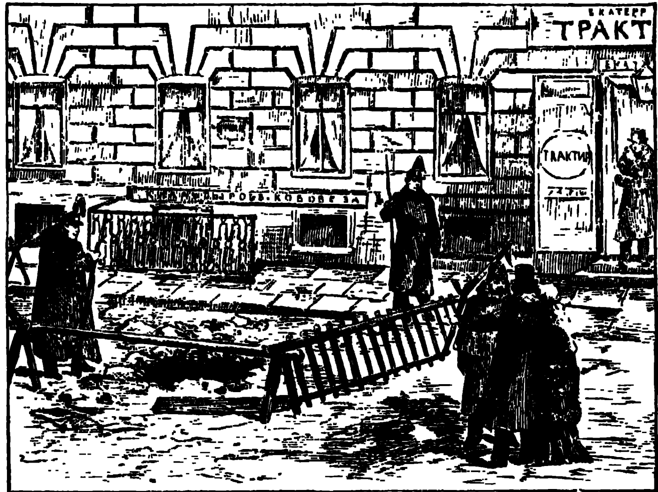
"Enter, then!"

The girl crossed the threshold, and a heavy curtain fell behind her.

"A fool!" gnashed some one outside.

"A saint!" answered a voice from somewhere.

With such material it was not difficult to build up the tragedy of 1881. Before the day of the Czar's death came, there had been desperate attempts upon his life. Prince Krapotkin, a relative of the Nihilist of the same name, was murdered in February, 1879, and following this deed the terrorists applied themselves resolutely to the removal of the Emperor.



EXCAVATED DYNAMITE MINE IN MOSCOW.

For instance, in November, 1879, was the mine laid at Moscow. It was intended to blow up the railway train upon which the Czar was to enter the city, and for this purpose Solovieff and his comrades laid three dynamite mines under the tracks. Hartmann, who subsequently figured in the assassination, was one of the leaders, and here, too, was Sophie Peroosky, another of the regicides. They hired a house near the railway tracks and tunneled under the road amidst incredible difficulties and always in the most imminent danger. One hundred and twenty pounds of dynamite was in position, but the Czar passed by in a common train before the im-

perial one on which he was expected, and his life was saved. On February 5, 1880, the mine under the Winter Palace was exploded; eleven persons were killed, but again the Czar escaped.

For some time before March 13, 1881, Gen. Count Loris Melikoff, the officer responsible for the safety of Czar Alexander II., had received disquieting reports which gave him the greatest anxiety. On the 10th of the month Jelaboff, the ringleader of the conspiracy, was arrested by accident, and the direction of the attempt on the Czar's life was accordingly left to Sophie Perowskaja, a young, pretty and highly educated noblewoman, who had left everything to join the Nihilists. It is said that on the morning of the 13th Melikoff begged the Czar to forego his purpose of reviewing the Marine Corps, and keep within the palace. The Emperor laughed at him, and declared there was no danger. There was no incident until after the review. As the Emperor drove back beside the Ekaterinofsky Canal, just opposite the imperial stables, a young woman on the other side of the canal fluttered a handkerchief; and immediately a man started out from the crowd that was watching the passing of the Czar, and threw a bomb under the closed carriage. There was a roaring explosion, a cloud of smoke. The rear of the vehicle was blown away, and the horror-stricken multitude saw the Czar standing unhurt, staring about him. On the ground were several members of the Life Guard, groaning and writhing in pain. The assassin had pulled out a revolver to complete his work, but he was at once mobbed by the people. Col. Dvorjitsky and Captains Kock and Kulebiekan, of the guards, rushed up to their master and asked him if he was hurt.

"Thank God! no," said the Czar. "Come, let us look after the wounded."

And he started toward one of the Cossacks.

"It is too soon to thank God yet, Alexander Nicolaivitch," said a clear, threatening voice in the crowd, and before any one could stop him, a young man bounded forward, lifted up both arms above his head, and brought them down with a swing. There was a crash of dynamite, a blaze, a smoke, and the autocrat of all the Russias was lying on the bloody snow, with his murderer also dying in front of him. Col. Dvorjitsky lifted up the Czar, who whispered:

"I am cold, my friend, so cold,—take me to the Winter Palace to die."

The desperate Nihilist had thrown his bomb right between the Czar's feet, and had sacrificed his own life to kill the Emperor.

Alexander was shockingly mutilated. Both of his legs were broken, and the lower part of his body was frightfully torn and mangled. The assassin — his name was Nicholas Elnikoff, of Wilna — was even more badly hurt. He died at once.

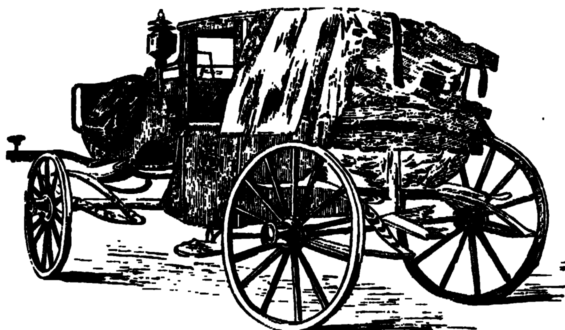
The Czar was taken into an open sled, and although it was claimed he



"IT IS TOO SOON TO THANK GOD!" THE ASSASSINATION OF CZAR ALEXANDER II.

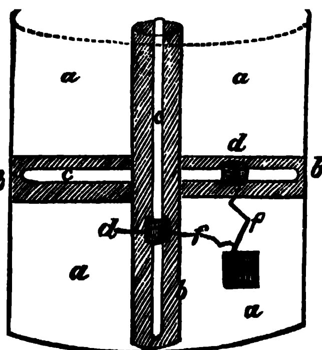
received the last sacrament at the Winter Palace, most of those who know believe that he died on the way there.

In the meantime the police, with the utmost difficulty, rescued the first bomb-thrower from the maddened mob. The man, whose name proved to be Risakoff, coolly thanked the officers for preserving him, and then tried to swallow some poison which he had ready. In this he was foiled, and he was taken to prison.



THE CZAR'S CARRIAGE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
From a Photograph.

The infernal machine used by Elnikoff was about 7½ inches in height, and its construction is exemplified in the annexed diagram. Metal tubes (*b b*) filled with chlorate of potash, and enclosing glass tubes (*c c*) filled with sulphuric acid (commonly called oil of vitriol), intersect the cylinder. Around the glass tubes are rings of iron (*d d*) closely attached as weights. The construction is such that, no matter how the bomb falls, one of the glass tubes is sure to break. The chlorate of potash in that case, combining with the sulphuric acid, ignites at once, and the flames communicate over the fuse (*f f*) with the piston (*e*), filled with fulminate of silver. The concussion thus caused explodes the dynamite or "black jelly" (*a*) with which the cylinder is closely packed.



I said above that Jelaboff, the real leader of the conspiracy, had been arrested on the 10th. He was merely a suspect, and it was some time before the police realized what an important arrest had been made. Only two hours before the murder of the Emperor, Jelaboff's house was searched, and there was found a great quantity of black dynamite, India rubber tubes, fuses and other articles. Jelaboff had been living here with a woman who was called Lidia Voinoff. This Lidia Voinoff was arrested on the Newsky Prospect, on March 22nd, and almost immediately identified as Sophia Perowskaja, the young woman who had given the handkerchief signal to the bomb-throwers, and who was wanted besides for the Moscow railway mine case. On the prisoner were found papers which led to the search of a house on Telejewskaia Street, where a man named Sablin committed suicide immediately on the appearance of the police, and a woman named Hessy Helfmann was arrested. A regular

Nihilist arsenal of black jelly, fuses, maps of different districts of St. Petersburg, with the Czar's usual routes marked upon them, copies of papers from the secret press, etc., were found. While the police were still engaged in the search of the premises Timothy Mikhaeloff came in by accident. He was taken, and on him was found a copy of the new Czar's proclamation, and penciled on the back were the names of three shops with three different hours in the afternoon. The officers descended on these places and gathered in customers, shop-keepers and everybody else about the place, — a process which brought in Kibaltchik, the Nihilist chemist and bomb-maker.

The evidence was soon got in shape, and early in April the trial began. It was shown that Jelaboff was agent in the third degree of the Revolutionary Executive Committee; that he had issued the call for volunteers for the killing of the Czar, and that forty-seven persons had offered themselves, out of whom Risakoff, Mikhaeloff, Hessy Helfmann, Kibaltchik, Sophia Perowskaja and Elnikoff had been accepted. Elnikoff was dead, but the others, with Jelaboff, were put in the dock. They all confessed except Hessy Helfmann, and upon April 11th all were condemned to death, with the proviso needed under the Russian law that the sentence of Sophia Perowskaja should be approved by the Czar, as she was a member of the class of nobles, and a noble may not be put to death without the Emperor's concurrence. The Czar concurred, and on April 15th, at 9 a. m., all the prisoners save Hessy Helfmann were hung. This woman was reprieved because she was about to become a mother. The execution was a most brutal one. It took place on a plain two miles out of the city, in the presence of a hundred thousand people. The prisoners were taken out of the fortress on two-wheeled carts, surrounded by drummers and pipers, who played continuously and loudly, so that nothing the condemned might say could be heard by the crowd. At the scaffold the drummers were stationed in a hollow square around the gallows, and a deafening tattoo was kept up from the time the prisoners were brought in until their bodies were cut down. The hanging was very cruel. Each person was mounted on a small box, after kissing each other passionately all round. They said something, but it could not be heard for the drumming. The executioner was said to be evidently drunk. There was no drop. When the signal was given the condemned were pushed off their boxes and left to strangle. Mikhaeloff's rope broke twice, and the attendants held him up while the excecutioner tied a new cord around his neck and over the beam. The bodies were buried privately.

The present Czar has had several narrow escapes, none of them more nearly fatal than the conspiracy of the book-bomb in March last. On the 13th of March, 1888, the anniversary of his father's terrible death, the Czar made the usual visit to the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, where the body of Alexander II. is buried. For some time before the ceremony St. Peters-

burg was full of rumors that a catastrophe was impending, and, although the police took the most careful precautions, the Czar himself paid no attention to the warnings of the "Third Section," and would permit no alteration in the preparations for the requiem.

In Christmas week of 1887, the Russian agents at Geneva, in Switzerland, reported the presence in that city of two revolutionary agents who seemed to have the closest relations with the committee of the discontents in London and Paris. They were shadowed for a time, but lost. In February they reappeared in Berlin. They were known to be in communication with the St. Petersburg Nihilists. Before facts enough had accumulated to justify their arrest they disappeared once more and were believed to have



THE NIHILISTS IN THE DOCK.
1. Risakoff. 2. Mikhaeloff. 3. Hessy Helfmann. 4. Kibaltchik. 5. Sophia Peroffskaja. 6. Jelaboff.

gone to the Russian capital. The facts were reported to the Czar, but he laughed at Chief Gresser of the capital police.

In solemnizing the requiem of the late Czar a public progress was made to the Cathedral, amid a dense throng of citizens, among whom were all the detectives that Chief Gresser could get together. In a small café in one of the side streets of the Morokaya two of the detectives ran across a couple of uniformed university students — in Russia the students have a peculiar costume — who were acting suspiciously. They were conversing in a most excited manner with a man dressed as a peasant. The trio were watched. At the café door they separated, but all three made by different routes for the Newsky Prospect, the chief drive of the capital and the one along which the Czar was to return. The peasant was lost by the detectives, but

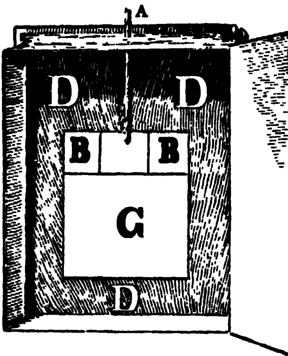


EXECUTION OF THE NIHILIST CONSPIRATORS.

the other two were kept in sight, and the suspicions of the police were made all the more keen by the fact that the young men passed each other in the crowd several times with an elaborate appearance of not knowing each other. One of them had a law-book in his hand; the other had a traveling-bag over his shoulder.

A few moments before the Czar was to pass on his return from the Cathedral the students came together and whispered, and the two were immediately and quietly arrested. Their names were given as Andreieffsky and Petroff, university students, and this was proven to be the truth.

A thrilling discovery was made, however, at once. The innocent-looking law-book was really a most dangerous infernal machine—sufficiently powerful not alone to kill everybody in the Czar's carriage, but many in the crowd, and perhaps to have blown down some of the neighboring houses. The traveling-sack was full of dynamite bombs of the ordinary spherical pattern.



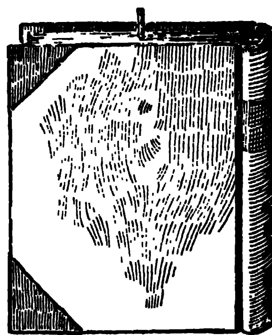


Fig. 1. Interior. Fig. 2. Exterior.
A. Glass Tube. B. Fulminate. C. Bullets. D. Dynamite.

I reproduce here a diagram of the book-bomb from the excellent account of the attempted assassination given by the New York *World* a few days after it occurred.

The outside was made of wood and pasteboard, so artistically that only the closest inspection would discover the fact that the machine was not really a book. In the center of the interior, in the place marked *C*, were a number of hollow bullets filled with strychnine, which poison was also plastered upon the outside of the missiles. Above this were small compartments filled with fulminate, with a glass tube of sulphuric acid. To the tube was tied a string, which would break it when thrown, spilling it into the fulminate and thus exploding the dynamite with which the whole of the hollow parts of the interior was densely packed. Fully a hundred people must have been killed had the bomb been exploded as intended. The expert who examined the bomb, after handling the bullets carelessly put his finger in his mouth, and was seriously, though not fatally, poisoned.

Hardly had the arrest been made when the Czar was notified at the Cathedral. He ordered that the news should be withheld from the Empress, although he was himself visibly affected. He sprang into his sleigh with the Czarowitz, and drove by an unused route to the railway station. The Czarina followed shortly after in a carriage, greatly agitated by a presenti-

ment of evil. Not until the train had started was she informed of the occurrence. She burst into tears, and was inconsolable for the rest of the journey. Once safe in his Gatschina Palace, the Czar is said to have given vent to his feelings in the strongest language, heaping anathemas upon the heads of the Nihilists, and threatening dire revenge.

Less than two hours after the arrest of Andreieffsky and Petroff their companion peasant fell into the hands of the police. His name was Generaloff, a native of Jaroslav, South Russia. He had been actively engaged in the Nihilist propaganda for some time past. He also carried bombs on his person.

These arrests were supplemented by numerous others. The lodgings of the prisoners in the suburbs of St. Petersburg known as the Peski (the Sands) were searched, and other explosives as well as documents incriminating other persons were found. As a result the procession of prisoners to the Peter and Paul's Fortress for a time was almost unremitting, and no one felt safe against police intrusion. All three of the prisoners were subsequently executed.

England shortly afterward became the mark for the next development of the dynamite war. It is the fact that shortly after the assassination of the Czar an attack on the British Government was begun.

Prior to this there had been two outrages in 1881—one an attempt to blow up the barracks at Salford with dynamite, the other a gunpowder explosion at the Mansion House, London.

The record of the year, as compiled by Col. Majendie, the Inspector of Explosives, then runs on:

1881: 16 *May.* Attempt to blow up the police barracks at Liverpool with gunpowder in iron piping. Damage to the building was inconsiderable, and no one hurt.

10 *June.* Attempt to blow up the Town Hall, Liverpool, by an infernal machine probably filled with dynamite. A great number of windows broken, and some iron railings destroyed, but no one injured. The two perpetrators captured.

14 *June.* A piece of iron piping filled with gunpowder exploded against the police station at Loanhead, near Edinburgh. Some windows broken, but no other damage effected.

30 *June.* An importation of six infernal machines at Liverpool from America in the "Malta," concealed in barrels of cement. They contained lignin dynamite, with a clockwork arrangement for firing it.

2 *July.* An importation of four similar machines at Liverpool in the "Bavaria."

September. An attempt to produce an explosion at the barracks, Castlebar. A canister containing gunpowder was thrown over the wall, close to the magazine. The lighted fuse which was attached fell out, and no harm was done.

1882: 26 *March.* An attempt to blow up Weston House, Galway, with dynamite in an iron pot enclosed in a sack. Five persons were afterwards convicted of the outrage.

27 *March.* A 6-inch shell charged with explosive thrown into a house in Letterkenny. The explosion caused considerable damage.

2 *April.* An attempt to destroy a police barrack in Limerick by firing some dynamite on the window sill.

12 *May.* A discovery of a parcel containing 12 lbs. to 20 lbs. of gunpowder, with lighted touch-paper or fuse attached, at the Mansion House, London.

1883: 21 *January.* An explosion of lignin dynamite at Possil Bridge, Glasgow. Two or three persons passing sustained slight injury.

21 *January.* An explosion of lignin dynamite at Buchanan Street Station, Glasgow, in a disused goods shed.

15 *March.* An explosion at the Local Government Board Office, Whitehall, causing considerable local damage.

15 *March.* An abortive explosion of lignin dynamite outside a window at the *Times* office.

April. Two infernal machines, containing 28 lbs. of lignin dynamite (probably home-made), discovered at Liverpool. Four persons were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

April. The discovery of a factory of nitro-glycerine at Birmingham, and of a large amount of nitro-glycerine brought thence to London. The occupier of the house and others were subsequently convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

30 *October.* An explosion in the Metropolitian Railway, between Charing Cross and Westminster, unattended with personal or serious structural injury.

30 *October.* An explosion on the Metropolitan Railway, near Praed Street. Three carriages sustained serious injury, and about sixty-two persons were cut by the broken glass and debris, and otherwise injured.

November. Two infernal machines discovered in a house in Westminster, occupied by a German named Woolf. Two men were tried, and in the result the jury disagreed and a *nolle prosequi* was entered on behalf of the Crown.

1884 *January.* The discovery of some slabs of Atlas Powder A (American make), in Primose Hill tunnel.

February. An explosion in the cloak-room of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway at Victoria Station of Atlas Powder A (American make), left in a bag or portmanteau.

27 *February.* The discovery of a bag containing some Atlas Powder A, with clockwork and detonators, at Charing Cross Station.

28 *February.* A similar discovery at Paddington Station.

1 *March.* A similar discovery at Ludgate Hill Station.

April. A discovery of three metal bombs, containing dynamite (probably American make), at Birkenhead, in possession of a man named Daly, who was afterwards sentenced to penal servitude for life.

30 *May.* An explosion of dynamite at the Junior Carlton Club, St. James' Square. About fourteen persons were injured.

30 *May.* An explosion of dynamite at the residence of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, St. James' Square.

30 *May.* An explosion of dynamite in a urinal under a room occupied by some of the detective staff in Scotland Yard. It brought down a portion of the building, besides severely injuring a policeman and some persons who were at an adjacent public-house.

30 *May.* A discovery of Atlas Powder A, with fuse and detonators, in Trafalgar Square.

28 *November.* An attempted destruction of a house at Edenburn, near Tralee, occupied by Mr. Hussey. The injury, which was doubtless accomplished with dynamite, was less serious than was intended, and no one sustained bodily harm.

12 *December.* An explosion of a charge of dynamite or other nitro-compound under London Bridge, fortunately doing very littte damage.

1885: 2 *January.* An explosion in the Gower Street tunnel of the Metropolitan Railway, caused by about two pounds of some nitro-compound fired apparently by a percussion fuse. Damage inconsiderable.

24 *January.* An explosion in the Tower of London, caused, beyond all reasonable doubt, by about five to eight pounds of Atlas Powder A (American make). Three or four persons were slightly injured, and considerable damage was done to the Armory.

24 *January.* An explosion of Atlas Powder A (American make), in Westminster Hall. Three persons were injured severely, and others slightly, and very considerable damage was done to the Hall and surroundings.

24 *January.* An explosion in the House of Commons (probably caused by a similar amount of the same explosive). No persons were injured, but very considerable damage was done to the Houses of Parliament.

February. A discovery of dynamite (of American make) in a house in Harrow Road, Paddington.

9 *March.* A discovery of Atlas Powder A in the roof of a saw-mill at Bootle.

As a result of these various conspiracies and political outrages, twenty-nine persons were convicted.

Some of the bombs used in the London explosions were very ingeniously made. Usually they had a clock-work arrangement which released a hammer and exploded the infernal machine at the time set. Others again had a time fuse depending upon the percolation of acid through parchment. In every case, however, the destruction wrought by the explosives was ridiculously disappointing to the conspirators, and in England as elsewhere the event proved that high explosives are a delusion and a snare from the revolutionist's point of view. They are greatly more dangerous to the persons who employ them than to the people or the property against which they may be aimed.

CHAPTER III.

The Exodus to Chicago—Waiting for an Opportunity—A Political Party Formed—A Question of $600,000—The First Socialist Platform—Details of the Organization—Work at the Ballot-Box—Statistics of Socialist Progress—"The International Workingmen's Party" and The "Workingmen's Party of the United States"—The Eleven Commandments of Labor—How the Work was to be Done—A Curious Constitution—Beginnings of the Labor Press—The Union Congress—Criticising the Ballot-Box—The Executive Committee and its Powers—Annals of 1876—A Period of Preparation—The Great Railroad Strikes of 1877—The First Attack on Society—A Decisive Defeat—Trying Politics Again—The "Socialistic Party"—Its Leaders and its Aims—August Spies as an Editor—Buying the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—How the Money was Raised—Anarchist Campaign Songs—The Group Organization—Plan of the Propaganda—Dynamite First Taught—"The Bureau of Information"—An Attack on Arbitration—No Compromise with Capital—Unity of the Internationalists and the Socialists.

AFTER the enactment of the stringent Socialist law in Germany, and the determined opposition of Prince Bismarck to the creed of the Social Democrats, the exodus to America began, and Chicago, unfortunately for this city, was the Mecca to which the exiles came. At first but little attention was paid to the incoming people. It was thought that free air and free institutions would disarm them of their rancor against organized society, and but little attention was paid to the vaporings of the leaders. We had heard that sort of thing before,—especially in the years following 1848,—and it had come to nothing; and people generally, when they heard the mouthings of the apostles of disorder, told themselves that when these apostles had each bought a home, there would come naturally, and out of the logic of facts, a change in their convictions.

Hence, although there were some inflammatory speeches, and a pretense of Socialistic activity, it was not until the year 1873 that any serious attention was paid to the movement. Even then the interest it excited was that solely of a political novelty.

The period was one of general business depression, however, and additional impetus was given to the feelings of discontent by the labor troubles in New York, Boston, St. Louis and other large cities. In New York the labor demonstrations were particularly violent. The special object sought to be accomplished there was the introduction of the eight-hour system. Eastern Internationalists saw in this an opportunity to strengthen their foothold in America, and they were not slow in fomenting discord among the members of the different trades-unions which had inaugurated the movement. They even went so far as to proclaim that, if there was any interference with the eight-hour strike, the streets would run red with the blood of capitalists. The Communists of Chicago sympathized with their brethren in the East, but they lacked numbers and similar conditions of

violent discontent to urge force and bloodshed in the attainment of the same object, which, however, had been for some time under discussion by the Trades Assembly of Chicago. They consequently contented themselves with wild attacks upon the prevailing system of labor and urged a severance from existing political parties and the formation of a party exclusively devoted to the amelioration of the condition of workingmen.

Toward the end of the year 1873, the leaders seem to have concluded that they had a sufficient number of adherents to form a party, and a committee was appointed to prepare and submit a plan of organization. On the 1st of January following, this committee reported. They suggested organization into societies according to nationalities, and that all societies thus organized should be directed by a central committee, to be appointed from the several sections. At the same time it was publicly announced that "the new organization did not seek the overthrow of the national, State or city government by violence," but would work out its mission peaceably through the ballot-box.

While the formation of a party was under consideration, times were exceedingly dull in the city. Thousands were idle, and there was a general clamor among the unemployed for relief. This discontent was seized upon to influence the minds of the poor against capital, and the remedy was declared to lie only in Socialism. The Relief and Aid Society formed the first point of attack. The Socialist leaders loudly proclaimed that it had on hand over $600,000,—the charitable contributions of the world sent to Chicago after the fire for the benefit of the poor,—which sum was held, they claimed, for the enrichment of the managers of that society and the benefit of "rich paupers." In the early part of December, 1873, a procession of the unemployed marched through the streets of the city and demanded assistance from the municipal authorities. They finally decided to appeal to the Relief Society, and, backed by hundreds in line, a committee attempted to wait upon the officials of that organization. They were, excluded, however, on the ground that all deserving cases would be aided without the intervention of a committee.

The condition of labor now formed the pretext for many a diatribe against capital in general and the alleged favoritism of the Relief and Aid Society in particular; and many allied themselves with the Socialistic organization—not comprehending its meaning, but because it happened at the moment to appeal to their passions.

It was this state of affairs which spurred on the Socialist leaders to the formation of a party. Having accepted the general plan of organization as recommended by the committee, another meeting was held in January, 1874. A declaration of principles was then formulated. There were nine articles, which may be summarized as follows:

Abolition of all class legislation and repeal of all existing laws favoring monopolies.

All means of transportation, such as railroads, canals, telegraph, etc., to be controlled, managed and operated by the State.

Abolition of the prevailing system of letting out public work by contract, the State or municipality to have all work of a public nature done under its own supervision and control.

An amendment to the laws in regard to the recovery of wages, all suits brought for the recovery of wages to be decided within eight days.

The payment of wages by the month to be abolished, and weekly payments substituted.

A discontinuance of the hiring-out of prison labor to companies or individuals, prisoners to be employed by and for the benefit of the State only.

Adoption by the State of compulsory education of all children between the ages of seven and fourteen years; the hiring-out of children under fourteen to be prohibited.

All banking, both commercial and savings, to be done by the State.

All kinds of salary grabs to be discontinued; all public officers to be paid a fixed salary instead of fees.

Specifically stated, the organization was made to consist of sections and divisions and a central committee. Each section was made to consist of twenty-five members, and was entitled to one delegate to the conventions of the order, with one delegate for every additional one hundred members or fraction thereof. The central committee was to be composed of nine members, to be chosen by the delegates. The duties of the committee were fixed under such rules as might be adopted by the organization. Their term was from one general convention to another. Each delegate was allowed as many votes as there were members of the section he represented. Delegates from each section were obliged to assemble every week to report all party affairs, and, if necessary, were expected to make similar reports to the central committee. Sections and divisions elected officers for six months. Two-thirds of the members of each section were required to be wage-workers. Each member had to pay only five cents initiation fee and five cents monthly dues. One-half of the income from fees was given to the central committee for printing and general expenses. All in arrears for three months, barring sickness or want of employment, were expelled. Each section was given the power to dismiss such members as acted by word, writing or deed to the detriment of the party and its principles. The right of appeal to the central committee was given to any member in case three of his section favored it. Monthly reports to sections and quarterly reports to the central committee as to the condition of the organization and the treasury were required of the secretary. In the event that any officer lost the confidence of his section, he could be expelled before the expiration of his term by a majority vote.

Such were the principles and plans of the organization at the outset. There does not appear anywhere anything to show that the ulterior object of the party was to use violence to enforce its demands. On the contrary, at a subsequent general gathering a preamble to the platform expressly stated that the party was organized "to advocate and advance the political

platform of the Workingmen's Party, to acquire power in legislative bodies and to uphold the principles of the platform." Subsequent mass-meetings, held in January, ratified the declaration of principles, and the various speakers urged that, inasmuch as the "other political parties were for the benefit of unprincipled scalawags," their party had come into existence "pure and undefiled, to secure to workingmen their rights." The prime movers in the party at this time were John McAuliff, L. Thorsmark, Carl Klings, Henry Stahl, August Arnold, J. Zimple, Leo Meilbeck, Prokup Hudek, O. A. Bishop, John Feltes, John Simmens, Jacob Winnen, J. Krueger, William Jeffers and Robert Mueller. The organization was styled "The Workingmen's Party of Illinois."

Active agitation at once commenced in various parts of the city. Meetings were held wherever possible in the poorer sections of the North and West Divisions. In all speeches the prevalent distress was dwelt upon and the people were urged to combine against capital. Some of the points made at these gatherings may be judged from the remarks of the agitators at a meeting of the various sections of the party at No. 68 West Lake Street on the 1st of March, 1874. While the sentiments were somewhat rabid, there was no encouragement to deeds of violence. One of the speakers, Mr. Zimple, spoke of the object of the meeting as being "to devise means for marching on the bulwarks of aristocracy, and gain for the working classes that social position to which they were by right entitled." Then followed an invective against capital and society. "All existing things must be torn down," he continued, "and a new system of society built up." Slaves even were allowed to live, but, as things were then, workingmen, who could work no longer, had to starve. If they stood together and elected good men to the Legislature next fall, this state of affairs would be changed. Legislators were too stupid to make a living by honest work, therefore they had to subsist by robbing the people. Mr. Thorsmark expressed confidence in the success of Socialism and said that if all workingmen would do their duty "the present state of society would be reformed, not only for their benefit, but for the benefit of mankind." Carl Klings could conceive of "nothing more inhuman, cruel and outrageous than the present state of society," and it was for this reason, he said, that they had banded together to "strike a blow which would effect a change for all time to come." The same tyrants, he argued, who had slaughtered their brethren in cold blood and oppressed them in France, could be found in Chicago. The workingmen of America had not accomplished anything as yet, because they were not yet fully prepared, but gradually they were becoming a great power, and soon would "no longer be compelled to drink the bitter poison from the cup of the aristocrats." Mr. McAuliff touched on the wrongs of the existing state of society as he saw it and held that "they all had to unite in one common body and seek success at the ballot-box."

To gain political power, the Socialists made their first attempt by placing a ticket in the field. A convention was held in Thieleman's Theater, in the North Division of the city, on the 29th of March, 1874. Although there were general city officers to be elected the following month, the Socialists confined their efforts to making nominations only for the town offices of North Chicago, in which section their theories seemed, at that time, to have found the most fertile soil. Their ticket was made up as follows: Assessor, George F. Duffy; Collector, Philip Koerber; Supervisor, August Arnold; Town Clerk, Frederick Oest; Constable, James Jones.

At this convention an impetus was given to the new organ of the party, the *Vorbote*, which had just issued its initial number, and, although this journal was given a considerable circulation to boom the new-fledged candidates, the ticket only polled 950 votes.

But the leaders were not disheartened. They continued their political agitation, and at the approach of the fall campaign they decided to branch out more extensively, and to measure swords with the other political parties for all the offices in sight. On the 25th of October, 1874, a convention was held in Bohemian Turner Hall, on Taylor Street, near Canal, and Congressional, county and city tickets were put into the field. For Congress they selected, for the West Side, W. S. Le Grand; for the North Side, F. A. Hoffman, Jr. It was left an open question whom they should support on the South Side. Their candidates for the Legislature were: Madden, Rice, Hudek, Kranel, Thrane and Hymann; and for the Senate, Rowe, Bishop, Methua and Koellner. County Commissioners, Mueller, Bettetil, Bley and Maiewsky for the West Side, and German and Breitenstein for the North Side. Their candidate for Sheriff was E. Melchior, and for Coroner, Dr. Geiger. The aldermanic selections were: In the Second Ward, Wasika; in the Fourth, Tuer; in the Sixth, Grapsicsky; in the Seventh, Maj. Warnecke and E. A. Haller; in the Eighth, Leonhard; in the Ninth, George Heck; in the Tenth, Sticker; in the Eleventh, Urenharst; in the Twelfth, Zirbes; in the Fourteenth, Sirks; in the Fifteenth, Schwenn and Anderson; in the Sixteenth, Seilheimer; in the Seventeenth, H. Jensen; in the Eighteenth, Frey; and in the Twentieth, Otto F. Schalz. In the wards not given no nominations were made.

The strength of the ticket may be gathered by the fact that at the election, on November 5th, Melchior received only 378 votes, while his opponent, Agnew, Democrat, scored 28,549, and Bradley, Republican, 21,080. The Socialist candidate who polled the largest number of votes was Breitenstein, for County Commissioner — 790.

The leaders now became convinced that a German morning daily was necessary to further the interests of their party. The *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* and the *Freie Presse* had almost neutralized their efforts on the stump, and they saw that they must have an organ to meet these papers and reach the

masses. They had seen the effects of workingmen's papers in Germany, where several representatives had been sent to the Reichstag, and as their party shibboleth then was "to secure power in legislative bodies" in Illinois, they determined to found a paper of their own. On the 13th of December, 1874, on Market Street, they held a secret meeting. The leading spirits in the proceedings were Mueller, Simmens and Klings. It was proposed that stock to the amount of $20,000 should be issued for a daily, but as no one seemed to be thoroughly posted in the matter of publishing a paper, it was decided to select a committee. Messrs. Klings, Helmerdeg, Simmens, Methua, Kelting, Winner and Finkensieber were so selected, but whether they made any progress, or submitted a report as to their conclusions, is not known. It is certain that no daily appeared to supplement the efforts of their weekly organ at that time, and it was not until four or five years later that such a paper finally made its appearance.

In the winter of 1874 and the spring of 1875 the Socialist agitators were not openly aggressive, but they nevertheless kept quietly at work sowing the seed of discontent. Finally, in October, 1875, they resumed open and active agitation. The only meeting they held that fall was at No. 529 Milwaukee Avenue, and their wrath was directed especially against the Republican and Democratic candidates for County Treasurer. The speakers were J. Webeking, John Feltis, Jacob Winnen, A. Zimmerman and John Simmens. The burden of their harangues was that "the workingmen should no longer believe the scoundrels" put up by the other parties. It was time, they urged, to "destroy the power of the robber band." Workingmen must "organize, place laborers on the throne, and drive capitalists from power."

In the election, held the following month, they took no active part, and this fact, together with the apparently quiescent condition of the organization, prompted the *Tribune* to remark:

> No longer do they work openly (smarting under former failures), nor do they allow outsiders like Oelke, Gruenhut and others to get into their ranks. The Workingmen's Party of Illinois, as the Communists of this city style themselves, no longer acts as an independent organization, but has placed itself under the protectorate of the society of the Internationalists, which has branches in every city in the world. The executive committee of this society, which formerly resided in Paris and Leipsic, has now its headquarters in New York, and its mandates are implicitly complied with by all the local organizations. The central committee believe that during the winter large numbers will be without employment, and hence a proper time will come to strike a blow. For months they have been organizing military companies and maturing plans to burn Chicago and other large cities in the United States and the Old World.

At about this time a secret meeting was held at No. 140 West Lake Street. Only members of the local committee of the Internationale and the executive committee of the Workingmen's Party were present. It came to the surface that other than political measures were discussed. The Socialist leaders denied all intention of abandoning politics, but they did not hesitate

to avow a belief that some startling blow would facilitate the success of their movement. What seemed to give a strong color of truth to reports about their incendiary intentions was the action they took with reference to Carl Klings. He had been one of the most active spirits in their organization. He was a fiery, impetuous speaker and carried the crowds with him in all his harangues. For some unknown reason, not explainable upon any other hypothesis than that some violent demonstration was contemplated as a change from their past policy, the party had decided to take no hand in the election of November, and yet, in spite of this decision, Klings had entered into it most bitterly and violently to accomplish the defeat of a candidate against whom he cherished the greatest enmity. It would seem that this, viewed from a Socialistic standpoint, ought to have commended him to his brethren, especially as the candidate was beaten in the election, but, on the representation that he had violated an order of the party, Klings was summarily expelled from the organization on the 13th of December, 1875. The fact that he had never secretly advocated violent means undoubtedly accounts for his expulsion.

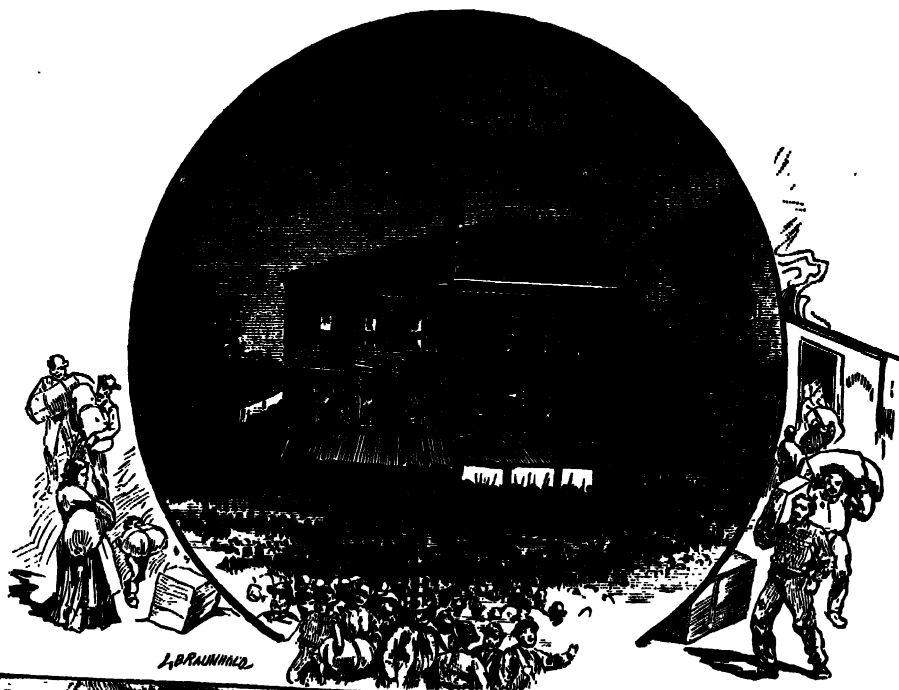
It is unquestionably true that at this time the Communists were beginning to think of more serious matters than politics, and gradually drifting away from their peaceful mission as avowed in their early party platform and public declarations, and it is not unwarranted to attribute their non-intervention in politics that fall to the efforts and influence of the Internationale. They proved in more ways than one that they had at heart revolutionary methods, and that they were only awaiting an opportune time to boldly proclaim their sentiments. Even if there could exist a doubt on this point, it was dissipated by the utterances of the Socialists at a mass-meeting held December 26, 1875, at West Twelfth Street Turner Hall, to protest against the treatment of Communist prisoners in New Caledonia by the French Government.

As already stated, the Socialists had established in 1874 an "International Workingmen's Party of the State of Illinois," and for some time they held meetings under that pretentious title, principally on Clybourn Avenue. The organization struggled along for awhile and finally was lost to sight. Subsequently a "Workingmen's Party of the United States" appeared in the Socialistic world, and some of the leaders of the old local organization began to identify themselves with its establishment and success. They held frequent meetings on North Avenue. The declaration of principles of the new party was as follows:

The emancipation of the working classes must be achieved by the working classes themselves, independently of all political parties of the propertied class.

The struggle for the emancipation of the working classes means not a struggle for class privileges and monopolies, but for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class rule.

The economical subjection of the man of labor to the monopolizers of the means of



SCENES FROM THE RIOTS AT PITTSBURG, 1877.

labor, the sources of life, lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation and political dependence.

The economical emancipation of the working classes is, therefore, the great end to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means.

All efforts aiming at that great end have hitherto failed from want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labor in each country, and from the absence of concerted action between the workingmen of all countries.

The emancipation of labor is neither a local nor a national, but a social problem, embracing all countries in which modern society exists, and depending for its solution upon the practical and theoretical concurrence and coöperation of the most advanced countries.

For these reasons the Workingmen's Party of the United States has been founded. It enters into proper relations and connections with the workingmen of other countries.

Whereas, political liberty without economical freedom is but an empty phrase; therefore, we will, in the first place, direct our efforts to the economical question. We repudiate entirely connection with all political parties of the propertied class without regard to their name. We demand that all the means of labor, land, machinery, railroads, telegraphs, canals, etc., become the common property of the whole people, for the purpose of abolishing the wage-system, and substituting in its place coöperative production with a just distribution of its rewards.

The political action of the party will be confined generally to obtaining legislative acts in the interest of the working class proper. It will not enter into a political campaign before being strong enough to exercise a perceptible influence, and then in the first place locally in the towns or cities, when demands of purely local character may be presented, provided they are not in conflict with the platform and principles of the party. We work for organization of the trades-unions upon a national and international basis, to ameliorate the condition of the working people and seek to spread therein the above principles. The Workingmen's Party of the United States proposes to introduce the following measures as a means to improve the condition of the working classes:

1. Eight hours' work for the present as a normal working day, and legal punishment for all violators.

2. Sanitary inspection of all conditions of labor, means of subsistence and dwellings included.

3. Establishment of bureaus of labor statistics in all States as well as by the National Government, the officers of these bureaus to be taken from the ranks of the labor organizations and elected by them.

4. Prohibition of the use of prison labor by private employers.

5. Prohibitory laws against the employment of children under fourteen years of age in industrial establishments.

6. Gratuitous instruction in all educational institutions.

7. Strict laws making employers liable for all accidents to the injury of their employes.

8. Gratuitous administration of justice in courts of law.

9. Abolition of all conspiracy laws.

10. Railroads, telegraphs and all means of transportation to be taken hold of and operated by the Government.

11. All industrial enterprises to be placed under the control of the Government as fast as practicable and operated by free coöperative trades-unions for the good of the whole people.

The Constitution of the "Workingmen's Party of the United States" was as follows:

The affairs of the party shall be conducted by three bodies: 1. The Congress. 2. The Executive Committee. 3. The Board of Supervision.

ARTICLE I. THE CONGRESS. 1. At least every two years a Congress shall be held, composed of the delegates from the different sections that have been connected with the party at least two months previously and complied with all their duties. Sections of less than one hundred members shall be entitled to one delegate; from one hundred to two hundred, to two delegates; and one more delegate for each additional hundred.

2. No suspended section shall be admitted to a seat before the Congress has examined and passed judgment on the case. It shall, however, be the duty of every Congress to put such cases on the order of business and dispose of them immediately after the election of its officers.

3. The Congress defines and establishes the political position of the party, decides finally on all differences within the party, appoints time and place of next Congress and designates the seat of the Executive Committee and of the Board of Supervisors.

4. The entire expenses of Congress, as well as mileage and salaries of the delegates, shall be paid by the party and provided for by a special tax to be levied six weeks before the Congress meets before the year 1880; however, no mileage will be paid beyond the 36th degree of northern latitude, nor beyond the 59th degree of western longitude.

5. All propositions and motions to be considered and acted upon by Congress shall be communicated to all sections at least six weeks previously.

ARTICLE II. THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of seven members and shall appoint from its own midst one corresponding secretary, one recording secretary, one financial secretary and one treasurer. The Executive Committee shall be elected by the sections of the place designated as its seat, and vacancies shall be filled in the same way.

2. The Executive Committee shall hold office from one Congress to the ensuing one.

3. The duties of the Executive Committee shall be to execute all resolutions of Congress, and to see that they are strictly observed by all sections and members, to organize and centralize the propaganda, to represent the organization at home and abroad, to entertain and open relations with the workingmen's parties of other countries, to make a quarterly report to the sections concerning the status of the organization and its financial position, to make all necessary preparations for the Congress as well as a detailed report on all party matters.

4. *Right and Power of the Executive Committee.* The Executive Committee, with the concurrence of the Board of Supervision, may refuse to admit to the organization individuals and sections as well as suspend members and sections till the next Congress for injuring the party interests. In case of urgency the Executive Committee may make suitable propositions, which propositions shall become binding, if approved of by a majority of the members within two months. The Executive Committee has the right to establish rules and regulations for the policy to be observed by the party papers, to watch their course, and in cases of vacancies to appoint editors *pro tempore*. The Executive Committee may send the corresponding secretary as delegate to Congress; the delegate will have no vote and shall be prohibited from accepting any other credentials.

5. The salary of the party officers shall be fixed by the Executive Committee with the concurrence of the Board of Supervision.

6. The corresponding secretary shall copy all documents and writings issuing from the Executive Committee, place on file all communications received, and keep a correct record thereof. He shall receive a proper salary.

7. The financial secretary shall keep and make out the lists of sections and members, receive and record all money and hand the same over to the treasurer, taking his voucher therefor.

8. The treasurer shall receive all moneys from the financial secretary, pay bills and honor all orders of the Executive Committee, after they are countersigned by the corresponding secretary and one more member of the Executive Committee, make a correct report on the

status of the treasury to the Executive Committee at every meeting and to the whole organization every three months, and give security in the amount fixed by the Executive Committee. The report of the treasurer must be examined at a regular session of the Executive Committee and indorsed by the same.

ARTICLE III. THE BOARD OF SUPERVISION. 1. The Board of Supervision shall consist of five members, to hold office and be elected in the same way as the Executive Committee.

2. The duties of the Board of Supervision shall be to watch over the action of the Executive Committee and that of the whole party; to superintend the administration and the editorial management of the organs of the party, and to interfere in case of need; to adjust all differences occurring in the party within four weeks after receiving the necessary evidence, subject to the final decision of the Congress; to make a detailed report of its actions to Congress.

3. In case of any urgency the Board of Supervision may suspend officers and editors until the meeting of the next Congress, such suspension to be submitted at once to a general vote, the result of which shall be made known within four weeks thereafter.

4. The Board of Supervision is entitled to send one delegate to the Congress under the same conditions as the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE IV. SECTIONS. Ten persons speaking the same language and being wage-workers shall be entitled to form a section, provided they acknowledge the principles, statutes and Congress resolutions and belong to no political party of the propertied classes. They shall demand admission from the Executive Committee by transmitting the dues for the current month, and their list of members, their letter to contain the names, residences and trade of members, and to show their conditions as wage-laborers. At least three-fourths of the members of a section must be wage-laborers. There shall be no more than one section of the same language in one place, which meet at different parts of the town or city for the purpose of an active propaganda. Business meetings shall be held once a month. Each section is responsible for the integrity of its members. Each section is required to make a monthly report to the Executive Committee concerning its activity, membership and financial situation, to entertain friendly relations with the trades-unions and to promote their formation, to hold regular meetings at least once every week, and to direct its efforts exclusively to the organization, enlightening and emancipating the working classes. No section shall take part in political movements without the consent of the Executive Committee. Five sections of different localities shall be entitled to call for the convention of an extraordinary Congress, such Congress to be convened if a majority of the sections decides in its favor.

ARTICLE V. DUES AND CONTRIBUTIONS. A monthly due of five cents for each member shall be transmitted to the Executive Committee to meet the expenses of the propaganda and administration. In case of need, and with the consent of the Board of Supervision, the Executive Committee is empowered to levy an extraordinary tax.

ARTICLE VI. GENERAL REGULATIONS. All officers, committees, boards, etc., shall be chosen by a majority vote. No member of the organization shall hold more than one office at the same time. All officers, authorities, committees, boards, etc., of the organization, may be dismissed or removed at any time by a general vote of their constituencies, and such general vote shall be taken within one month from the date of the motion to this effect; provided, however, that said motion be seconded by not less than one-third of the respective constituents. Expulsion from one section shall be valid for the whole organization if approved by the Executive Committee and the Board of Supervision.

All members of the organization, by the adoption of this constitution, take upon themselves the duty to assist each other morally and materially in case of need.

The Congress alone has the right of amending, altering or adding to this constitution, subject to a general vote of all sections, the result of which is to be communicated to the Executive Committee within four weeks.

ARTICLE VII. LOCAL STATUTES. Each section shall chose from its ranks one organizer, one corresponding and recording secretary, one financial secretary, one treasurer and two members of an auditing committee. All these officers shall be elected for six months, and the Executive Committee shall take timely measures to make the election of newly formed sections correspond with the general election of the whole party. The organizer conducts the local propaganda and is responsible to the section.

The organizers of the various sections of one locality shall be in constant communication with each other in order to secure concerted action. The secretary is charged with the minutes and the correspondence. The financial secretary shall keep and make out the list of members, sign the cards of membership, collect the dues, hand them over to the treasurer and correctly enter them. The treasurer shall receive all moneys from the financial secretary and hold them subject to the order of the section. The auditing committee shall superintend all books and the general management of the affairs, and audit bills. All officers shall make monthly reports to the section. A chairman is elected in every meeting for maintaining the usual parliamentary order.

The monthly dues of each member shall be no less than ten cents, five cents of which shall be paid to the Executive Committee. Members being in arrears for three consecutive months shall be suspended until fulfilling their duties, always excepted those who are sick or out of work. Persons not belonging to the wages-class can only be admitted in a regular business meeting by a two-thirds vote. The result of every election within the section must be at once communicated to the Executive Committee.

Regulations concerning the Press of the Workingmen's Party of the United States.—The *Labor Standard* of New York, the *Arbeiter-Stimme* of New York and the *Vorbote* of Chicago are recognized as the organs and property of the party. The organs of the party shall represent the interest of labor, awaken and arouse class feelings amongst the workingmen, promote their organization as well as the trades-union movement, and spread economical knowledge amongst them. The editorial management of each one of the papers of the party shall be intrusted to an editor appointed by Congress or by the Executive Committee and the Board of Supervision jointly, the editor to receive an appropriate salary. Whenever needed, assistant editors shall be appointed by the Executive Committee with the advice and consent of the chief editor. The chief editor is responsible for the contents of the paper and is to be guided in matters of principle by the declarations of principles of the party; in technical and formal matters by the regulations of the Executive Committee. Whenever refusing to insert a communication from a member of the organization, the editor is to make it known to the writer thereof, directly or by an editorial notice, when an appeal can be taken to the Executive Committee. The editor shall observe strict neutrality toward differences arising within the party till the Board of Supervision and the Congress have given their decision. For each one of the three party papers there shall be elected at their respective places of publication a council of administration of five members, who, jointly with the Executive Committee, shall appoint and remove the business manager and his assistants. The council of administration shall be chosen for one year in the first week of August of each year. The council of administration shall establish rules for the business management, superintend the same, investigate all complaints concerning the business management, redress all grievances, pay their weekly salaries to the editors and managers, and make a full report of the status of the paper every three months to all sections by a circular. The manager is bound to mail punctually and address correctly the papers; he shall receive all moneys, book them and hand them over to the treasurer of the council of administration, and he shall keep the office of the paper in good order; his salary shall be fixed by the Congress or by the Executive Committee. All sums over and above the amount of the security shall be deposited in a bank by the council of administration. The receipts of all moneys from without shall be published in the paper.

The treasurer of the council of administration and the manager shall give security to the council of administration in the amount fixed by the Executive Committee. The chief editor's salary shall be from $15 to $20 per week. All complaints against the editorial management shall in the first place be put before the Executive Committee, in the second place before the Board of Supervision. All complaints against the busines management shall be first referred to the council of administration, in the second place to the Board of Supervision. The sections are responsible for the financial liabilities of the newspaper agents appointed by them. The Congress alone can alter, amend or add to these regulations.

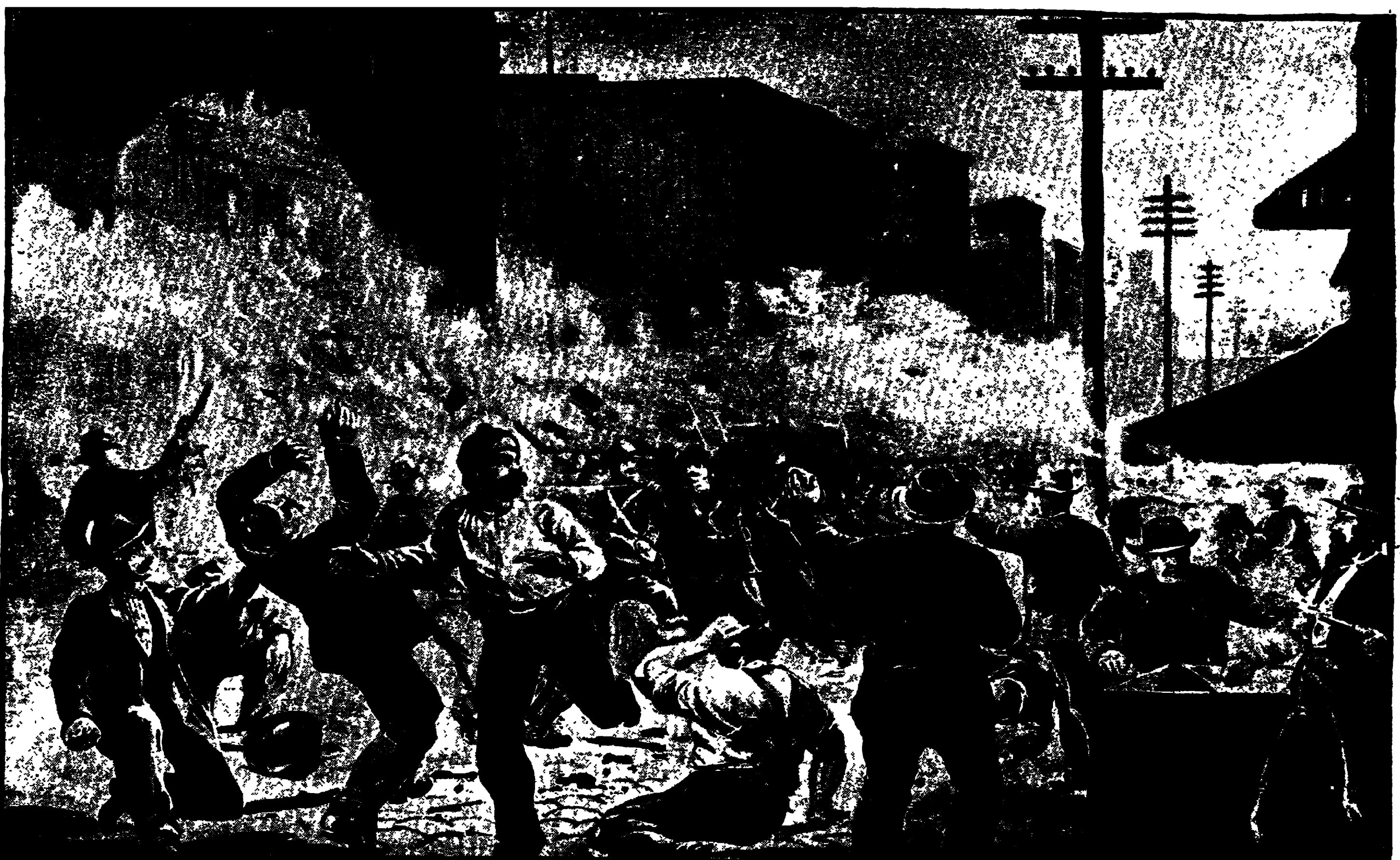
The spring of 1876 found the local party in a quiescent state as regards active participation in politics, but they did not abandon their meetings. The First Regiment of the National Guard at this period had assumed goodly proportions, and it naturally came in for a good deal of attention at the hands of the speakers. They never failed to denounce it; but, to cover their own sinister designs and lull others to a sense of security, they invariably declared that the Communists intended no war. They continued their "vacant-lot" oratory and in every way sought to increase the number of their party adherents.

Toward the end of July, 1876, a Union Congress was held in Philadelphia, and these new declarations of principles were formulated:

The Union Congress of the Workingmen's Party of the United States declares: The emancipation of labor is a social problem concerning the whole human race and embracing all sexes. The emancipation of women will be accomplished with the emancipation of men, and the so-called woman's rights question will be solved with the labor question. All evils and wrongs of the present society can be abolished only when economical freedom is gained for men as well as for women. It is the duty, therefore, of the wives and daughters of the workingmen to organize themselves and take their places within the ranks of struggling labor. To aid and support them in this work is the duty of men. By uniting their efforts they will succeed in breaking the economical fetters, and a new and free race of men and women will arise, recognizing each other as peers. We acknowledge the perfect equality of rights of both sexes, and in the Workingmen's Party of the United States this equality of rights is a principle and is strictly observed.

The Ballot-box.—Considering that the economical emancipation of the working classes is the great end, to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means; considering that the Workingmen's Party of the United States in the first place directs its efforts to the economical struggle; considering that only in the economical arena the combatants for the Workingmen's Party can be trained and disciplined; considering that in this country the ballot-box has long ago ceased to record the popular will, and only serves to falsify the same in the hands of professional politicians; considering that the organization of the working people is not yet far enough developed to overthrow at once this state of corruption; considering that this middle class republic has produced an enormous amount of small reformers and quacks, the intruding of whom will only be facilitated by a political movement of the Workingmen's Party of the United States and considering that the corruption and misapplication of the ballot-box, as well as the silly reform movements, flourish most in years of Presidential elections, at such times greatly endangering the organization of workingmen: For these reasons the Union Congress, meeting at Philadelphia in July, 1876, resolves:

The sections of this party as well as all workingmen in general are earnestly invited to abstain from all political movements for the present and to turn their back on the ballot-box. The workingmen will thus save themselves bitter disappointments, and their time and efforts



THE GREAT STRIKE IN BALTIMORE. THE MILITIA FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE STREETS.

will be directed far better towards their own organization, which is frequently destroyed and always injured by a hasty political movement.

Let us bide our time! It will come.

Party Government.—Chicago shall be the seat of the Executive Committee for the ensuing term; New Haven, the seat of the Board of Supervision.

The Next Congress.—The Executive Committee, in connection with the Board of Supervision, shall select a place for holding the next Congress in the following named cities: Chicago, Ill.; Newark, N. J.; Boston, Mass. The end of August shall be the time for the meeting of the next Congress, and the Executive Committee jointly with the Board of Supervision shall decide whether the next Congress shall be held in 1877 or 1878.

The Party Press.—As editor of the *Labor Standard*, J. P. McDonnell is appointed at a salary of $15 per week; at least one member of Typographical Union No. 6 shall be employed as a compositor. As editor of the *Arbeiter-Stimme* Dr A. Otto Walster is appointed at a salary of $18 per week; the paper is to be enlarged in a proper way in October next. As editor of the *Vorbote* C. Conzett is appointed at a salary of $18 per week. In consideration of the claim of C. Conzett upon the paper for past services it is resolved that after a thorough investigation of the books the Executive Committee shall give to C. Conzett a promissory note for an amount not exceeding the sum of $1,430; for payment of this note two-thirds of the net gains made by party festivities in Chicago and the whole of the gain resulting from a general New Year's festivity in the year 1876 shall be appropriated. Stock and assets to pass into the hands of the party. A co-öperative printing association like the one in New York shall be formed in Chicago, which shall publish the *Vorbote* at cost price, adding the usual percentage of wear and tear, and which shall buy the stock for not less than $600. A diminution of the size of the *Vorbote* is proposed, and Conzett is empowered to act in this matter with due regard to the interests of the party. Dr. A. Douai is appointed assistant editor of all three papers. It is also resolved to employ the late editor of the English paper as assistant editor for numbers 18 and 19 of the *Labor Standard* and pay him his usual salary of $12 per week for two weeks more. It is resolved to levy an extraordinary tax of ten cents per member, and to continue said extraordinary tax every three months until all liabilities of the party shall be paid. All sections are invited to hold festivities in honor of the Union, now accomplished, and to devote the proceeds of these festivities to aid the press of the party and to pay the extraordinary taxes.

It was further resolved that "no local paper shall be founded without the consent of the Executive Committee and the Board of Supervision." It was resolved to place the agencies of all foreign publications in the hands of the party. After having come to an understanding with the various publishers of labor papers in other countries, a central depot was to be established. The two councils of administration of the party organs in New York were charged with making the necessary preparations for opening the central depot on the first day of October in New York. It was also recommended to the party authorities to publish labor pamphlets adapted to the conditions of this country.

Decisions of the Executive Committee.—In order to insure the collection of the extra tax of ten cents per quarter, levied by the Congress, the moneys sent in for dues will be credited to the extra tax account for the preceding quarter year, should such delinquencies occur. Any section in arrears for three months will be notified, and if within one month thereafter the section has not restored its good standing, it will be declared defunct. Where sections cannot appoint their own newspaper agent from among the members, they may appoint any person as their agent, but such agent must be personally responsible. Where sections fail

to report gain or loss of members, they will be charged for dues and extra tax, according to the number of members enrolled at the last report. Every section shall be judge of its own members, but no expulsion from the whole party can be effected except as provided for by the constitution. No person can be a member of two sections at the same time.

Amendments to the Constitution.—Paragraph 3, division 4, under "Sections." First amendment, adopted December 16th by a general election: In addition to one section (composed of men of each language of any locality) there may also be organized one section of women under the same regulations as the others. Second amendment, adopted July 15: Article 1, paragraph 4, is amended to read: "For the Congress to be held in the year 1887, the expenses of each delegate will be borne by the section or sections represented by him."

During the winter of 1876 the excitement on the possible outcome of the national election prostrated business throughout the country. There were even rumors and threats of bloody conflict. Capital naturally hesitated, and investments were confined to projects in which there was no element of chance and for which the returns were measurably certain. The Socialists of Chicago sought in every possible way to make the most of the situation by inflaming the minds of the unemployed against capital, and labored to secure proselytes by urging that such a state of affairs could never exist under Socialism. Meetings were held wherever either a hall or a vacant lot could be secured. A. R. Parsons, Philip Van Patten, George A. Schilling, T. J. Morgan and Ben Sibley, who had hitherto figured only before small street crowds, now became prominent as speakers at large gatherings, and their harangues proved that they were apt students in the Socialistic school, and ready expounders of the proposed new social system.

The Legislature of Illinois was in session at the time under review, and in March, 1877, the Socialist leaders entered into a discussion of the necessity of forcing that body to pass the bills then pending before it with reference to the establishment of a bureau of statistics on wages and earnings, cost and manner of living, fatal accidents in each branch of labor and their causes, coöperation, hours of labor, etc., and for the collection of wages. They urged that the laboring classes should demand these measures and insisted that the "boss classes, the capitalistic classes, the aristocrats, who lived in riot and luxury on the fruit which labor had tilled and ought to enjoy," should not stand in the way of their passage. Time and again they rang the various changes on the "iniquity and inequalities of the present social system," and fairly howled themselves hoarse in declaring that "the Labor party was organized not only to destroy that system, but to secure a division of property, which Socialism demanded and was determined to have."

Early in July, 1877, the firemen and brakemen of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad began a strike at Baltimore against a reduction of wages. This strike soon reached Martinsburg, W. Va., and caused an immense blockade of freight traffic. The strikers finally grew so riotous that the local authorities were powerless, and President Hayes, being appealed to by

the Governor of Maryland, issued a proclamation. United States troops were at the same time dispatched from Washington and Fort McHenry to the scene of disturbances, and order was finally brought out of chaos.

Following close upon the heels of this strike came one on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburg, against an order doubling up trains and thus dispensing with a large number of employés. The railroad people, in explanation of their action, showed that during June preceding not only had there been a great depreciation of railroad stocks, but a shrinkage in the value of railroad property from 20 to 70 per cent., caused by a great falling-off in business. It is needless for the purpose of this chapter to recount the wild scenes of riot and bloodshed that ensued at Pittsburg, when troops numbering two thousand, sent from Philadelphia, engaged in deadly conflict with the unbridled mob and when millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the incendiary torch.

While this carnival of fire, death and bloodshed still startled the world, a strike broke out in Chicago among railroad men. While the strikers here sought to contend in an orderly manner against their employers, the same element which had inspired and carried out deeds of violence in the East — the Communists — were not slow to seize upon the opportunity in Chicago to widen the breach between capital and labor. Threats and riotous demonstrations were their weapons. They virtually took possession of all the large manufacturing establishments in the city, and by intimidation and force compelled men willing to work and satisfied with their wages to join their howling mobs. Not alone did they succeed in stopping freight traffic, but they clogged the wheels of industry in the principal factories and shops of the city. The leaders were active during the day directing the riotous movements of their followers, and at night they assembled to devise methods to increase the general turmoil. Their headquarters were at No. 131 Milwaukee Avenue, and here all-night sessions were sometimes held. Proclamations were frequently sent out to workingmen, urging them to stand firmly in defense of their rights.

The leading spirits at this time were Philip Van Patten, now of Cincinnati, J. H. White, J. Paulsen and Charles Erickson, who constituted the executive committee of the Workingmen's Party, and A. R. Parsons and George Schilling.

Some of the meetings referred to were quite stormy in character. Threats were made to "clean out" the police, and some speakers advised attacks on the guardians of the peace with stones, bricks and revolvers. The leaders were too cautious, however, to advise anything of the kind in their public declarations. Violence was reserved for the mobs on the inspiration of the moment, or at the instigation of trusted adherents at the proper time.

That such were their intentions is apparent from a statement of one of the members, who said:

"To-morrow Chicago will see a big day, and no one can predict what will be the end of this contest."

Sure enough, on the day following — the 25th of July — a conflict ensued between the police and strong mobs at the Halsted Street Viaduct and elsewhere, in which several of the rioters were injured. On the day following, the riots reached their culminating point, and between the police, infantry and cavalry the Communistic element were driven to their holes with many killed and wounded. That effectually terminated the reign of riot, and the city resumed its normal condition. The trouble in the East also subsided about the same time.

The Communists, after this severe lesson, remained dormant for some months. Evidently they saw that the time had not arrived for the commencement of that revolution which they had at heart. In the fall of 1877 they seem to have reached the conclusion that they would exchange the art of war for arts political. Accordingly, in October they were again to be found on the campaign stump—for the first time since 1874. There were then four parties in the field,—Democrats, Republicans, Industrials and Greenbackers,—and this situation may have suggested a chance for the success of their ticket or an opportunity to secure concessions from the dominant parties that would result to their advantage. C. J. Dixon was then chairman of the "Industrial Party." This party claimed to seek redress for the grievances of workingmen without resorting to destruction of society or government, and if it had denied affiliation with the Socialists it might have become a factor in politics. It may be stated that for a time after the election Dixon held to his principles, but a few years later became a representative in the Legislature of the Communistic element.

The outcome of the political agitation of the Socialists that fall was the nomination of the following ticket: For County Treasurer, Frank A. Stauber; County Clerk, A. R. Parsons; Probate Clerk, Philip Van Patten; Clerk of the Criminal Court, Tim O'Meara; Superintendent of Schools, John McAuliff; County Commissioners, W. A. Barr, Samuel Goldwater, T. J. Morgan, Max Nisler and L. Thorsmark. For Judge, John A. Jameson, then on the bench, was indorsed, and Julius Rosenthal—not a Socialist—was nominated for Judge of the Probate Court. The election held on the 8th of November showed some gains for the party. Omitting the "Industrials" which were swallowed up by the other parties in the way of "election trades," the Socialists secured a vote of 6,592 in the contest for the County Treasurership, while McCrea, Republican, polled a vote of 22,423; Lynch, Democrat, 18,388, and Hammond, Greenbacker, 769.

In 1878 a session of the Congress was again held, and then it was decided to change the name of the "Workingmen's Party of the United States" to the "Socialistic Labor Party," and it was also resolved to "use the ballot-box as a means for the elevation of working people" and for "electing men

from their own ranks to the halls of legislation and to the municipal government."

The different wards of Chicago were subsequently organized into ward clubs, each with a captain and secretary as permanent officers for a year. It was made the duty of the captain of a ward to find halls for public meetings and to report to the central committee. He was to open the meetings in his ward and see that a chairman was chosen from among those attending. The duty of the secretary was to issue cards of membership to new members, to collect monthly dues of ten cents from each member, and to receipt for the same on the back of the cards; he was also to keep minutes of the meetings and have them published in the party papers. The captain was authorized to appoint a precinct captain for every precinct in his ward, whose duty it was to control the distribution of tickets at elections. The precinct captain was also directed to appoint lieutenants in his precinct, one for each block if possible, to assist him in the work of agitation and the distribution of tickets.

Under the plans formulated by the Socialistic Congress a central committee was again organized in the city of Chicago. It was composed of a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer, who were elected by a joint meeting of the different sections every six months. In 1878 there were four sections in Chicago—one German, one English, one French and one Scandinavian. The German section had the largest number of members, between three and four hundred, and was steadily gaining. The English section numbered only about one hundred and fifty. The Scandinavian branch had about an equal number. The French only mustered fifty members. During a campaign the ward captains were made members of the central committee. They were charged with the duty of reporting the progress of the ward clubs, notifying the committee where halls had been rented and indicating what speakers were needed. It was the duty of the central committee to advertise all club meetings, pay for the halls rented when the clubs could not pay, and settle all bills and expenses incident to an election. The committee was the only body authorized to order the printing of tickets, and for all their acts they were held responsible to the "Socialistic Labor Party." The money needed to defray expenses was raised mostly through subscriptions and collections in the various clubs. The meetings of the committee were conducted openly. Representatives of the press were permitted to be present if at any prior meeting they had not purposely distorted the proceedings. During the years 1878 and 1879 the meetings of the committee were generally held in a hall on the second floor of No. 7 South Clark Street.

With an organization thus perfected under the plan of the Socialistic Congress, the Socialists felt themselves in condition to cope with the other parties. They saw in the vote of 1877 a chance for seating some of their



THE LABOR TROUBLES OF 1877. RIOTS AT THE HALSTED STREET VIADUCT, CHICAGO.

members in the City Council, and set out to talk politics at all their gatherings for the spring of 1878. On the 15th of March of that year they held a convention at No. 45 North Clark Street, and put up a ticket for Aldermen in all the wards except the Eleventh and Eighteenth, and for the various town offices in the three divisions of Chicago. Inasmuch as the "old timber" was worked over for these various offices, it is needless to repeat names. Their platform reiterated the demands made in the first declaration of principles, and, in addition, asked for the establishment of public baths in each division of the city; extension of the school system; annulment of the gas and street-car companies' charters, the same to be operated by the city after payment to the owners of principal and interest on moneys actually invested, out of the profits; prompt payment of taxes, and employment for all residents of the city that needed it.

During the campaign incident to the election, Paul Grottkau, then a recent arrival from Berlin, proved a conspicuous figure and made a number of stirring appeals. He expounded the principles of Socialism and invariably wound up by characterizing the members of the Democratic and Republican parties as "liars and horse-thieves." Through his active participation in the Socialistic movement in Chicago Grottkau became editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, but, fortunately for himself, was displaced in 1880 by August Spies.

The election of April, 1878, resulted in placing one member in the City Council — Stauber, from the Fourteenth Ward.

This was the first political victory the Socialists had achieved in the city, and, having noticed a small but steady increase in their voting force, they proceeded to organize and agitate more diligently than ever before in a political way. Meanwhile they saw the growing strength of the State militia, and as an offset to the organization of the various military companies in Chicago they determined to raise and equip companies from their own ranks. They had begun in a quiet way to start the nucleus of military companies some time after the First Regiment had been organized, but it was not until 1878 that it became generally known that they had men armed and drilled in military tactics, to be marshaled against society upon a favorable opportunity. In the early part of 1878 the very flower and strength of their military was the Lehr und Wehr Verein, composed of picked men and veterans who had been baptized with fire on European battlefields. Its strength was variously estimated at from four to six thousand, but it never exceeded four hundred members. The "Jaeger Verein," the "Bohemian Sharpshooters" and the "Labor Guard of the Fifth Ward," each with no more than fifty members, were auxiliary organizations and composed mainly of raw recruits. Their instruction in the manual of arms was mainly given by Major Presser, a trained and skilled European tactician.

Meantime the party had been greatly strengthened by the aid of newspapers printed in its interest. In 1874, *Die Volks-Zeitung* had been started by a stock company called the Social-Democratic Printing Association. This paper was published at No. 94 South Market Street, with Mr. Brucker as editor. Shortly thereafter, the *Vorbote*, a weekly paper, was started under the auspices of the Workingmen's Party at the same number. C. Conzett, formerly a resident of Berne, Switzerland, became its editor. He subsequently bought out the *Volks-Zeitung* and thereafter published a tri-weekly paper under the name of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which became a private enterprise in the interest of workingmen. His assistant editor was Gustav Leiser. They made the paper an advocate of revolutionary methods and urged the organization of trades-unions. They encouraged strikes and held that only through such means could workingmen secure their rights. They published without charge all grievances of laboring men on the score of non-payment of wages and abuses of manufacturing concerns, but each article had the full name of the writer. At first the editors did not favor a resort to the ballot-box to remedy grievances. It was not until after the great railroad strike of July, 1877, that they advocated an organized fight in elections independently of the old parties. The workingmen, they urged, must elect men of their own in order to secure favorable legislation.

In 1878 an English weekly called the *Socialist* was started under the auspices of the main section of the Socialistic Labor Party of Chicago. This main section was composed of the German, English, Scandinavian and French sections, and they employed Frank Hirth as editor at a salary of $15 per week and A. R. Parsons as assistant at a salary of $12 per week. This paper was made the organ in the English language of the Socialistic Labor Party, and, while it made some headway at the start, it succumbed within a year, owing to jealousies and differences of opinion between the German and English sections.

About the time the *Socialist* was established another paper was put in the field by the Scandinavian section. It was called *Den Nye Tid*, and was edited by Mr. Peterson.

In 1878 the proprietor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* signified a willingness to sell his paper to the Socialistic Labor Party, and, in order to consummate the transfer, the main section held a meeting in May of that year at Steinmueller's Hall, No. 45 North Clark Street. Plans were then and there matured for its purchase. It was decided to borrow the money and issue notes at 6 per cent. interest, payable as soon as the treasury had secured enough from collections and other sources to take them up. Collectors were appointed for each division of the city, and they were directed to collect money from workingmen and storekeepers. On the evening of June 29, 1878, a meeting was held at No. 7 South Clark Street, and the reports

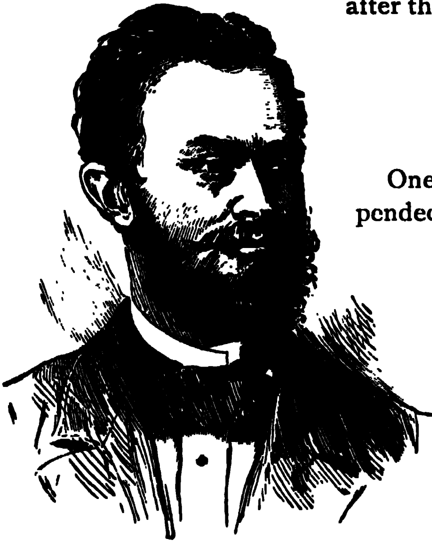
showed that enough money had been raised to purchase the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Subsequently a general meeting was held and a society was organized called the "Socialistische Druckgesellschaft." A board of trustees was chosen, and they applied to the Secretary of State for a charter. That official declined to issue the charter because the name of the society was in German. Another meeting was held at No. 54 West Lake Street, and the name was changed to the "Socialistic Publishing Company," after which the charter was readily secured. The paper was then transferred by Herr Conzett to the new company, and subsequently the managers added a Sunday edition called *Die Fackel*. Paul Grottkau, formerly editor of the Berlin *Freie Presse*, was appointed editor under the new management at a salary of $15 per week, and F. J. Pfeiffer, of Chicago, was made assistant editor. The society which now had charge of the paper was composed of *bona fide* members of the German section. Their meetings were conducted in the same manner as those of the Socialistic Labor Party. The price of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was reduced, and all money realized from its sale over and above expenses was applied for purposes of agitation. While the paper was reported in a prospering condition, it was decided to take steps to pay off its indebtednes as represented by the outstanding notes, and to this end a grand festival was to be held, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the press fund. Some trouble was experienced in getting a hall large enough for the purpose. The Exposition Building was finally decided upon, and it was secured without much delay, with results as noted further along in this chapter.

Soon after the *Socialist* had expired, the members of the Workingmen's Party felt the need of an English organ, and, having meanwhile come to a better understanding, they decided that they would make another effort to put one before the people. The result of several conferences was a monster picnic at Wright's Grove on the 16th of June, 1878. The procession formed to make the occasion imposing numbered about three thousand, and side by side with the American flag was borne the red banner of Anarchy. This emblem, although it finally crowded out the "stars and stripes," had hitherto been reserved in public demonstrations for a minor place. Some of the mottoes displayed on this occasion ran as follows: "No Rich, no Poor—All Alike." "No Monopolies—All for One and One for All." "Land belongs to Society," and "No Masters, no Slaves."

The result of the picnic was that the *Alarm* was established, and A. R. Parsons became its editor on a weekly allowance of $5, subsequently raised to $8.

In the fall campaign of 1878 we find the Socialists again in the field with a full ticket for Congressmen, the Legislature and local offices. Former party platforms were reaffirmed, and mass-meetings to fire the hearts of workingmen were frequently held. At these gatherings capitalists were

denounced as usual, and the police came in for some attention. The campaign song was also introduced, and the chorus of one, rendered by an untamed troubadour named W. B. Creech, and referring to the police, ran after this style, to the air of "Peeler and Goat":



DR. CARL EDUARD NOBILING.

> Then raise your voices, workingmen,
> Against such cowardly hirelings, O!
> Go to the polls and slaughter them
> With ballots, instead of bullets, O!

One Dr. McIntosh could always be depended on for grinding out any quantity of doggerel of this kind for any occasion. The Socialists claimed that they would poll on the day of election—Nov. 5th—from 9,000 to 13,000 votes. Their calculations, like their utterances, were wild and wide of the mark, however, as their candidate for Sheriff, Ryan, only secured 5,980 votes, while Hoffman, Republican, had 16,592; Kern, Democrat, 16,586, and Dixon, Greenbacker, 4,491. They secured, however, a member of the State Senate, Sylvester Artley, and three members of the lower house of the Legislature—Leo Meilbeck, Charles Ehrhardt and Christian Meier. This gave them great confidence, and they pushed with greater vigor than ever their political work. Meetings were kept up throughout the winter, and, among other things, they discussed measures which they demanded from the Legislature in the interest of labor. These demands included reducing the hours of labor; the establishment of a bureau of labor statistics; abolishment of convict labor; sanitary inspection of food, dwellings, factories, work-shops and mines; abolition of child labor; liability of employers for all accidents to employés through the employers' neglect, and priority of demands for wages over all other claims. They found time also to give their attention to their brethren in Europe, and at a meeting held Sunday, January 19, 1879, they adopted resolutions denouncing Bismarck for persecutions of workingmen in



MAX HOEDEL.

Germany. The pretext for these persecutions, they claimed, grew out of the attempts on the life of Emperor William by Hoedel and Dr. Nobiling. The would-be assassins, they confessed, had once been Socialists, but at the time of the attack had had nothing in common with the order. Hoedel, they said, had been expelled, and had subsequently joined the "Christian Socialistic Party," which they asserted had the favor of the Government, and at the head of which was a Government official. They claimed that Hoedel had been instigated to the deed by the German court, and they even doubted that he had been beheaded in expiation of his crime. Hoedel, they said, had been simply an instrument in the hands of Bismarck, who wanted a pretext to persecute the Socialists and secure the passage of a bill in the Reichstag for their suppression. Under the provisions of that bill, they asserted, men, women and children were thrown into dungeons without trial, and they insisted that the Congress of the United States should voice their protest against such persecutions.

At nearly every large meeting held during the winter in question, Creech was to the front with new songs, among one the chorus of which ran thus:

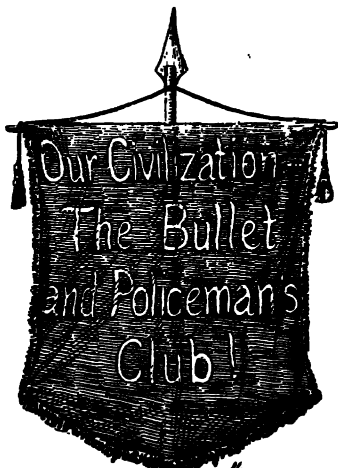
> Raise aloft the crimson banner, emblem of the free;
> Mighty tyrants now are trembling, here and o'er the sea.

On the evening of March 22, 1879, they held the celebration in the Exposition Building already referred to. This was ostensibly in commemoration of the establishment of the Paris Commune in 1848 and again in 1871. The real purpose, however, was to obtain funds to defray the expenses incident to the coming spring campaign and to aid in making a daily out of their tri-weekly organ, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. There were from 20,000 to 25,000 people in the building, and the amount reported realized reached $4,500. There was speech-making by Dr. Ernst Schmidt, A. R. Parsons, Paul Grottkau, and lesser lights, and the various military companies of the organization strutted about in their uniforms, with belts, cartridge-boxes, bayonet scabbards and breech-loading Remingtons.

With part of the proceeds of this celebration, the Socialists fitted up campaign headquarters in a top-story room on the northeast corner of Madison and La Salle Streets, in the very heart of the business center. Their ticket covered all the offices from Mayor to Aldermen. The only new names that figured on this ticket were those of N. H. Jorgensen, J. J. Alpeter, Robert Buck, Henry Johnson, Max Selle, George Brown, R. Lorenz, James Lynn and R. Van Deventer. The election occurred on the 1st of April, 1879, and their candidate for Mayor, Dr. Schmidt, secured 11,829 votes, while Carter H. Harrison, Democrat, scored 25,685, and A. M. Wright, Republican, 20,496. They elected three Aldermen, however — Alpeter from the Sixth Ward, Lorenz from the Fourteenth, and Meier, then in the Legislature, from the Sixteenth, which made, with Stauber, four representatives in the City Council:







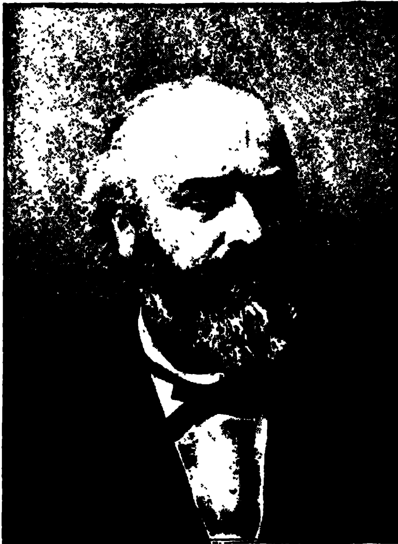
3. International Carpenters and Cabinet-makers.
5. "Fifteenth Section. Boys, hold fast!"

BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—I. From Photographs.

With the inauguration of Carter Harrison's administration, a good deal of attention was given to the Socialists by him as well as by his Democratic co-laborers. Some of their men were given employment in the departments of the city. Although they still continued their agitation, these appointments and other favors had the effect of undermining their political strength.

In the next Mayoralty election they made a show of keeping up their organization and nominated George Schilling for Mayor and Frank Stauber for City Treasurer. But in the election held April 5th, 1881, the former only polled 240 votes, and Stauber 1,999, thus demonstrating an almost complete collapse of the party.

This virtually took them out of politics. Thenceforward the Socialists seem to have decided to abandon the ballot-box, and to rely on force only for the attainment of their objects. Accordingly their harangues were directed to the dissemination of the doctrines of revolution. They endeavored still, it is true, to maintain a representation in the City Council, but in 1884 the Socialistic element was entirely eliminated from that body.



CARTER H. HARRISON.

At the session of the Congress of the International Workingmen's Association held at Pittsburg from the 14th to the 16th of October, 1883, there was a large delegation of Chicago Anarchists. A question arose as to the use of the ballot for remedying the wrongs of the laboring people. The delegates from Baltimore insisted that recourse should be had to the ballot-box, but those from Pittsburg were of another mind, and favored something stronger. This suggestion gave the Anarchist contingent from Chicago an opportunity to come to the front, and, while some of these did not hold to extreme measures, they all agreed that the ballot-box only served to keep capitalistic representatives in office. The radical Chicago element went still further, holding that the theory of Karl Marx, the use of force, was the correct one, and that that force should be dynamite. But here a split occurred in their own delegation, the milder ones holding to the theory of Lassalle, that they should first give the ballot a thorough trial and use force only in the event of failure. The sentiment of the convention predominated in favor of force, and the conservative Anarchists ceased to be members.

The controversy thus begun was carried back to Chicago, and the radicals set themselves strenuously to work to bring their disaffected associates to the advocacy of dynamite. The members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein were particularly opposed to the use of the bomb. They had equipped themselves and drilled in the use of guns so as to be able to meet the police and militia after failure at the polls, and they contended that men carrying bombs would be apt, through lack of experience, to hurt themselves as much as their opponents. Men thoroughly drilled in the handling of a gun, they argued, could accomplish something, and to that end every one should be instructed in military tactics. The radicals of the various "groups" did not believe in guns, however, and held that, inasmuch as they had experimented with dynamite with some success, they should adopt it as a means of warfare. They finally brought all to their ideas, and from that time to the present they have given the subject of dynamite and explosives a great deal of study.

As indicating the sense of the Pittsburg Congress their plan of organization and resolutions are here given:

The name of the organization shall be "International Workingmen's Association."

1. The organization shall consist of federal groups which recognize the principles laid down in the manifesto and consider themselves bound by them.

2. Five persons shall have the right to form a group.

3. Each group shall have complete independence (autonomy) and shall further have the right to conduct the propaganda in accordance with its own judgment, but the same must not collide with the fundamental principles of the organization.

4. Each group may call itself by the name of its location. When there is more than one group, they shall be numbered.

5. In places where there is more than one group it is recommended that a general committee be formed to secure united action. Such committees shall, however, have no executive power.

6. A Bureau of Information shall be created at Chicago and shall consist of a secretary of each of the groups of different languages. It is the duty of such bureau to keep an exact list of all the groups belonging to the organization and to keep up correspondence with and between the domestic and foreign groups.

7. Groups intending to join the organization must, after they have recognized its principles, send their application and list of members to the groups located nearest to them, whose duty it is then to forward such application to the Bureau of Information. The groups shall send a report of the situation to the Bureau of Information at least every three months.

8. A Congress can be called at any time by a majority of the groups.

9. All the necessary expenses of the Bureau of Information shall be met by voluntary contributions of the groups.

Plan for the Propaganda.—The organization of North America shall be divided into nine districts of agitation, as follows; 1. Canada. 2. District of Columbia. 3. The Eastern States (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland). 4. The Middle States (Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois). 5. The Western States (Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Dakota, Kansas, Indian Territory and New Mexico). 6. The Rocky Mountain States (Colorado, Montana, Idaho Territory, Utah and

Nevada). 7. The Pacific Coast States. 8. The Southern States (Virginia, North Carolina., South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas.) 9. Mexico.

It is recommended to the several districts to organize general district committees for the purpose of more effective and united action. It is the duty of these general committees to provide that whenever practicable agitators shall be sent forth. If there is a lack of proper agitators in a district the general committee shall inform the Bureau of Information. This shall be done also when there is a surplus of workers, so that the bureau shall be able to bring about an equal distribution of the working elements.

The expenses of the traveling agitators shall be paid by local groups, or, when these are without means, by the general organization.

Resolutions.—The following resolutions were offered by A. R. Parsons:

"In consideration that the protection capitalists are men who, by excluding the cheap products of labor of competing countries, intend to make enormous profits, while the free-trade capitalists intend to make just as large profits by the sale of the cheap products of labor of other countries; and

"In consideration that the only difference between the two is this: That the one wants to import the products of cheap foreign labor, while the others consider it of greater advantage to import the cheap labor itself of other countries; and

"In consideration that it is a great injustice to tax by a protective tariff a whole people for the benefit of a few privileged capitalists or of branches of industry: Be it, therefore,

"*Resolved,* That we, the International Workingmen's Association, consider the protective tariff and free trade questions capitalistic questions, which have not the least interest for wage-workers — questions which are intended to confuse and mislead the workingman. The fight on both sides is only one for the possession of the robbed products of labor. The question whether there should be a protective tariff or free trade are political questions, which for some time past have divided governments and nations into opposing factions, but which, as already said, do not contribute toward the solution of social questions. The adage, *Polvere negli occhi* (throwing dust in the eyes), expresses the intentions of both parties.

"In consideration that we see in trades-unions advocating progressive principles the abolishment of the wage system — the corner-stone of a better and more just system of society than the present; and

"In consideration, further, that these trades-unions consist of an army of robbed and disinherited fellow-sufferers and brothers, called to overthrow the economic establishments of the present time for the purpose of general and free coöperation: Be it, therefore,

"*Resolved,* That we, the I. W. M. A., proffer the hand of fellowship to them, and give them our sympathy and help in their fight against the ever-growing despotism of private capital; and

"*Resolved,* That while we give such progressive trades-unions our fullest sympathy and assure them of every assistance in our power, we are, on the other hand, determined to fight and, if possible, to annihilate every organization given to reactionary principles, as these are the enemies of the emancipation of the workingmen, as well as of humanity and of progress.

"In consideration that the courts of arbitration for settlement of differences between the workingmen and their employers, without the fundamental condition of free and independent action on both sides, are simply contrary to reason; and

"In consideration that a free settlement between the rich and the poor is impossible since the wage-worker has but the choice to obey or to starve; and

"In consideration that arbitration is possible and just only in case both parties are so situated that they can accept or refuse an offer entirely of their own free will: Be it, therefore,

"*Resolved,* That arbitration between capital and labor is to be condemned. Wage-workers ought never to resort to it."

After expressions of sympathy for the striking coal-miners in Dubois, Pa., who were advised to arm themselves for defense against the bandits of order, the resolutions proceed:

"In consideration that our brothers and fellow combatants in the Old World are engaged in a terrible struggle against our common foe, the crowned and uncrowned despots of the world, the church and priestcraft, and thousands of them are languishing in prison and in Siberia and are suffering in exile: Be it, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we tender these heroic martyrs our sympathies, encouragement and aid.

"In consideration that there is no material difference existing between the aims of the I. W. M. A. and the Socialistic Labor Party: Be it, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we invite the members of the S. L. P. to unite with us on the basis of the principles laid down in our manifesto for the purpose of a common and effective propaganda."

Issued by order of the Pittsburg Congress of the International Workingmen's Association. For further information apply to the undersigned "Bureau of Information."

Secretary of the English language, AUG. SPIES.
Secretary of the German language, PAUL GROTTKAU.
Secretary of the French language, WM. MEDOW.
Secretary of the Bohemian language, J. MIKOLANDA.

No. 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

In accordance with pre-arranged plans, therefore, when the street-car riots occurred on the West Division Railroad in the summer of 1885, the Anarchists and Socialists of Chicago took a prominent part and did everything in their power to create a bloody conflict between the police and the strikers. In 1886, when the laboring classes of Chicago had decided to strike on the 1st of May for eight hours as a day's work, they came forward and resolved to strike a blow which would terrorize the community and inaugurate the rule of the Commune. How they went to work in that direction and how they succeeded is fully shown in succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER IV.

Socialism, Theoretic and Practical — Statements of the Leaders — Vengeance on the "Spitzels" — The Black Flag in the Streets — Resolutions in the *Alarm* — The Board of Trade Procession — Why it Failed — Experts on Anarchy — Parsons, Spies, Schwab and Fielden Outline their Belief — The International Platform — Why Communism Must Fail — A French Experiment and its Lesson — The Law of Averages — Extracts from the Anarchic Press — Preaching Murder — Dynamite or the Ballot-Box? — "The Reaction in America" — Plans for Street Fighting — Riot Drill and Tactics — Bakounine and the Social Revolution — Twenty-one Statements of an Anarchist's Duty — Herways' Formula — Predicting the Haymarket — The Lehr und Wehr Verein and the Supreme Court — The White Terror and the Red — Reinsdorf, the Father of Anarchy — His Association with Hoedel and Nobiling — Attempt to Assassinate the German Emperor — Reinsdorf at Berlin — His Desperate Plan — "Old Lehmann" and the Socialist's Dagger — The Germania Monument — An Attempt to Kill the Whole Court — A Culvert Full of Dynamite — A Wet Fuse and no Explosion — Reinsdorf Condemned to Death — His Last Letters — Chicago Students of his Teachings — De Tocqueville and Socialism.

THE Constitution of the United States guarantees the right of free speech, free discussion and free assemblage. These are the cardinal doctrines of our free institutions. But when liberty is trenched upon to the extent of advocacy of revolutionary methods, subversion of law and order and the displacement of existing society, Socialism places itself beyond the pale of moral forces and arrays itself on the side of the freebooter, the bandit, the cut-throat and the traitor. Public measures and public men are open to the widest criticism consistent with truth, decency and justice, but differences of opinion are no more to be brought into harmony through blood than the settlement of private disputes is to be effected by means of the bludgeon, the knife or the bullet. The freedom of speech which is valuable either to the individual or to humanity is that which builds up, not destroys, society.

Now, what does Socialism, or Anarchy, precisely teach, and at what does it aim? It is true, there are two schools of Socialism — one conservative and the other radical to a sanguinary degree; one seeking a change in existing society and government through enlightenment, and the other the attainment of the same principles through force. But the conservatives form so small a portion of the Socialistic body that they cut no figure in the general direction and management of the organization; and so far as relates to the visible manifestations of that body, Socialism in the United States may be regarded as synonymous with Anarchy.

As I have shown, the ostensible object of the organization in Chicago, as elsewhere, at the outset, was peaceful, but the ulterior aim — the establishment of Socialism through force, when sufficiently powerful in numbers — has in later years clearly developed. The early Socialist orators only

hinted at force as a possible factor in the social revolution they advocated, and it was reserved for the active agitators of the past ten years to boldly and openly proclaim for the methods of the Paris Commune.

Before proceeding to particulars as to the utterances of Anarchist leaders, the sources of their inspiration and their definition of Socialism, it may be well to advert to some incidents in connection with their movements as a revolutionary party. One incident specially worthy of mention was a meeting held at Mueller's Hall, corner of Sedgwick Street and North Avenue, on the evening of January 12, 1885. It was a secret gathering, but, despite Socialistic vigilance, Officer Michael Hoffman managed to remain and quietly note the drift of the speeches. Parsons first took the floor, and said:

> Gentlemen, before we call this meeting to order, I want you to be sure that we are all right and all one. I want you to see if there are any reporters or policemen present. See if you can discover any spies. If you find any one here, you can do with him as you please, but my advice to you is, take him and strangle him and then throw him out of the window; then let the people think that the fellow fell out. And if you should give one of them a chance for his life, tell him, if he has any more notions to come to our meetings, he should first go to St. Michael's Church, see the priest and prepare himself for death, say farewell to all his friends and family—and then let him enter. I want all these people to know that I am not afraid of them: I don't like them, and let them stay away from me.



THE BLACK FLAG. From a Photograph.

After precautions had been taken to exclude objectionable persons, the proceedings began. Four speeches were delivered, two in English and two in German. Parsons confined his remarks to the capitalists. All present were poor, he said, and they only had themselves to blame. One-half of all the wealth in the country belonged to the poor people, but the capitalists had robbed them of it. The poor offered no resistance, and yet the capitalist was doing the same thing day after day. He was getting richer, and the poor poorer, because the working people lay down and permitted themselves to be robbed. He recounted some of Most's experiences, and insisted that capitalists must submit to workingmen. They must be shown that their lives are worth no more than the lives of the working people.

He next touched upon the merits of a new invention by which, he said, many hundreds of houses could be set on fire, and exhibited a small tin box or can with a capacity of four ounces. This can, he remarked, could be filled with some chemical stuff to serve as an explosive. A great many of these cans could be carried in a basket, and, traveling around as match peddlers or under some other guise, his hearers could secure entrance to the houses of capitalists. All they would then be obliged to do was to either place or drop one of "those darlings" in a secure place and go about their business. It would do its work, without any one's presence to attend to it, in less time than an hour. If they would get the boxes ready, he would tell them where to get the "stuff." This plan of operations would keep the fire and police departments quite busy. If they organized and went to work with a resolute spirit, they could have things all their own way throughout the city and obtain possession of what remained after their work of destruction. He also urged all his comrades to become familiar with dynamite and said that for the necessary instructions they could come to a building on Fifth Avenue (107, the offices of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm*), where he and others could be found to help them. There was no other way now left, he continued, except for the laborers to use the sword, the bullet and dynamite, and, closing sententiously, he said:



THE OFFICE OF THE ARBEITER-ZEITUNG.
From a Photograph.

I probably will be hung as soon as I get out on the street, but if they do hang me, boys, don't forget what I have been telling you about the little can and the dear stuff, dynamite, because this is the only way I and you can get our rights.

It goes without saying that Parsons was applauded to the echo. Another speaker emphasized his remarks about dynamite, but refrained from making

a speech, because, as he said, Parsons had "covered the ground so well and thoroughly." One of the German speakers gave his attention to King William and the Pope, scoring them in the strongest language he could command. He held that the "police of Chicago were only kept to protect the property of capitalists and to club poor workingmen."

Another event memorable in the history of the party was the flaunting of the black flag on the streets of Chicago for the first time. On that occasion --November 25, 1884, Thanksgiving Day—they marched through the fashionable thoroughfares of the South and North Divisions, and, with two women as standard-bearers for the black and the red, they made it a point to halt before the residences of the wealthy, uttering groans and using threatening language. Their route included Dearborn Street to Maple on the North Side. There they massed in front of the residence of Hon. E. B. Washburne, ex-Minister to France. They pulled the door-bell and insulted the family by indulging in all sorts of noises, groans and cat-calls. They rested satisfied with this last exhibition, and retraced their steps, proceeding to Market Square, where they dispersed.

The preliminaries leading up to the procession just described were thus given in the *Alarm* on the following Saturday:

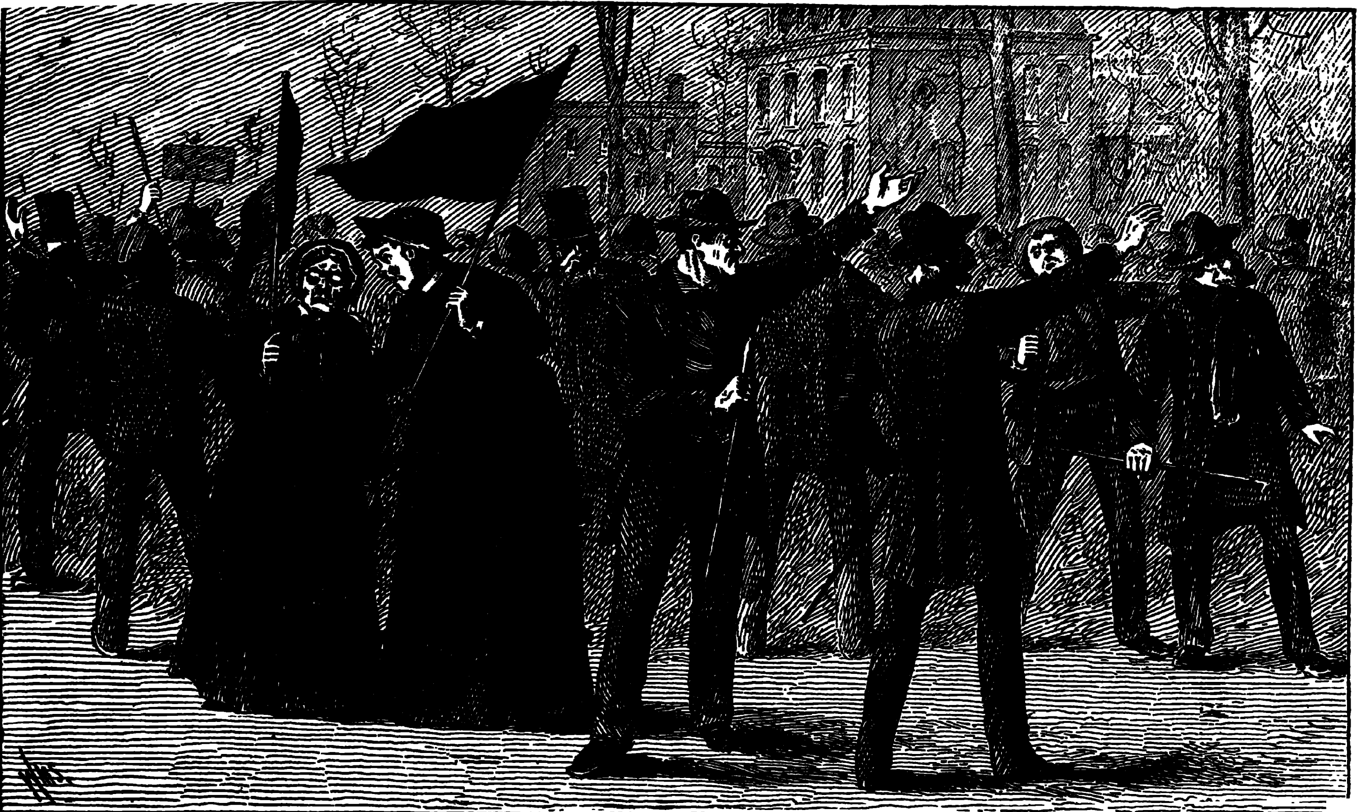
THE BLACK FLAG.

The Emblem of Hunger Unfolded by the Proletarians of Chicago.—The Red Flag Borne Aloft by Thousands of Workingmen on Thanksgiving Day.—The Poverty of the Poor is Created by the Robbery of the Rich.—Speeches, Resolutions and a Grand Demonstration of the Unemployed, the Tramps and Miserables of the City.—Significant Incidents.

Shortly before Thanksgiving Day some of the working people, after consultation, issued the following circular to wage-workers and tramps:

The Governor has ordained next Thursday for Thanksgiving. You are to give thanks because your masters refuse you employment; because you are hungry and without home or shelter, and your masters have taken away what you have created, and arranged to shoot you by the police or militia if you refuse to die in your hovels, in due observation of Law and Order. You must give thanks that you face the blizzards without an overcoat; without fit shoes and clothes, while abundant clothing made by you spoils in the storehouses; that you suffer hunger while millions of bushels of grain rots in the elevators. For this purpose a thanksgiving meeting will be held on Market Square at 2:30 o'clock, to be followed by a demonstration to express our thanks to our "Christian brothers on Michigan Avenue." Every one that feels the mockery of this Thanksgiving order should be present. Signed, the Committee of the Grateful Workingpeople's International Association.

Thursday opened with sleet and rain, cold and miserable. At 2:30 over three thousand people assembled on Market Street, under the unpitying rain and sleet. A stranger said, "What you want is guns; you don't want to be heard talking." He was stopped for the regular arrangements. The meeting being called to order, A. R. Parsons said: "We assemble as representatives of the disinherited, to speak in the name of forty thousand unemployed workingmen of Chicago—two millions in the United States and fifteen millions in the civilized world." He compared the Thanksgiving feast to that of Belshazzar, and said the champagne wrung from the blood of the poor ought to strangle the rich. He then read as follows: "St. James, chapter 5, says, 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which are to come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days.



AN ANARCHIST PROCESSION.

Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which ye have kept back by fraud, crieth: Woe to them that bring about iniquity by law.' The prophet Habakkuk says: 'Woe to him that buildeth a town by blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity.' The prophet Amos says: 'Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor to fail from the land, that I may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes.' The prophet Isaiah says: 'Woe unto them that chain house to house, and lay field to field, till there is no place, that they may be alone in the midst of the earth.' Solomon says: 'There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed of their filthiness; a generation, O, how lifted are their eyes, and how their eyelids are lifted up: A generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men.'"

And, concluding, he said: "We did not intend to wait for a future existence, but to do something for ourselves in this."

He introduced S. S. Griffin, who said this was an international assembly in the interests of humanity, having no quarrel with each other and objecting to being set at work by governmental scheme. "Don't believe that any government or system should be allowed to pit man against man, for any cause; and to get at the root of these evils, we must go to the foundation of property rights and the wage system. The old system could not meet the demands of our present civilization. The present cry is against over-production, because it operates against humanity. Over-production, glutting the market, causes a lock-out, depriving the wage class of the means of purchasing. Vacant houses stop the building industry, and result in throwing builders out of employment. Ragged because of a surplus of clothing; homeless because of too many houses; hungry because there is too much bread; freezing because too much coal is produced. The system must be changed. Man can wear but one suit of clothes at a time and can consume only about so much. The genius of our age is inventing and increasing the productive power. A system that in effect tells the working classes that, the more they produce, the less they will have to enjoy, is a check on human progress and cannot continue. Everything must be made free. No man should control what he has no personal use for."

Upon Mr. Parsons' call the resolutions were read, as follows:

WHEREAS, We have outlived wage and property system; and whereas, the right of property requires more effort to adjust it between man and man than to produce and distribute it:

Resolved, That property rights should no longer be maintained or respected, and that all useless workers should be deprived of useless employment and required to engage in productive industry; and as this is impossible under the payment system,

Resolved, That no man shall pay for anything, or receive pay for anything, or deprive himself of what he may desire, that he finds out of use or vacant.

Resolved, That whoever refuses to devote a reasonable amount of energy to the production or distribution of necessaries is the enemy of mankind and ought to be so treated; and so of the willful waster.

As this system cannot be introduced as against existing ignorance and selfishness without force, *Resolved*, That, when introduced, the good of mankind and the saving of blood requires that forcible opposition shall be dealt with summarily; but that no one should be harmed for holding opposite opinions.

Resolved, That our policy is wise, humane and practical and ought to be enforced at the earliest possible moment.

As an expression of thankfulness, *Resolved*, That we are thankful we have learned the true cause of poverty and the remedies, and can only be more thankful when the remedy is applied.

The next speaker was Samuel Fielden. He denounced the hypocrisy of calling upon people to thank God for prosperity, while providing no changes for the better, when so many people were in actual want in the midst of abundance. When he was a boy, his mother had taught him to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," but so far as he knew, God remained there and would not come here until things were better arranged. "Our motto is, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, embracing all men. Our international movement is to unite all countries and to do away with the robber class."

August Spies spoke. Pointing to the black flag, he said it was the first time the emblem of hunger and starvation had been unfurled on American soil. He said we had got to strike down these robbers who were robbing the working people.

In answer to a call from the Germans, Mr. Schwab spoke in German a few minutes. A stranger said: "Get your guns out and go for them. That is all I have got to say." Three cheers were given for the social revolution. The audience then formed a procession three thousand strong.

Another notable procession was on the evening of the opening of the new Board of Trade building. The Anarchists gathered in front of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office and were addressed by Parsons and Fielden. The speeches were highly inflammatory. Parsons insisted that they ought to blow up the institution, and urged them to arm themselves "to meet their oppressors with weapons." The Board of Trade, he said, was a robbers' roost, and they were reveling on the proceeds of the workingmen. "How many," he asked, "of my hearers could give twenty dollars for a supper to-night? We will never gain anything by arguments and words. While those men are enjoying a sumptuous supper, workingmen are starving." He characterized the police as bloodhounds and servants of the robbing capitalists, and suggested that the mob loot Marshall Field's dry-goods store and other places and secure such things as they needed. It was apparent that these sentiments appealed strongly to the inclinations of the assembled rabble, and when Parsons had concluded the mob was ready for an even more violent harangue.



THE BOARD OF TRADE.
From a Photograph.

Fielden went as far as to urge the mob to follow him and rob those places, and, like Parsons, held that the Board of Trade building had been built out of money of which they had been robbed, and that all who transacted business in that place were "robbers, and thieves, and ought to be killed."

There were hundreds of tramps in the throng addressed, and naturally all allusions to capitalists as robbers, and all suggestions to plunder, were greeted with applause. A procession was formed, with Oscar W. Neebe,

Parsons and Fielden at the head, and with two women following next carrying the red and black flags. They marched down to the Board of Trade, but, arriving at the street leading to the building, a company of police headed them off. Thus balked, they had to content themselves with marching through the streets back to their starting-point, where they separated without further exhibition of violence than subsequently hurling a stone through the window of a carriage occupied by a prominent West Side resident and his wife, whom they took to be a millionaire on his way to the Board of Trade reception. A tougher-looking lot of men than those who composed the procession it would be difficult to find, and, once started in the direction of violence at the building, there is no telling the extent of damage they might have inflicted. The toleration of such a parade by the municipal authorities was severely criticised by the community, for, had it not been for the action of the late Col. Welter, then Inspector of Police, in intercepting the procession, a serious riot would have occurred.

Parsons, when asked subsequently why they had not blown up the Board of Trade building, replied that they had not looked for police interference and were not prepared. "The next time," he said, "we will be prepared to meet them with bombs and dynamite." Fielden reiterated the same sentiments and expressed the opinion that in the course of a year they might be ready for the police.

NOW WHAT is the Socialism or Anarchy they seek to establish? In his speech before Judge Gary in the Criminal Court, when asked why sentence of death should not be imposed upon him, Anarchist Parsons, among other things, thus described the condition of affairs when Socialism should obtain sway:

Anarchy is a free society where there is no concentrated or centralized power, no state, no king, no emperor, no ruler, no president, no magistrate, no potentate of any character whatever. Law is the enslaving power of men. Blackstone defines the law to be a rule of action, prescribing what is right and prohibiting what is wrong. Now, very true. Anarchists hold that it is wrong for one person to prescribe what is the right action for another person, and then compel that person to obey that rule. Therefore, right action consists in each person attending to his business, and allowing everybody else to do likewise. Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, a usurper and an enemy of liberty. This is precisely what every statute does. Anarchy is the natural law, instead of the man-made statute, and gives men leaders in the place of drivers and bosses. All political law, statute and common, gets its right to operate from the statute; therefore, all political law is statute law. A statute law is a written scheme by which cunning takes advantage of the unsuspecting, and provides the inducement to do so, and protects the one who does it. In other words, a statute is the science of rascality or the law of usurpation. If a few sharks rob mankind of all the earth, — turn them all out of house and home, make them ragged slaves and beggars, and freeze and starve them to death,—still they are expected to obey the statute because it is sacred. This ridiculous nonsense, that human laws are sacred, and that if they are not respected and continued we cannot prosper, is the stupidest and most criminal nightmare of the age. Statutes are the last and greatest curse of men, and, when destroyed, the world will be free. . . . The statute law is the great science of rascality, by which alone the few

trample upon and enslave the many. There are natural laws provided for every work of man. Natural laws are self-operating. They punish all who violate them, and reward all who obey them. They cannot be repealed, amended, dodged or bribed, and it costs neither time, money nor attention to apply them. It is time to stop legislation against them. We want to obey laws, not men, nor the tricks of men. Statutes are human tricks. The law — the statute law — is the coward's weapon, the tool of the thief. . . . Free access to the means of production is the natural right of every man able and willing to work. It is the legal right of the capitalist to refuse such access to labor, and to take from the laborer all the wealth he creates over and above a bare subsistence for allowing him the privilege of working. A laborer has the natural right to life, and, as life is impossible without the means of production, the equal right to life involves an equal right to the means of production. . . . Laws — just laws — natural laws — are not made; they are discovered. Law-enacting is an insult to divine intelligence; and law-enforcing is the impeachment of God's integrity and His power.

August Spies on the same memorable occasion gave his views of Socialism in these words:

Socialism is a constructive and not a destructive science. While capitalism expropriates the masses for the benefit of the privileged class; while capitalism is that school of economics which teaches how one can live upon the labor (*i. e.*, property) of the other, Socialism teaches how all may possess property, and further teaches that every man must work honestly for his own living, and not be playing the respectable Board of Trade man, or any other highly too respectable business man or banker. Socialism, in short, seeks to establish a universal system of coöperation and to render accessible to each and every member of the human family the achievements and benefits of civilization, which, under capitalism, are being monopolized by a privileged class, and employed, not, as they should be, for the common good of all, but for the brutish gratification of an avaricious class. Under capitalism, the great inventions of the past, far from being a blessing for mankind, have been turned into a curse! Socialism teaches that machines, the means of transportation and communication, are the result of the combined efforts of society, past and present, and that they are therefore rightfully the indivisible property of society, just the same as the soil and the mines and all natural gifts should be. This declaration implies that those who have appropriated this wealth wrongfully, though lawfully, shall be expropriated by society. The expropriation of the masses by the monopolists has reached such a degree that the expropriation of the expropriateurs has become an imperative necessity, an act of social self-preservation. Society will reclaim its own even though you erect a gibbet on every street-corner. And Anarchism, this terrible "ism," deduces that under a coöperative organization of society, under economic equality and individual independence, the "state"— the political state — will pass into barbaric antiquity. And we will be where all are free, where there are no longer masters and servants. Where intellect stands for brute force, there will no longer be any use for the policeman and militia to preserve the so-called "peace and order." Anarchism, or Socialism, means the reorganization of society upon scientific principles and the abolition of causes which produce vice and crime.

Michael Schwab, in his utterances before the same tribunal, held as follows:

Socialism, as we understand it, means that land and machinery shall be held in common by the people. The production of goods shall be carried on by producing groups which shall supply the demands of the people. Under such a system every human being would have an opportunity to do useful work, and no doubt would work. Some hours' work every day would suffice to produce all that, according to statistics, is necessary for a comfortable living. Time would be left to cultivate the mind and to further science and art. That is

what Socialists propose. According to our vocabulary, Anarchy is a state of society in which the only government is reason. A state of society in which all human beings do right for the simple reason that it is right and hate wrong because it is wrong. In such a society no laws, no compulsion will be necessary.

Samuel Fielden, standing before the same court, also dwelt upon Socialism, saying:

And it will be a good time, a grand day for the world; it will be a grand day for humanity; it will never have taken a step so far onward toward perfection, if it can ever reach that goal, as it will when it accepts the principles of Socialism. They are the principles that injure no man. They are the principles that consider the interest of every one. They are the principles which will do away with wrong; and injustice and suffering will be reduced at least to a minimum under such an organization of society. As compared to the present struggle for existence, which is degrading society and making men merely things and animals, Socialism will give them opportunities of developing the possibilities of their nature.

The platform of the International Association of Workingmen, indorsed by the local organization, formulates the principles of Socialism as follows:

1. Destruction of existing class domination, through inexorable revolution and international activity.

2. The building of a free society on communistic organizations or production.

3. Free exchange of equivalent products through the productive organization without jobbing and profit-making.

4. Organization of the educational system upon a non-religious and scientific and equal basis for both sexes.

5. Equal rights for all, without distinction of sex or race.

6. The regulation of public affairs through agreements between the independent communes and confederacies.

The above was published in the *Alarm* of November 1, 1884, with the following comment:

Proletarians of all countries, unite. Fellow workmen, all we need for the achievement of this great end is organization and unity.

There exists now no great obstacle to that unity. The work of peaceful education and revolutionary conspiracy will, can and ought to run in parallel lines.

The day has come for solidarity. Join our ranks! Let the drum beat defiantly the roll of battle; workingmen of all lands, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to win. Tremble, oppressors of the world! Not far beyond your purblind sight there dawn the scarlet and sable lights of the judgment day!

Such, in brief, are the aims of Socialism as expounded by its most extreme representatives. The state of society they seek to establish may be highly beneficial to a class which, under any conditions, lacks sobriety, frugality, thrift and self-reliance; but just where the general mass of humanity is to be bettered or elevated, socially, morally or politically, is a point not satisfactorily explained. Their theory may look well on paper, and their glittering generalities may draw adherents from the ranks of the illiterate and the vicious, but a condition of society in which there are no masters and no authority can only lead to chaos. In a society "in which all human beings do right for the simple reason that it is right," there can be neither stability nor permanence, unless human nature is recast, recon-

structed and regenerated. Human nature must be treated as it is found in the general make-up of man; and therefore a society in which all special desires, all ambition and all self-elevation have been eliminated, precludes development and progress. It reduces everything to utter shiftlessness and stagnation. In such a society there can be no incentive to great achievements in art, literature, mechanics or invention. If all are to be placed on an equal footing, the ignorant with the educated, the dullard with the genius, the profligate with the provident, and the drunken wretch with the industrious, what encouragement for special effort? If you "render accessible to each and every member of the human family the achievements and benefits of civilization," holding "property in common," why should a man rack his brain or strain his muscles in producing something which he expects to prove remunerative to himself in some way, but which under the Socialistic state would go to the financial benefit of all? Take away all incentive to improvement, and you make life scarcely worth the living. Where the state, or the "independent commune," is to be entrusted with the care and equal distribution of wealth and the employment of men, the individual will give little concern for the morrow or for anything beyond his immediate wants. What need he accomplish more than his neighbor, since everything that is produced is shared jointly?

In the Socialistic society, every man might "work honestly for his own living," as Spies declares, but what would be the inevitable result of a system in which the state or commune undertakes to see that all have employment?

History does not leave us room for doubt. The various constitutions of France recognized the right of the people to employment. It was provided in 1792 that it was the duty of society to afford such employment, and in the following year it was added that the remuneration of the laborer should be sufficient to support him. This doctrine was recognized until 1819, when it fell into "innocuous desuetude," and it was not revived until 1848. In that year a placard appeared on the dead walls of Paris, to the following effect:

> The Provisional Government of the French Republic guarantees existence to the laborer by labor. It guarantees labor to every citizen. It guarantees that laborers may associate to obtain the profits of their legitimate labor.

In consequence of this proclamation the Government was appealed to, and national work-shops were established under the auspices of the Government. The establishments were open to all, but, as no one was specially interested in their financial success, they soon proved too great a drain upon the resources of the nation. Failure was the result. In the assignment of work at the factories, skill and fitness never entered into consideration. One workman was as good as another, and the men, so long as they had the Government at their back, with living guaranteed, did not bother much



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—II. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

1. "Down with all Laws." 6. "Long live the Social Revolution!"

about the kind of article they produced. The result was that inferior goods were thrown upon the market, and purchasers were difficult to find. This speedily led to the closing of the work-shops, and since then the French Government has never maintained that society at large must operate work-shops for the benefit of all. Any commune that undertakes the same task again must similarly fail.

Now, suppose that, in the new economic conditions, it should be determined by the "independent communes" that wages should in a measure be fixed according to the skill, ability and energy of the workingmen, what sort of allotment would fall to the great body of workers? Edward Atkinson, an accurate statistician of world-wide reputation, has furnished the public with a compilation showing what each would receive if the aggregate production in the United States were divided among its inhabitants. The annual production, he calculates, of all the industries of our country, does not exceed $200 per head of population. This would give a total of $12,000,000. If this were divided equally among families of five persons each, on a basis of a sixty-million population, each family would have $1,000 per annum. But, as I have said, suppose some families secure more than others, on account of greater efficiency, and that one-third of these families secure $2,000 each per annum. The remaining two-thirds would only secure an average of $500. "Suppose," it has been said, "one-half of this third to be fortunate enough, or skillful enough, to increase their average to $3,000. The remaining half continuing at $2,000, the average share of the two-thirds would fall to $250, or $50 only per head, per annum."

As Prof. Barnard, dwelling upon the facts to be deduced from Atkinson's showing, says: "Inasmuch as the idea of an average implies that as many are below it as are above it, it is easy to see that the only way of removing the scourge of poverty from the entire human race is to increase the productiveness of labor so that want can only be a consequence of willful idleness, or improvidence, or vice."

In the "wonderful readjustment" of wealth and the products of labor Socialists propose to inaugurate, there would be everywhere more misery, more poverty and more crime than the people are now contending with in the purlieus of London and Paris. That there is room for improvement in the condition of our social state is true, but that changes for the better can be obtained by Socialism and by means of violence is false. These social as well as governmental improvements can only be brought about by peaceable means. Never by force, as the logic of events demonstrated in the Cook County Jail. There is no question that crack-brained theorists will continue to spring up and exist. They have existed in the past. The Babeufs, the Lassalles, the Fouriers and the Karl Marxes may continue to preach their one-sided ideas, but universal education in the United States and the general morality of the masses may be safely counted upon as a

guaranty that neither the gospel of violence nor isolated cases of bloodshed will ever succeed in establishing exploded and ruinous theories of politics.

After the Socialists of Chicago had organized their military companies, it soon became evident that they intended to use their forces against organized society, and as they paraded them before the community on all public occasions as a menace to good order, the Illinois Legislature in 1879 settled their status effectually by adopting a law prohibiting armed forces in the State except those willing to swear to support the institutions of the State as well as of the nation, or to become members of the State militia. It was also made a punishable offense for any body of men to assemble with arms, drill or parade within the State without authority. The Socialists were not seeking State honors, and they took an appeal to the State Supreme Court on the ground that the legislative act was unconstitutional. They were beaten, and accordingly forced to abandon their ten companies.



A GROUP OF ANARCHISTS.

From a Photograph.—The central figure is that of a man in the uniform of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. The reclining figure in foreground is Moritz Neff, proprietor of Neff's Hall.

From carrying arms, however, they soon turned their attention to the study of explosives. They began experiments at once, and some years later boldly urged their adherents to become adepts in the manufacture and use of the most approved explosive—dynamite.

In the *Alarm* of October 18, 1884, the following was published:

One man armed with a dynamite bomb is equal to one regiment of militia, when it is used at the right time and place. Anarchists are of the opinion that the bayonet and Gatling gun will cut but sorry part in the social revolution. The whole method of warfare has been revolutionized by latter-day discoveries of science, and the American people will avail themselves of its advantages in the conflict with upstarts and contemptible braggarts who expect to continue their rascality under the plea of preserving law and order.

The same paper, in its issue of November 1, 1884, contained this pronunciamento:

How can all this be done? Simply by making ourselves masters of the use of dynamite, then declaring we will make no further claim to ownership in anything, and deny every other person's right to be the owner of anything, and administer instant death, by any and all means, to any and every person who attempts to continue to claim personal ownership in anything. This method, and this alone, can relieve the world of this infernal monster called the "right of property."

Let us try and not strike too soon, when our numbers are too small, or before more of us understand the use and manufacture of the weapons.

To avoid unnecessary bloodshed, confusion and discouragement, we must be prepared, know why we strike and for just what we strike, and then strike in unison and with all our might.

Our war is not against men, but against systems; yet we must prepare to kill men who will try to defeat our cause, or we will strive in vain.

The rich are only worse than the poor because they have more power to wield this infernal "property right," and because they have more power to reform, and take less interest in doing so. Therefore, it is easy to see where the bloodiest blows must be dealt.

We can expect but few or no converts among the rich, and it will be better for our cause if they do not wait for us to strike first.

Again, on February 21, 1885, from the same paper:

The deep-rooted, malignant evil which compels the wealth-producers to become the independent hirelings of a few capitalistic czars, can not be reached by means of the ballot.

The ballot can be wielded by free men alone; but slaves can only revolt and rise in insurrection against their despoilers.

Let us bear in mind the fact that here in America, as elsewhere, the worker is held in economic bondage by the use of force, and the employment of force, therefore, becomes a necessity to his economic preservation. Poverty can't vote!

In the same issue also appeared the following:

Dynamite! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow. In giving dynamite to the downtrodden millions of the globe science has done its best work. The dear stuff can be carried in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. It is something not very ornamental, but exceedingly useful. It can be used against persons and things. It is better to use it against the former than against bricks and masonry. It is a genuine boon for the disinherited, while it brings terror and fear to the robbers. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it! Our law-makers might as well try to sit down on the crater of a volcano or a bayonet as to endeavor to stop the manufacture and use of dynamite. It takes more justice and right than is contained in laws to quiet the spirit of unrest.

In the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of March 19, 1886, appeared the following, after many articles had been previously published of the same tenor as those in the *Alarm:*

The only aim of the workingman should be the liberation of mankind from the shackles of the existing damnable slavery. Here, in America, where the workingman possesses yet the freedom of meeting, of speech, and of the press, most should be done for the emancipation of suffering mankind. But the press gang and the teachers in the schools do all in their power to keep the people in the dark. Thus everything tends to degrade mankind more and more, from day to day, and this effects a "beastening," as is observable with Irishmen, and more apparent, even, with the Chinese.

If we do not soon bestir ourselves for a bloody revolution, we can not leave anything to our children but poverty and slavery. Therefore prepare yourselves, in all quietness, for the revolution.

The following extracts are from the first number of the *Anarchist*, Engel's paper, dated January 1, 1886, with the motto, "All government we hate":

Workingmen and fellows: We recognize it our duty to contend against existing rule, but he who would war successfully must equip himself with all implements adapted to destroy his opponents and secure victory. In consideration thereof we have resolved to publish the *Anarchist* as a line in the fight for the disinherited. It is necessary to disseminate Anarchistic doctrine. As we strive for freedom from government we advocate the principle of autonomy, in this sense: We strive towards the overthrow of the existing order, that an end may be put to the "abhorrent work of destruction on the part of mankind, and fratricide done away" The equality of all, without distinction of race, color or nationality, is our fundamental principle, thus ending rule and servitude. We reject reformatory endeavors as useless play, adding to the derision and oppression of the workingmen. Against the never-to-be-satisfied ferocity of capital we recommend the radical means of the present age. All endeavors of the working classes not aiming at the overthrow of existing conditions of ownership and at complete self-government are to us reactionary. The idea of the absence of authority warrants that we will carry on a fight of principles only. . . .

No one can deny that man brings with him into the world the right to live. But this is denied by the property beast. He who has the whip of power will brandish it over the poor. What does the world offer to the poor who are compelled to carry on a mere struggle for existence? Patented machinery, combined with capital and other means of preservation, denies work to the workmen on account of the excessive offer of working powers. Workingmen should, therefore, enter the ranks of those who propose to set aside the present system of inequality and build up a system of equality and freedom. Let every one join the International Workingmen's Association, and arm himself with the best weapons of modern times. . . .

The authorities in America have hitherto refused to prosecute Anarchists as the European powers do, not because of hatred to despotism, but from fear that the American people might be driven into Anarchism. As Anarchists increase, however, it is intended to to away with them by slow degrees. To this end a bill was introduced in Congress refusing to and revoking citizenship of such. Yet the Anarchist declines citizenship because he regards himself as cosmopolitan. We hope for more foolish things to open the eyes of American workingmen. . . .

Reflections of an Anarchist at the Grave of Leiske.—After the workingman becomes a journeyman he feels free, casts a glance into the world—it is glorious, beautiful. He thinks there is happiness for him somewhere. He proposes to go abroad, but a terrible cry falls upon his ears—the outcry of a tormented people. He inquires, have the pariahs of to-day a right

to live? and answers yes. Why otherwise born, if suffered to die with hunger? And hunger and poverty are the results of the stealings of the rich. Having thus concluded, he swears to help in the work of liberation, "in the great struggle of mankind for a better condition;" to take vengeance upon those responsible for this misery. In his investigations he learns the utter vileness of the police power, and a policeman is killed. Whereupon the workman is arrested, charged with the murder of Rumpf, and killed after nearly a year of most devilish torture. With what contempt Leiske met his executioners, and with what heroism he went unto his death, is known to our fellows, and he shall be avenged.

The *Alarm*, January 13, 1885:

"Force the only defense against injustice and oppression." Because the Socialists advocate resistance, they are accused of brutality and want of wisdom. All men agree that themselves should not be trampled upon by others. If you can compel a man to agree to allow others to exercise control over him, you will find that the soldier will soon claim all you have acquired for yourselves. This only teaches that it is dangerous for the wicked to teach war; not so with justice. Justice can never create opposition to itself. Therefore "justice is always safe in accumulating force, while injustice can only accumulate force at its peril." We are told force is cruel, but this is only true when the opposition is less cruel. If the opposition is relentless power, starving, freezing, etc., and the application of force will require less suffering, then force is humane. Therefore we say that dynamite is both humane and economical. It will, at the expense of less suffering, prevent more. It is not humane to compel ten persons to starve to death, when the execution of five persons would prevent it. A system that is starving and freezing tens of thousands of little children, in the midst of a world of plenty, cannot be defended against dynamiters on the ground of humanity. If every child that starved to death in the United States were retaliated for by the execution of a rich man in his own parlor, the brutal system of wage property would not last six weeks. It is a wonder that a father, after his vain search for bread, can see his little ones starve or freeze, without striking that vengeful, just and bloody blow at the cause that would prevent other little ones suffering a similar fate. It is not probable that men will always endure this cruel, relentless process of monopoly and competition.

The privileged class use force to perpetuate their power, and the despoiled workers must use force to prevent it.

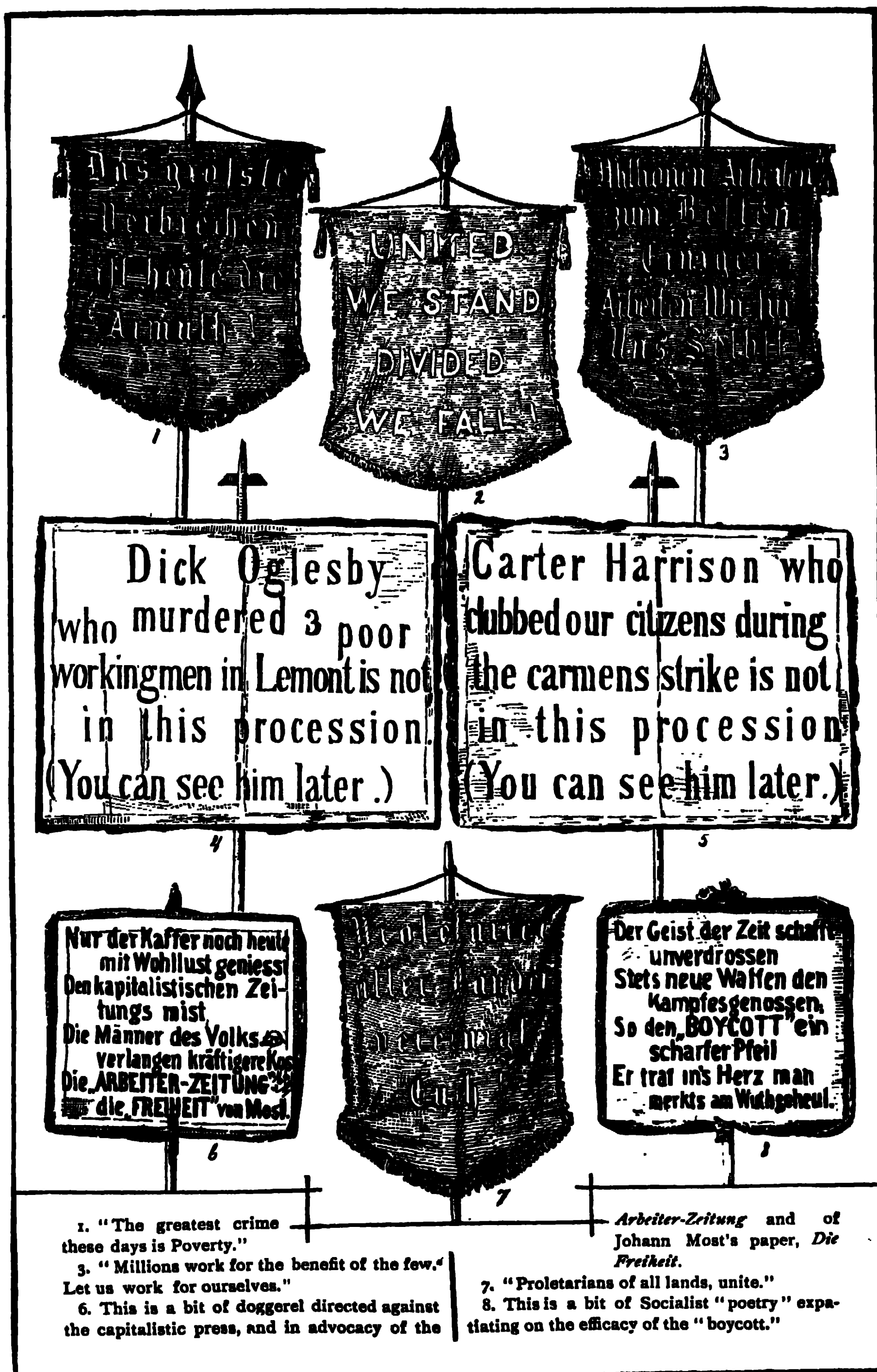
The *Alarm*, July 25, 1885:

STREET FIGHTING.

How to Meet the Enemy.—Some Valuable Hints for the Revolutionary Soldiers.—What an Officer of the United States Army has to Say.

The following letter, published in the San Francisco *Truth* some time ago, will be read with interest. The letter is quoted as follows, in substance: "I am an officer in the army of the United States, and know whereof I write. John Upton said to me, with great earnestness, that the day of armies is passing away. I believe this. This introduces my subject. I desire to place the details of the science of butchery before the people; to point out its weak points, so that in future uprisings the people may stand some chance of winning. They have for the past twenty years been overcome only because of their own ignorance. They have been slaughtered and subdued because of a lack of coolness, want of knowledge, and adherence to what is called 'humanity,' 'honorable warfare,' etc. I assume that my readers agree with me that against tyrants all means are legitimate, and that in war that course is best, though bloodiest, which soonest ends the contest. My purpose is to persuade the people to add a little common sense in future to their heroism, and thus insure success.

"United States and State regiments are organized on the unit of four, which permits the most rapid and effective change of front that can be devised. The art of war consists in making soldiers fight. The line of retreat must be kept open to avoid capture. In future



1. "The greatest crime these days is Poverty."

3. "Millions work for the benefit of the few. Let us work for ourselves."

6. This is a bit of doggerel directed against the capitalistic press, and in advocacy of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and of Johann Most's paper, *Die Freiheit*.

7. "Proletarians of all lands, unite."

8. This is a bit of Socialist "poetry" expatiating on the efficacy of the "boycott."

BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—III. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

revolts the people shall assume the aggressive. Army officers have wasted years of study over the science of street fighting, unavailingly. The plan below shows a method adopted as best. The troops are formed on the street in two bodies in column of four, headed by a Gatling gun. On the sidewalk a line of skirmishers and sharpshooters, whose duty it is to fire into the houses, the whole advancing cautiously. When a cross street is reached, a company is left to hold it, in order to keep open the avenue of retreat. Military knowledge has become popularized since 1877, and now, in almost any contest, it would be easy to find some fair leaders of the people who would devise some means of meeting such an advance, as indicated by the following diagram. The diagram represents a street corner. The plan is, at the street crossing to have bodies of revolutionists with movable barracks placed obliquely on the cross street, and who from there will fire vigorously upon the advancing column. They have supporters also in the building, also at the corner, whose duty is to throw dynamite upon the troops. If the position is carried, the party defending escape through the cross streets. The rear of the column can also be attacked from the cross streets. If the men in the barricades are armed with the new international dynamite rifle (which I am told exists in the hands of the revolutionists), I give it as a careful technical opinion, that, pursuing these tactics under brave and able leaders, fifty men can hold at bay and finally destroy in any of your cities an attacking force of five thousand troops." Signed "R. S. S." Alcatraz Island, December 8.

The *Alarm*, December 26, 1885:

Bakounine's Groundwork for the Social Revolution.—A Revolutionist's Duty to Himself. (Free translation from the German.)

1. The revolutionist is self-offered; has no personal interest, but is absorbed by the one passion, the revolution.

2. He is at war with the existing order of society and lives to destroy it.

3. He despises society in its present form and leaves its reorganization to the future, himself knowing only the science of destruction. He studies mathematics, chemistry, etc., for this purpose. The quick and sure overthrow of the present unreasonable order is his object.

4. He despises public sentiment and acknowledges as moral whatever favors the revolution; as criminal whatever opposes it.

5. He is consecrated; he will not spare, nor does he expect mercy. Between him and society reigns the war of death or life.

6. Stringent with himself, he must be stringent with others. All sentiment must be suppressed by his passion for the revolutionary work. He must be ready to die and to kill.

7. He excludes romance and sentiment and also personal hatred and revenge; never obeying his personal inclinations, but his revolutionary duty.

Toward his Comrades.

8. His friendship is only for his comrade, and is measured by that comrade's usefulness in the practical work of the revolution.

9. As to important affairs, he must consult with his comrades, but in execution depend upon himself. Each must be self-operating, and must ask help only when imperatively necessary.

10. He shall use himself and his subordinates as capital to be used for the work of revolution, but no part of which can he dispose of without the consent of the persons involved.

11. If a comrade is in danger, he shall not consider his personal feelings, but the interest of the cause.

His Duty toward Society.

12. A new candidate can be taken into the company only after proof of his merit, and upon unanimous consent.

13. He lives in a so-called civilized world because he believes in its speedy destruction He clings to nothing as it now is, and does not hesitate to destroy any institution. He is no revolutionist if arrested by personal ties.

14. He must obtain entrance everywhere, even in the detective agency and the emperor's palace.

15. The present society should be divided into categories, the first including those sentenced to immediate death, the others classifying the delinquents according to their rascality.

16. The lists are not to be influenced by personal considerations, but those are to be first destroyed whose death can terrify governments and deprive them of their most intelligent agents.

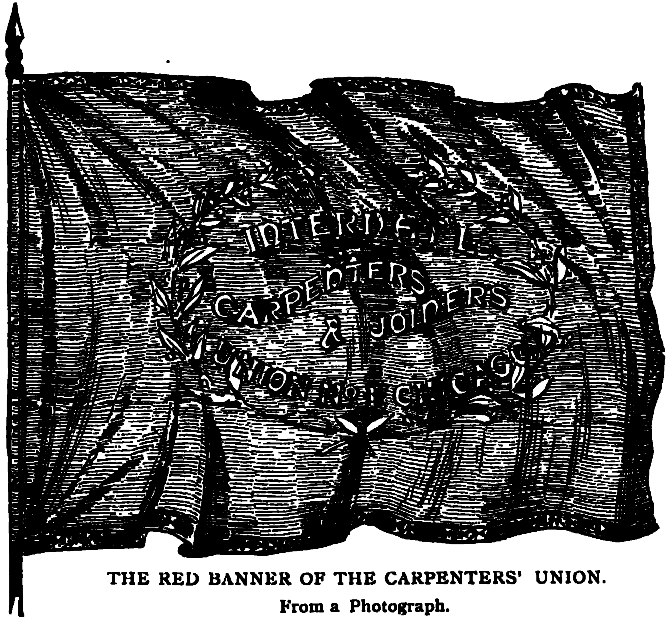
17. The second category embraces those who are permitted to live, but whose evil deeds will drive the people to open revolt.

18. The third category embraces the dissolute rich whose secrets must be discovered in order to control their resources.

19. The fourth category consists of ambitious officials and liberals whose purposes we must discover so as to prevent their withdrawing from our cause.

20. The fifth category consists of doctrinaire conspirators; they must be urged to action.

21. The sixth category is the women, who are divided into three classes: First, the brainless and heartless; second, the passionate and qualified; and, third, the wholly consecrated, who are to be guarded as the most valuable part of the revolutionary treasures.



THE RED BANNER OF THE CARPENTERS' UNION.
From a Photograph.

The *Alarm* of January 9, 1886, then edited, in the absence of its editor and his assistant, by August Spies, contained this suggestive editorial:

"*The Right to Bear Arms.*"—After the conspiracy of the workingmen, the working classes, in 1877, the breaking up of the meeting on the Haymarket Square, the brutal assault upon a gathering of furniture workers in Vorwaerts Turner Hall, the murder of Tessman, and the general clubbing and shooting down of peaceably inclined wage-workers, the proletarians organized the Lehr und Wehr Verein, which in about a year and a half had grown to a membership of one thousand. This was regarded by the capitalists as a menace, and they procured the passage of the militia law, under which it became an offense for any body of men, other than those authorized by the Governor, to assemble with arms, drill or parade the streets. The members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, mostly Socialists, who believed in the ballot, made up a test case to determine the constitutionality of this act, rejecting the counsel of the extremists. Judge Barnum held the law to be unconstitutional — an appeal was taken — and

the Supreme Court upset this decision and held the law constitutional. Thereupon the Lehr und Wehr Verein applied to the Supreme Court of the United States, which within a few days affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court of the State. Do we need comment on this?

That militia law has had its uses. Where there was before a military body publicly organized, whose strength could be easily ascertained, now there exists an organization whose members cannot be estimated, and a network of destructive agencies of modern military character that will defy suppression.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, February 17, editorial:

In France, during strikes, etc., a new method is lately adopted. The workingmen barricade themselves in the factories with provisions, taking possession of the property, which the manufacturers desire to preserve, and will only resort to force for their ejection in the most extreme case. The conflict between capitalism and workingmen is growing constantly sharper, and the indication is that force will bring about decisive results in the battle for liberty.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of April 30:

We are advised that the police are ordered to be ready for a conflict upon Saturday of next week. The capitalists are thirsting for the blood of workingmen. The workingmen refuse longer to be tortured and treated like dogs, and for this opposition the capitalists cry for blood. Perhaps they may have it, and lose some of their own. To the workingmen we again say: Arm yourselves, but conceal your arms lest they be stolen from you.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, May 3:

Courage, courage, is our cry. Don't forget the words of Herways: "The host of the oppressors grow pale when thou, weary of thy burden, in the corner puttest the plow; when thou sayest, 'It is enough.'"

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, May 4:

Blood has flown. It happened as it had to. The militia have not been drilling in vain. It is historical that private property had its origin in violence. The war of classes has come. Yesterday, in front of McCormick's factory, workmen were shot down whose blood cries for vengeance. In the past, countless victims have been offered on the altars of the golden calf amid the shouts of the capitalistic robbers One has only to think of East St. Louis, Chicago and other places, to recognize the tactics of the extortioners. The white terror will be answered with the red, for the workmen are not asleep. They modestly asked for eight hours. The answer was to drill the police force and militia, and browbeat those advocating the change. And yesterday blood flowed — the reply of these devils to this modest petition of their slaves. Death rather than a life of wretchedness. The capitalistic tiger lies ready for the jump, his eyes sparkling, eager for murder, and his clutches drawn tight. Self-defense cries, "To arms, to arms!" If you do not defend yourselves, you will be ground by the animal's teeth.

The powers hostile to the workingmen have made common cause, and our differences must be subordinated to the common purpose. The statement of the capitalistic press, that the workmen yesterday fired first, is a bold, barefaced lie.

In the poor shanty miserably clad women and children are weeping for husband and father. In the palace they clink glasses filled with costly wine and drink to the happiness of the bloody bandits of law and order. Dry your tears, ye poor and wretched; take heart, ye slaves; arise in your might and overthrow the system of robbery.

These are a few of the many articles emanating from the Socialistic propaganda, calling the rabble to murder and destruction. Other declara-

tions printed in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and pronounced upon the stump are in the same virulent spirit, couched in varying language as suggested by the events of the moment, but all breathing defiance and death to the so-called "capitalistic class." There are also minute and specific directions for the preparation as well as the use of dynamite, Herr Most's work on that subject



ATTEMPT OF DR. NOBILING TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

having been largely drawn upon for the enlightenment of those who believed that dynamite is the weapon through the use of which the social revolution can be accomplished. Paragraphs, sections and chapters of Bakounine's "Groundwork for the Social Revolution" were likewise read to the Socialists and published in their organs.

Another source from which to draw inspiration was Reinsdorf, the apostle of Anarchy in Germany. The Chicago Anarchists regarded him as a splendid representative of their class, and praised his attempt on the life of the Emperor of Germany. His death on the scaffold was regarded as martyrdom, and his deeds were frequently extolled. His confederates in conspiracy, Hoedel and Nobiling, were referred to in terms of praise by George A. Schilling at a meeting in West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. Louis Lingg had been personally acquainted with Reinsdorf, and gloried in the man's work and courage. The extreme section of the Chicago Socialists always sought to inculcate his ideas, and that the reader may gain some notion of Reinsdorf's character, I reproduce the following translation from a German Socialistic paper, showing his career:



AUGUST REINSDORF.

He was the principal leader of all the Anarchists in Germany. The people looked upon him as the savior of their great cause. He was admired not only by men, but also by women. Wherever he went he was given great receptions, and he had many pupils.

Reinsdorf was born in Prussia. When he became of age, he joined the party, and, by his good and rapid work, became in a short time the father of the Anarchistic agitation. But the law pursued him, and he wandered from state to state. In the year 1876 we find him in Switzerland, where he had many followers. One of his pupils and admirers was Max Hoedel, who with Reinsdorf conceived a plot to murder King William of Prussia. The attack upon his life was made by Hoedel on the 11th day of May, 1878. He fired several shots at the aged warrior, but failed, as none of them took effect. They missed their mark. Not satisfied with this, another man, Dr. Nobiling, also a pupil of Reinsdorf, made another attempt three weeks later, by firing a shot-gun filled with buck-shot at the old King; but again without effect. Nobiling's deed was the consequence of Hoedel's attempt, and Reinsdorf was the agitator. Failing in this, they concluded to wait some time until their party should get stronger and could secure better material. Among others Louis Lingg joined the Anarchists in Zurich. Louis was then very young, but he became as radical as their chief leader. The Socialists were

to have held a Congress there in May, 1880, but the gathering did not take place, as the police had notice, and Reinsdorf and his followers were compelled to leave Zurich and go to Freiburg (Baden), where they held secret meetings and where Reinsdorf declared that he himself would go to Berlin and kill the miserable mahdi by stabbing him to the heart. He went to Berlin to carry out this plan, but was arrested by the police. They could not make out a case of conspiracy against him, but he was sent to prison for several months on the charge of carrying a dagger. After his discharge Reinsdorf traveled to and from Switzerland to Germany, France and Belgium, speaking in all places where he stopped, and gaining many followers. His only desire was to put old Emperor William (commonly called "old Lehmann") out of the way — to do something great so that all the people would look up to him. His only targets were royal palaces and the palaces of diplomates. He and others then formed a plan to murder the King, and Bismarck, and all the princes and others who were to participate in the dedication of the Germania monument at Ruedesheim on the 28th day of September, 1883. But Reinsdorf met with an accident while crossing a railroad track, and was severely injured. This was a very painful situation for Reinsdorf. The day for action drew near, but he was confined to his bed. Should this beautiful plan be given up on that account? Never! Could not other people accomplish what he had thought out? Certainly. But was it sure that they would have the necessary courage at the critical moment? Could he trust them? Tormented by such thoughts, Reinsdorf finally submitted to the inevitable and confided his mission to two of his comrades. He called these people to his bedside and told them what he wanted done. He presented his plan in detail. Rupsch and Kuechler — these are their names — pledged themselves to do what he desired. They started on the journey with the necessary material, reached Ruedesheim safely, and on the night of the 27th they proceeded to a spot not far from the monument, where the railroad runs near the edge of the forest. They filled a culvert with a large quantity of dynamite, put a fulminating cap into it and drew the fuse into the forest. It was raining at the time, and they covered the fuse with moist ground and tied the end of it to a tree, which they marked by cutting into it. They then returned to Ruedesheim. The next morning they returned to the place. The royal train came. Kuechler gave the signal; Rupsch held his burning cigar to the fuse. One moment of breathless expectation! The train passed, and the explosion — failed. Kuechler asked Rupsch about the failure. The latter showed that the end of the fuse had been lighted, but did not burn because it was damp. They did not give up hope, as the train had to return the same way after the ceremonies were over. A new fuse was attached. Again the royal party passed over the critical ground, where death had been prepared for them. Rupsch lit the fuse again, but it did not burn. An investigation afterwards showed that the fuse only burned a short length and then went out. They had followed all Reinsdorf's instructions but one — instead of water-proof fuse they had supplied themselves with the common kind. With mutual recriminations, Kuechler and Rupsch took the dynamite from under the culvert and went back to Ruedesheim, where they got gloriously drunk. After they had sobered up, they returned to Elberfeld and reported to Reinsdorf, who already knew that his beautiful plan had miscarried. With great wrath he listened to them and said: "No such thing could have happened to me." He thought there would be another chance. Then he would not be in the hospital, but could carry it out himself. His hopes were in vain. After his discharge from the hospital in Elberfeld, he proceeded to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he was arrested. The police found out that he was an accomplice in the conspiracy, but, putting him through the sieve, they failed to get anything out of him, as he would not answer a single question. He said: "You may ask me as much as you wish, I shall not answer." Bachman, one of his companions and an accomplice, escaped to Luxemburg, where he thought he would be safe from the law, but he also was arrested and extradited and sent to Elberfeld to keep Reinsdorf company, together with Rupsch and Kuechler.

Reinsdorf and his accomplices were tried before the courts of Leipsic, and the trial lasted seven days. Bachman and two others were sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Rupsch got a life sentence, while Reinsdorf was sentenced to be beheaded. At his trial Reinsdorf was as stubborn as ever. He denied everything. When he was asked who he was he answered:

"I am an Anarchist."

"What is Anarchy?" he was asked.

"A company in which every sensible man can develop his ability. To permit this no one should be burdened with excessive labor; want and misery should be banished; every force should cease; every stupidity, every superstition should be banished from the world."

The presiding judge asked him if he was guilty or not, and to answer with "yes" or "no."

Reinsdorf answered with a steady voice: "I look upon this whole thing as a question of power. If we German Anarchists had a couple of army corps at our disposition, then I would not have to talk to this court. I for my part have nothing to say. Do with me as you please."

After the court had finished, Reinsdorf resumed his remarks and said: "The attempt at Niederwald failed because 'the hand of Providence appeared,' as the prosecution terms it. I tell you the awkward hand of Rupsch did it. I am sorry to say I had no one else at my disposal. I have nothing to repent, only that the attempt failed. At the factories the people are going to ruin merely for the benefit of the stockholders. These honest Christians swindle the working people of half of their living. My lawyer wanted to save my head, but for such a hounded proletarian as I am the quickest death is the best. If I had ten heads I would offer them with joy and lay them on the block for the good cause."

Before going to the scaffold, Reinsdorf ate a hearty meal, smoked a cigar, and sang a song. He walked steadily into the court-yard, where the scaffold was standing, guarded by a squad of soldiers, besides about a hundred other persons.

"Are you August Reinsdorf?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes, that I am."

The death warrant was then read and the royal signature shown to him. The executioner then bore him to the scaffold. Reinsdorf's last words were: "Down with barbarism; hurrah for Anarchy!" The axe fell and the head was severed from his body.

The atonement for the decapitation of Reinsdorf followed quickly. The sentence had hardly been carried into execution when, on the 13th of January, 1885, "the miserable Rumpff," as they called him, was stabbed and killed by the hand of an Anarchist at Frankfort-on-the-Main. *Sic semper tyrannis.*

With such an example of courage before them, and the revenge his execution invited, it is almost needless to remark that the bloodthirsty Anarchists of Chicago read with eager avidity anything pertaining to their hero. Accordingly, in the *Vorbote* of December 16, 1885, the following is to be found:

REINSDORF'S INHERITANCE.

In the pamphlet about Reinsdorf there is a letter published which our great martyr wrote the day previous to his decapitation. We are able now to publish two other letters which Reinsdorf wrote at the same time, to his parents and to his second brother.

One letter reads as follows:

HALLE, February 6, 1885.

My Dear Brother: To-day is my last day, and I could not let it pass without writing to you to show you that I always remembered you with brotherly love. When you have read

this letter I shall be one of the fortunates who are past and one of whom they can speak nothing but good. Now, my deeds, specially alleged against me before the courts, lie open before the world, and, although I am sentenced to death, I have the feeling that I did my duty; and this feeling it is which makes my last walk easy, to receive joyfully the everlasting sleep as something well earned.

Dear August, you have often had trouble and sorrow, although you are in the blossom of life. People usually heed the words of one deceased more than the speeches of philosophers. I want to tell you a few words. Bear with strength, endurance and friendly submission the burden which you have laden upon yourself, and try to have satisfaction in it, so you can raise your children that they may be useful to you and an adornment to you. What would you gain by it, if you should participate in the good-for-nothing diversions of the people? Think, I could have done it, but I preferred the wandering existence of an Anarchist.

When you, therefore, in years to come, look back upon the days of honest, peaceable labor done, and of hard duty fulfilled, then you will be filled with a joyful certainty and a quiet happiness that will repay you for all your sufferings. We still live, unfortunately, in a world of egotism and incompleteness, and only a few are in position to swim against the stream—even at the risk of their lives. You never did it. Good. So do your duty as the father of your family. Good-by. Accept a greeting from my heart for your wife and family, from

Your brother, AUGUST.

The second letter is directed to his parents:

HALLE, February 6, 1885.

My Dear Parents: Take in silence what cannot be helped! Who would sacrifice their children, if not you, who have so many? Or should the wealthy do it, when it is the cause of the poor for which we fight? Or should we lay our hands in our laps and wait until others have sacrificed themselves for us? And is it such a great sacrifice I bring? Sick as I am, and with a prospect of long suffering, it should be looked upon as a blessing when such an existence is put to a quick death. And what an end is it? Whoever they are, progressive or reactionary, liberal or conservative, they all hate the Anarchist Reinsdorf. As they have condemned his doings, they cheer his death, the crown of a faithful, self-sacrificing man. But his steadfastness, in defiance of thousands of obstacles, no one can deny. And this shall be your consolation.

How many have had to die for smaller causes? How many have lost their lives in dynamite conquests? Take all this in consideration and don't let your hearts be made heavy through the babble of paltry and narrow-minded people. My last thoughts are of you and of brothers and sisters, and of the great cause for which I die. Deep-felt wishes fill my heart for the prosperity of every one of you. Greetings to my brothers and sisters, especially Carl, Emilie, Emma and Anna, to whom I could not write personally. Shake once more their hands for me. You and I embrace with all the love of childhood, and I greet you a thousand times. Good-by, all. Yours, AUGUST.

What Herr Johann Most, the present American leader of the irreconcilables, thought of Reinsdorf, may be judged by the following extracts from Most's biography:

From the 15th to the 22nd of December, 1884, eight workingmen, who had been captured in the war of the poor against the rich, were sitting in the dock, not to have justice passed upon them, but to await the sentence of might which the judges, acting as mouth-pieces for the ruling powers, had in preparation for them. The most prominent figure among these victims of a barbaric order of society was August Reinsdorf. To this man my little book is to be a tribute of esteem.

I am well aware of the difficulty of my otherwise quite modest undertaking, to write a biography of the father of the Anarchistic movement within the territory of the German

language, yet I hope to do the brothers near and far a service, for the time being at least, by sketching for them a likeness of a true hero of the Social Revolution. . . .

Indeed Reinsdorf was not an agitator of the common sort. Speeches delivered occasionally or written articles were to him only means to a higher purpose—incentives to *action*.

Since he had recognized his ideal in Anarchism; . . . since the necessity of the "*tactics of terror*" had dawned upon him in contradistinction to the tactics of petitioning, voting, "parliamenting," bargaining, and of the peaceable and legitimate hide-and-seek practice—all his thinking and planning was directed to but *one thing*, he knew of but *one* endeavor, he gave his entire being to but one motive power of the Social Revolution—that was the propaganda of action.



JOHANN MOST.

In this regard he may be put beside the most noble conspirators of ancient and modern times. . . .

To be a revolutionist indeed, one must possess the faculty of thinking with the most acute clearness. But religious "fog" is the opposite of clearness of intellect. Yea, where religious nonsense has once taken a deep root, there every mental development is actually excluded, and a kind of idiocy formally takes its place. . . .

Quite different does the matter stand in the case of a "proletarian." If he once recognize the old Lord God with his thunderbolt as an invented scarecrow which a shrewd gang of rascals have placed before paradise,—that man should not eat of the tree of knowledge, but that he should rather wait in patience for the roasted birds which, after his death, come flying into his mouth from a heavenly kitchen,—if the poor devil has learned to see that his namesake, too, wherewith they had tried to scare him previously, is also an invention of malicious swindlers,—then he soon applies the rule of the critic to the "high" and "highest" idols of earth. He loses respect for the so-called "Governments" and more and more learns to see in them a horde of brutal tormentors. These custodians of existing treasures attract his eye also to the possessors of the riches of the earth, and soon the question dawns upon him, Who has created all these things? The answer comes of itself. He and his like have done that. *To them*, therefore, belongs the whole world. They only need to take.

Thus the man, having cut loose from God, becomes the revolutionist *par excellence*.

After Reinsdorf had succeeded in finding people who he thought were fit to take part in revolutionary actions and even risk their lives, he was also fortunate enough to discover a source from which dynamite, that *glorious stuff* which will literally make a road for liberty, could be procured.

And how did he die? Shortly before the moment of death, and while in the hands of the hangman, he cried out: "Down with barbarism! Let Anarchy live!"

These are admonishing words, which no one should leave unheeded who marches under the flag of the Revolution.

Well, then! Let us act accordingly! Away with all sentimental hesitation when it comes to strike a blow against State, Church and Society and their representatives, as well as against all that exists.

Let us never forget that the revolutionists of modern times can enter into the society of free and equal men only over ruins and ashes, over blood and dead bodies.

Let us rise to the height of an August Reinsdorf! Let us complete the work which he so boldly began! Only thus can we avenge ourselves; only thus can we show ourselves worthy of him; only thus can we conquer.

Workingmen! Look down into the freshly dug pit. There lies your best friend and adviser, an advance champion of your cause, a martyred witness to the greatness of the Anarchistic idea. Live, strive and act as he! Anarchists, in your name I lay the well-earned laurel-wreath upon his grave. . . .

The retribution for the annihilation of Reinsdorf came rapidly. Scarcely had the sentence been spoken, and before it had been executed, the dagger of a Nemesis had already taken revenge. On January 13, 1885, the head of the German detective forces, the miserable Rumpff, was stabbed to death by the hand of an Anarchist.

"*Sic semper tyrannis*—So be it to all tyrants!" was heard everywhere. With great satisfaction every honorable man, especially every man of work, experienced that Rumpff had to die because he was the cause of Reinsdorf's death. . . .

The combustibles are heaped up. Proletarians, throw the igniting spark amongst them.

Up with force! Let the Social Resolution live!

The revolutionists of Chicago appear more careful about exposing themselves to danger than their foreign co-conspirators, and, while counseling bloodshed, suggest ways of bringing about destruction with a minimum of danger. In the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of March 16, 1885, there appeared the following editorial, suggesting the most effective way of using dynamite:

In all revolutionary action three different epochs of time are to be distinguished: First the portion of preparation for an action, then the moment of the action itself, and finally that portion of time which follows the deed. All these portions of time are to be considered one after another.

In the first place, a revolutionary action should succeed. Then as little as possible ought to be sacrificed,—that is, in other words, the danger of discovery ought to be weakened as much as possible, and, if it can be, should be reduced to naught. This calls for one of the most important tactical principles, which briefly might be formulated in the words: Saving of the combatants. All this constrains us to further explain the measures of organization and tactics which must be taken into consideration in such an action.

Mention was made of the danger of discovery. That is, in fact, present in all three of the periods of conflict. This danger is imminent in the preparation of the action itself, and finally, after the completion thereof. The question is now, How can it be met?

If we view the different phases of the development of a deed, we have, first, the time of preparation.

It is easily comprehensible for everybody that the danger of discovery is the greater the more numerous the mass of people or the group is which contemplates a deed, and *vice versa*. On the other hand, the threatening danger approaches the closer the better the acting persons are known to the authorities of the place of action, and *vice versa*. Holding fast to this, the following results:

In the commission of a deed, a comrade who does not live at the place of action—that

is, a comrade of some other place—ought, if possibility admits, to participate in the action; or, formulated differently, a revolutionary deed ought to be enacted where one is not known.

A further conclusion which may be drawn from what was mentioned is this:

Whoever is willing to execute a deed has, in the first place, to put the question to himself, whether he is able, or not, to carry out the action by himself. If the former is the case, let him absolutely initiate no one into the matter and let him act alone; but if that is not the case, then let him look, with the greatest care, for just so many fellows as he must have, absolutely—not one more nor less; with these let him unite himself into a fighting group.

The founding of special groups of action or of war is an absolute necessity. If it were attempted to make use of an existing group to effect an action, discovery of the deed would follow upon its heels, if it came to a revolutionary action at all, which would be very doubtful. It is especially true in America, where reaction has velvet paws, and where asinine confidence is, from a certain direction, directly without bounds. In the preparation, even, endless debates would develop; the thing would be hung upon the big bell; it would be at first a public secret, and then, after the thing was known to everybody, it would also reach the long ears of the holy Hermandad (the sacred precinct of the watchman over the public safety), which, as is known to every man, woman and child, hear the grass grow and the fleas cough.

In the formation of a group of action, the greatest care must be exercised. Men must be selected who have head and heart in the right spot.

Has the formation of a fighting group been effected, has the intention been developed, does each one see perfectly clear the manner of the execution, then action must follow with the greatest possible swiftness, without delay, for now they move within the scope of the greatest danger, simply from the very adjacent reason, because the select allies might yet commit treason without exposing themselves in so doing.

In the action itself, one must be personally at the place, to select personally that point of the place of action, and that part of the action, which are the most important and are coupled with the greatest danger, upon which depend chiefly the success or failure of the whole affair.

Has the deed been completed, then the group of action dissolves at once, without further parley, according to an understanding which must be had beforehand, leaves the place of action, and scatters in all directions.

If this theory is acted upon, then the danger of discovery is extremely small—yea, reduced to almost nothing, and from this point of view the author ventures to say, thus, and not otherwise, must be acted, if the advance is to be proper.

It would be an easy matter to furnish the proof, by the different revolutionary acts in which the history of the immediate past is so rich, that the executors sinned against the one or the other of the aforementioned principles, and that in this fact lies the cause of the discovery, and the loss to us of very important fellow-champions connected therewith; but we will be brief, and leave that to the individual reflection of the reader. But one fact is established—that is this: That all the rules mentioned can be observed without great difficulty; further, that the blood of our best comrades can be spared thereby; finally, as a consequence of the last-mentioned, that light actions can be increased materially, for the complete success of an action is the best impulse to a new deed, and the things must always succeed when the rules of wisdom are followed.

A further question which might probably be raised would be this: In case a special or conditional group must be formed for the purpose of action, what is the duty, in that case, of the public groups, or the entire public organization, in view of the aforesaid action? The answer is very near at hand. In the first place, they have to serve as a covering—as a

shield behind which one of the most effective weapons of revolution is bared; then these permanent groups are to be the source from which the necessary pecuniary means are drawn and fellow-combatants are recruited; finally, the accomplished deeds are to furnish to permanent groups the material for critical illustration. These discussions are to wake the spirit of rebellion,— that important lever of the advancing course of the development of our race,—without which we would be forever nailed down to the state of development of a gorilla or an orang-outang. This right spirit is to be inflamed, the revolutionary instinct is to be roused which still sleeps in the breast of man, although these monsters, which, by an oversight of nature, were covered with human skin, are earnestly endeavoring to cripple the truly noble and elevated form of man by the pressure of a thousand and again a thousand years— to morally castrate the human race. Finally, the means and form of conquest are to be found by untiring search and comparison, which enhance the strength of each proletarian a thousandfold, and make him the giant Briareus, alone able to crush the ogres of Capital.

I have thus shown the manner and methods by which Socialism seeks to gain a foothold in America. In their declarations of principles and encouragements to violence, these agitators have proved themselves traitors to their country or the country of their adoption, and ingrates to society. They have sought, and are seeking, to establish "Anarchy in the midst of the state, war in times of peace, and conspiracy in open day." They are the "Huns and Vandals of modern civilization."

As De Tocqueville says: "Democracy and Socialism are the antipodes of each other. While Democracy extends the sphere of individual independence, Socialism contracts it. Democracy develops a man's whole manhood; Socialism makes him an agent, an instrument, a cipher. Democracy and Socialism harmonize on one point only— the equality which they introduce. But mark the difference: Democracy seeks equality in liberty, while Socialism seeks it in servitude and constraint."

CHAPTER V.

The Socialistic Programme — Fighting a Compromise — Opposition to the Eight-hour Movement — The Memorial to Congress — Eight Hours' Work Enough — The Anárchist Position — An *Alarm* Editorial — "Capitalists and Wage Slaves" — Parsons' Ideas — The Anarchists and the Knights of Labor — Powderly's Warning — Working up a Riot — The Effect of Labor-saving Machinery — Views of Edison and Wells — The Socialistic Demonstration — The Procession of April 25, 1886 — How the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Helped on the Crisis — The Secret Circular of 1886.

WHILE the Socialists are bent on a revolution in the economic condition of the working class, or, as they choose to term it, the proletariat, they have conclusively shown that they do not desire to further that movement by pacific means. Imbued with the doctrines of violence and intent on the complete destruction of government, they do not seek their end by orderly, legitimate methods. This fact has been most thoroughly established by the extracts from their public declarations which I have already given.

But if any doubts still exist with reference thereto, they are completely dissipated by an examination into the attitude assumed by the Socialists toward the labor problem as it exists at the present day. It is not my purpose to enter into a detailed review of the whole field. I will simply call attention to one fact, and in that fact one sweeps the labor horizon, viewed from the Socialistic standpoint, as the astronomer sweeps the heavens with his telescope, striking the most prominent objects within the range of observation. This one fact is the position of the Socialists toward the eight-hour movement.

It is generally known that many economists and agitators, with neither affiliations nor sympathy for Socialism, have been contending for years that with the rapid increase in labor-saving machinery and the consequent displacement of labor, reduction in the hours of service has become an absolute necessity. The points made in support of this position are numerous, and as the most salient ones appear in a memorial on the part of a National Labor Convention to the Committee on Depression in Labor and Business of the Forty-sixth Congress, drafted November 10, 1879, I may briefly quote a few. The memorial asked a reduction:

1. In the name of political economy. "All political economists are agreed," they said, "that the standard of wages is determined by the cost of subsistence rather than by the number of hours employed. Wages are recognized as resulting from the necessary cost of living in any given community. The cost of subsistence for an average family determines the rate, and it is for this reason that single men can save more if they will."

2. In the interest of civilization. "The battle for a reduction of the

hours of labor is a struggle for a wider civilization." With less hours, more leisure is afforded for mental and social improvement. In proof the memorialists appealed to the past and to the fact that one day of rest in seven has raised the social condition of the people. Besides, they urged, the "history of the short-hour movement in England proved conclusively that every reduction of time in the United Kingdom had invariably been followed by an increase of wages," and the consequent improvement of workingmen.

3. The changed relations between production and consumption demand remedial legislation. A reduction of hours would give more men employment. Under existing conditions, capital and production have increased while the number of persons employed has fallen off.

These are doctrines one would think the Socialist, pretending to have the interests of labor at heart, would unquestionably and heartily indorse. Far from it. True to his nature as a social disturber, disorganizer and malcontent, he sees in it a possible solution of many labor troubles and the approach to a rearrangement of existing conditions on a basis different from his own theories. When this question arose in Chicago in the winter of 1885–86, the *Alarm* entered its most emphatic protest. In its issue of December 12, 1885, it had this to say, under the heading, "No Compromise":

We of the Internationale are frequently asked why we do not give our active support to the proposed eight-hour movement. Let us take what we can get, say our eight-hour friends, else by asking too much we may get nothing.

We answer: Because we will not compromise. Either our position that capitalists have no right to the exclusive ownership of the means of life is a true one, or it is not. If we are correct, then to concede the point that capitalists have the right to eight hours of our labor, is more than a compromise; it is a virtual concession that the wage system is right. If capitalists have the right to own labor or to control the results of labor, then clearly we have no business dictating the terms upon which we may be employed. We cannot say to our employers, "Yes, we acknowledge your right to employ us; we are satisfied that the wage system is all right, but we, your slaves, propose to dictate the terms upon which we will work." How inconsistent! And yet that is exactly the position of our eight-hour friends. They presume to dictate to capital, while they maintain the justness of the capitalistic system; they would regulate wages while defending the claims of the capitalists to the absolute control of industry.

These sentiments were frequently reiterated by A. R. Parsons, who was the editor of the *Alarm;* and in August Spies he found an energetic ally. Among other things Spies said concerning the movement:

We do not antagonize the eight-hour movement. Viewing it from the standpoint that it is a social struggle, we simply predict that it is a lost battle, and we will prove that, even though the eight-hour system should be established at this late day, the wage-workers would gain nothing. They would still remain the slaves of their masters.

Suppose the hours of labor should be shortened to eight, our productive capacity would thereby not be diminished. The shortening of the hours of labor in England was immediately followed by a general increase of labor-saving machines, with a subsequent discharge of a proportionate number of employés. The reverse of what had been sought took place. The exploitation of those at work was intensified. They now performed more labor, and produced more than before.

The movement, however, took a firm hold of the laboring classes. They saw in it a chance to secure more leisure, and, inspired by their anti-Socialistic leaders, did all in their power to further it. There were then in Chicago a great many unemployed, and under the plea that a reduction in the hours of toil would not only give more time for self-improvement, but necessitate the employment of many of the idle throng, the leaders advocated its speedy introduction. At this time the general sentiment prevailed that it was simply a movement for a reduction in working-time, the question of wages not being involved. Some few irresponsible talkers of the Socialistic stamp, it is true, held out that it was to be a contention for wages as well, but the most influential and conservative representatives of labor insisted that they only wanted eight hours' work for eight-hours' pay. Grand Master Workman Powderly held to the latter view and repeatedly urged the members of the Knights of Labor not to go beyond that demand. He even intimated a doubt if it were the part of wisdom and policy to undertake at the time a strike of the kind, in view of the complications then growing out of the Missouri Pacific Railway—known as the Gould system—"tie-up." Traffic and industry had been seriously affected throughout the West by Martin Irons' stubbornness, and it is evident that Powderly had his misgivings about the outcome of an eight-hour strike. However, the leaders continued their agitation, and it was decided that the resolution adopted in 1884 by a number of trades organizations in national session for an eight-hour strike on May 1, 1886, should be carried out in Chicago, as in other large manufacturing and trade centers. Had this simple proposition not been "loaded," the result of the movement might have been different, but, as the time drew near, it became quite apparent that, despite Powderly's warnings, the question of wages was to cut a leading figure. It was developed that the demand for a reduction of hours was to be accompanied with a demand for the same wages as under the old ten-hour system. This was the rock upon which they subsequently foundered. Had they been content to accept decreased wages and relied upon increased efficiency and skill and the logic of events to secure increased pay in the future, they might have scored many victories, if not a complete success.

But they were alike unmindful of Powderly's advice and the teachings of history. They seemingly forgot that the employers would naturally resist any such sweeping concession, and that, as in other instances, the unemployed would at once be installed, whenever possible, in their places, and that in industries where there did not exist an overproduction, the capacity of machines would be more heavily taxed and new machines would be introduced to do work hitherto done by hand. A London publication has shown how, in recent years, in the extremity of bitter strikes, manufactories have increased their labor-saving machinery to offset the absence of their workmen and how invention in the line of new machines has been

greatly stimulated by a stubborn conflict between employer and employé. Hon. David A. Wells has also pointed out a similar result in this country. Identically the same thing happened in several establishments in Chicago. The unemployed and new machines were called into requisition whenever possible.

But labor-saving machinery need not necessarily be regarded as an enemy of labor. That doctrine, which had its origin at the time when a riot in Spain followed the introduction of a machine to make woolens, and which continued until the invention of the sewing-machine, has in this day come to be regarded by all enlightened economists as a nightmare of the musty past. The fact is labor has been aided and benefited by machinery.

Prof. Edison, the great inventor, is authority for the statement that the increase in machinery and inventions during the last fifty years has doubled the wages of workingmen and reduced the cost of the necessaries of life 50 per cent. "For the first time in the world's history," he says, "a skilled mechanic can buy a barrel of flour with a single day's work." Hon. David A. Wells, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October, 1887, treating of the depression of prices since 1873, also demonstrates the fact that the reductions, which he states to be 30 per cent., during the time under his review, are due to inventions. Edison goes still further in his statement with reference to the enhancement of wages. He predicts, rather too glowingly perhaps, that in another generation even "the unskilled laborer, if sober and industrious, will have a house of his own, a library, a piano and a horse and carriage," with all the comforts that these imply.

Anarchist Spies evidently took no stock in such a condition as the result of new and improved mechanical appliances, for in his early opposition to the inauguration of the eight-hour movement he declared that "for a man who desires to remain a wage slave, the introduction of every new improvement and machine is a threatening competitor."

I have thus pointed to some facts bearing on strikes and wages because it has since transpired that the Anarchists or Socialists, intent on precipitating the "social revolution," were the principal instigators of the demand for ten hours' pay for eight hours' work, thereby hoping to irritate the employers to determined resistance and the workingmen of non-Socialistic ideas to the point of violence. Past experience was cast aside under their clandestine guidance. While the movement was in its infancy the Socialists, as such, held aloof, but, the moment they saw that it was gaining strength and was likely to involve all the wage-workers in the city, and that eight hours on a basis of reduced pay might be secured, they perceived their opportunity to complicate matters by the introduction of a demand for the old wages with reduced time. This at once threw down the gauntlet. While before they had opposed the movement, they now became active agitators in its behalf and appeared more solicitous about its certain inaug-

uration than they were about its successful ending. Their organs bristled with incendiary language. Their speakers could hardly find words strong enough to fire their auditors in the demand for eight hours. They even got up a procession under the auspices of the Central Labor Union, and, on Sunday, April 25, 1886, paraded the streets with red flags and red badges.

Among some of the mottoes displayed were: "The Social Revolution," "Workingmen, Arm Yourselves," "Down with Throne, Altar and Money-bags," and "Might makes Right, and You are the Strongest."

The procession massed on the Lake Front. There the leading speakers were loud in encouraging the strike for eight hours. Parsons maintained that "if the demands of workingmen were met by a universal lock-out, the signal would be taken as one of 'war, and war to the knife.'" Spies declared that "the eight-hour day had been argued for twenty years. We at last can hope to realize it." Schwab and Fielden were alike emphatic.

The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* likewise heartily indorsed the movement. In its issue of April 26, 1886, appeared an editorial of which the following is the concluding paragraph:

What a modest demand, the introduction of the eight-hour day! And yet a corps of madmen could not demean themselves worse than the capitalistic extortioners. They continually threaten with their disciplined police and their strong militia,—and these are not empty threats. This is proved by the history of the last few years. It is a nice thing, this patience, and the laborer, alas! has too much of this article; but one must not indulge in a too frivolous play with it. If you go further, his patience will cease; then it will be no longer a question of the eight-hour day, but a question of emancipation from wage slavery.

In the same paper two days later the editor said:

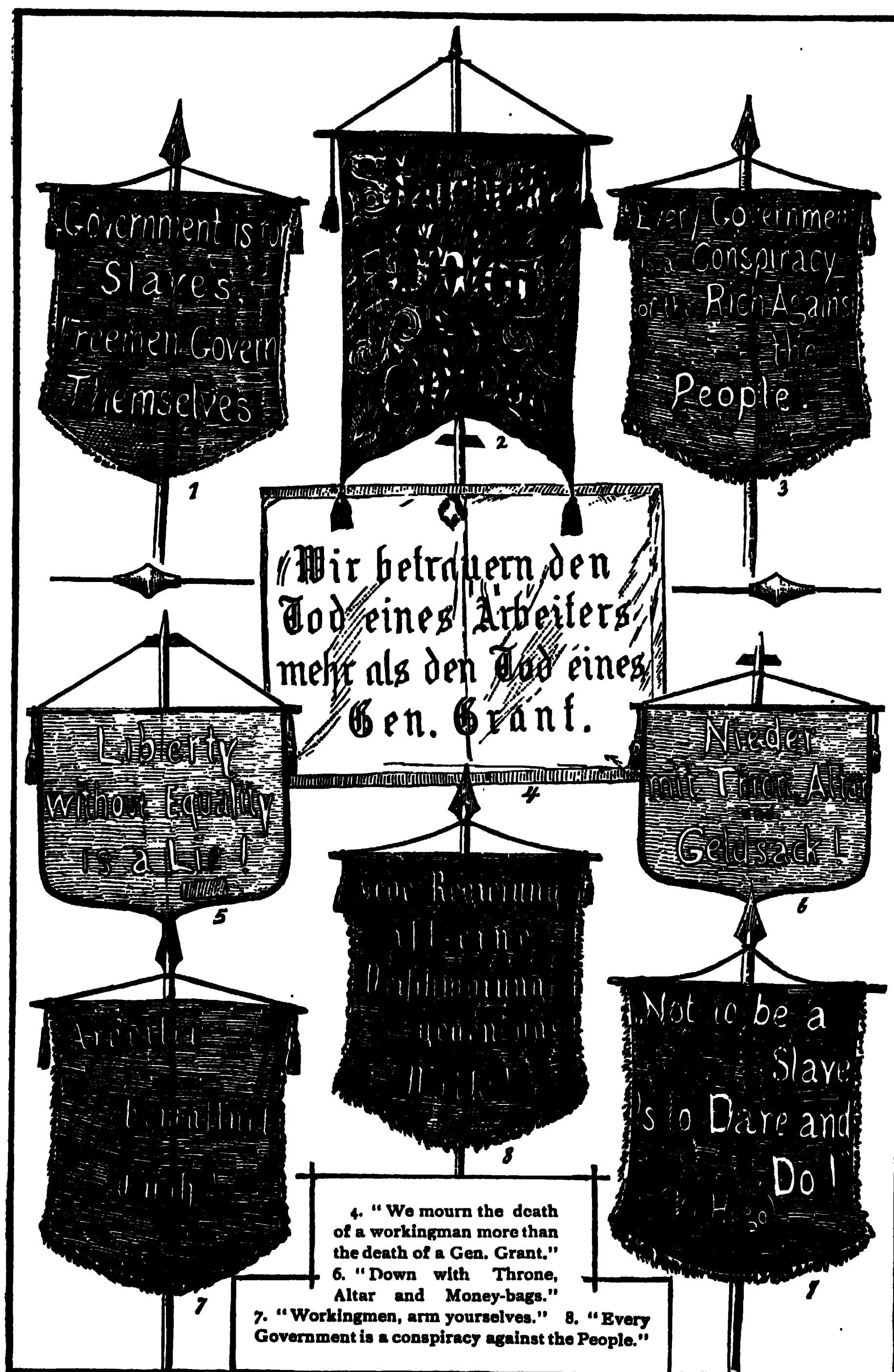
What will the first of May bring? The workingmen bold and determined. The decisive day has arrived. The workingman, inspired by the justice of his cause, demands an alleviation of his lot, a lessening of his burden. The answer, as always, is: "Insolent rabble! Do you mean to dictate to us? That you will do to your sorrow. Hunger will soon rid you of your desire for any notions of liberty. Police, executioners and militia will give their aid."

Men of labor, so long as you acknowledge the gracious kicks of your oppressors with words of gratitude, so long you are faithful dogs. Have your skulls been penetrated by a ray of light, or does hunger drive you to shake off your servile nature, that you offend your extortioners? They are enraged, and will attempt, through hired murderers, to do away with you like mad dogs.

When the eventful day—May 1—arrived, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* became more menacing than ever, and the following appeared:

Bravely forward! The conflict has begun. An army of wage-laborers are idle. Capitalism conceals its tiger claws behind the ramparts of order. Workmen, let your watchword be: No compromise! Cowards to the rear! Men to the front!

The die is cast. The first of May has come. For twenty years the working people have been begging extortioners to introduce the eight-hour system, but have been put off with promises. Two years ago they resolved that the eight-hour system should be introduced in the United States on the first day of May, 1886. The reasonableness of this demand was conceded on all hands. Everybody, apparently, was in favor of shortening the hours; but, as the time approached, a change became apparent. That which was in theory modest and



BANNERS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION—IV. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

reasonable, became insolent and unreasonable. It became apparent at last that the eight-hour hymn had only been struck up to keep the labor dunces from Socialism.

That the laborers might energetically insist upon the eight-hour movement, never occurred to the employer. And it is proposed again to put them off with promises. We are not afraid of the masses of laborers, but of their pretended leaders. Workmen, insist upon the eight-hour movement. "To all appearances it will not pass off smoothly." The extortioners are determined to bring their laborers back to servitude by starvation. It is a question whether the workmen will submit, or will impart to their would-be murderers an appreciation of modern views. We hope the latter.

In the same issue of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* also appeared the following, in a conspicuous place:

It is said that on the person of one of the arrested comrades in New York a list of membership has been found, and that all the comrades compromised have been arrested. *Therefore, away with all rolls of membership, and minute-books, where such are kept. Clean your guns, complete your ammunition. The hired murderers of the capitalists, the police and militia, are ready to murder. No workingman should leave his house in these days with empty pockets.*

The consummate inconsistency of the Socialists is thus no better illustrated in what has already been shown than in their record in Chicago. They have always been eager to jump on top of the band wagon, to paraphrase a famous expression of Emery A. Storrs, when they thought that it gave them a chance to join in the lead of the procession; and, the moment they had a voice in directing the music, they led it beyond the mere sentiments of a Marseillaise. Take each formidable strike in the city, and invariably they have instigated the rabble to deeds of disorder and violence. What care they for labor reforms accomplished through peaceable agitation? It is only when a pretext is presented for widening the breach between capital and labor, and hastening the time for revolution, that the Socialists join in any movement looking to the real benefit of labor. It is true, they have figured in labor reforms, such as the agitation for national and State bureaus of labor statistics, the abolition of convict labor in competition with outside industries, the prevention of child labor in factories and work-shops, the sanitary inspection of tenement-houses and factories; but all these have been merely side issues to their one and controlling purpose—Revolution. For appearance' sake they have boasted of their achievements in the lines indicated, but it is a fact of history that, without the efforts of non-Socialistic labor, none of the reforms so far accomplished would ever have been secured. The fact is that Socialists and Anarchists are radically opposed to the whole wage system and only join in the demands of law-observing and peace-loving labor as a means to one end—opportunity for disturbance. For this purpose alone they have become members of the Knights of Labor, and, once in, they have proved an element of disorder and contention. So pronounced had they become in fomenting trouble during the eight-hour agitation that Mr. Powderly finally found it necessary to issue a secret circular to the order in the spring of 1886. In that circular, among other things, he said:

Men who own capital are not our enemies. If that theory held good, the workman of to-day would be the enemy of his fellow-toiler on the morrow, for, after all, it is how to acquire capital and how to use it properly that we are endeavoring to learn. No! The man of capital is not necessarily the enemy of the laborer; on the contrary, they must be brought closer together. I am well aware that some extremists will say I am advocating a weak plan and



INTERIOR VIEW OF NEFF'S HALL.—From a Photograph.

will say that bloodshed and destruction of property alone will solve the problem. If a man speaks such sentiments in an assembly read for him the charge which the Master Workman repeats to the newly initiated who join our "army of peace." If he repeats such nonsense put him out.

Wise words and well spoken.

CHAPTER VI.

The Eight-hour Movement — Anarchist Activity — The Lock-out at McCormick's — Distorting the Facts — A Socialist Lie — The True Facts about McCormick's — Who Shall Run the Shops? — Abusing the "Scabs" — High Wages for Cheap Work — The Union Loses $3,000 a Day — Preparing for Trouble — Arming the Anarchists — Ammunition Depots — Pistols and Dynamite — Threatening the Police — The Conspirators Show the White Feather — Capt. O'Donnell's Magnificent Police Work — The Revolution Blocked — A Foreign Reservation — An Attempt to Mob the Police — The History of the First Secret Meeting — Lingg's First Appearance in the Conspiracy — The Captured Documents — Bloodshed at McCormick's — "The Battle Was Lost" — Officer Casey's Narrow Escape.

THE events immediately preceding the inauguration of the eight-hour strike were remarkable in the opportunities they afforded Anarchists for arousing workingmen against capital and stirring up their worst passions. The leaders had already intensified the clamor for reduced working-time, and only the occasion was needed to fully arouse the true ruffianism behind the Socialistic rabble. This occasion was presented in the troubles that grew out of the "lock-out" at McCormick's Harvester Works, and, as the facts in connection therewith are necessary to a clear and comprehensive understanding of the situation, I shall briefly review them. Before doing so, however, it may be well to premise by saying that the real state of affairs in that trouble was greatly exaggerated, and that, instead of dividing responsibility, the Socialistic orators sought to throw the sole burden upon the owners and managers of that establishment, charging them, in the heat and excitement of the times, with gross violation of pledged faith to the men employed, and instigating even violent resistance to the installation of new men, or "scabs," as they were opprobriously termed, into the vacated places.

This so-called "lock-out" occurred on February 16, 1886, and through it some twelve hundred men became idle. The Anarchists proceeded at once to distort every fact in connection with it. The view they presented of the affair may be best shown by the following extract from a history of the Chicago Anarchists published by the Socialistic Publishing Society:

> The employés of that establishment had been for some time perfecting their organization, and at last had presented a petition for the redress of certain grievances and a general advance of wages. The dispute arose over an additional demand that a guarantee be given that no man in the factory should be discharged for having acted as a representative of his comrades. This was absolutely refused. A strike in the factory in the preceding April had been adjusted on the basis that none of the men who served on committees, etc., and made themselves conspicuous in behalf of their fellow workmen, would be discharged for so doing. This agreement has been wantonly violated, and every man who had incurred the displeasure of Mr. McCormick was not only discharged, but black-listed, in many cases being unable to obtain employment in other shops.

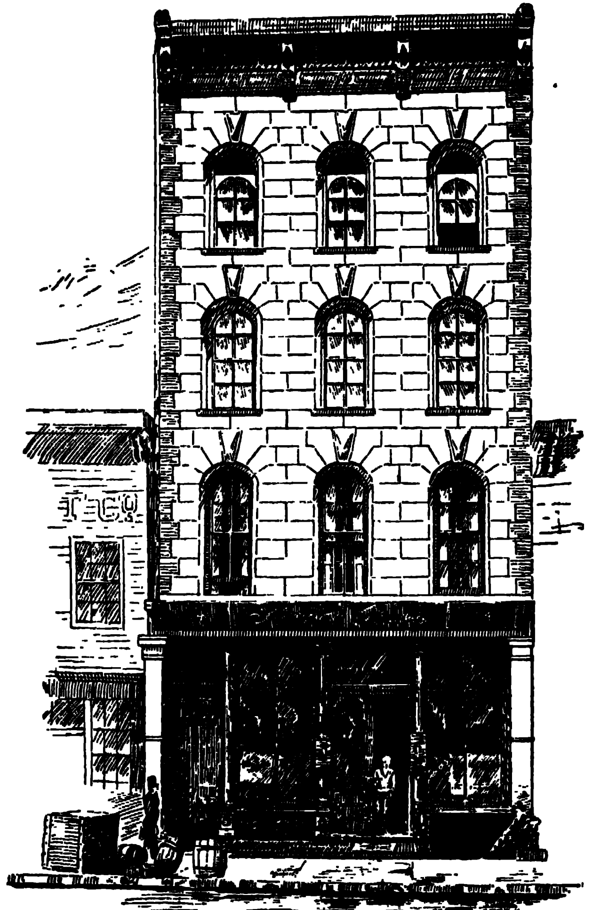
It thus appears that the Socialist leaders not only hoped to utilize the strike to precipitate their revolution, but, by purposely misstating the grievances of McCormick's men, to engender a bitter and violent feeling against that establishment. Now, what were the true facts in the case? Along in February the employés in the works asked for a uniformity of wages, the re-employment, as occasion demanded, of all old hands, who had been out of work since the strike in April preceding, and the discharge of five non-union men employed in the foundry. Mr. Cyrus McCormick generously conceded the first two demands, but firmly declined to discharge the non-union men, as he regarded this as an interference with the company's right of employing whom they pleased. Thereupon the employés held a meeting and formulated an *ultimatum*, in which they insisted upon the discharge as requested, "not because," as they said, "they wanted to abridge the privilege of hiring and discharging, but because Foreman Ward threatened to pursue old hands with such vindictiveness that he would drive them over the 'Black Road,' or else they would have to walk in their nakedness," and in justice to the old employés the non-union workmen ought to be "thrown out." Mr. McCormick took the position that this was an attempt to dictate that only union men should be employed in the works, and he finally declared that the company had always decided and always would decide who were best suited to do its work, and whom or how many men it would employ or discharge. If the concessions already made were not satisfactory, he would close the works.

During the strike of the preceding spring, McCormick had done just what other manufacturers had done in similar cases—introduced new machinery to perform work hitherto done by hand. He had put in new molding apparatus and had found that the new machines in the hands of ordinary laborers, as soon as they learned to handle them, turned out daily far more molds and more reliable ones than the old hand process. On the outbreak of the trouble in February there were fifteen men employed in the foundry, —ten old hands and five non-union men. The services of all of them might thus have been dispensed with, since skilled labor was not necessary, and, with the addition of more machines and a few raw hands, just as much and just as good work, he claimed, might have been produced. But the owners desired to favor the employés, and, having granted a uniformity of wages even to the extent of advancing the pay of ordinary labor to $1.50 per day, a sum greater than that paid by similar industries elsewhere, and having promised to give preference to old employés when additional hands were needed, they resolved not to be dictated to by outside malcontents nor to discharge men who had done efficient work for the company. The grant of such a request would, they held, be virtually placing the management of the concern in the hands of outsiders. When, therefore, the employés, instigated by the Anarchists, resolved to strike for their demand, McCormick



A STRIKE. The Walking Delegate Sowing the Seed of Discontent.

took time by the forelock and ordered the works closed on and after nine o'clock on the morning of February 16, to remain closed until the strikers decided to return. By this "lock-out" the employés were deprived of $3,000 a day in the shape of wages, that amount representing the daily pay-roll of the concern. Meanwhile, pending the lock-out, the company canvassed the possibility of an early resumption of business and quietly perfected arrangements for that step, which they concluded to take on March 1. Of course, this contemplated move enraged all the groups in the city. The strikers in the vicinity of the factory were especially excited. Ever since the establishment had closed its doors the neighborhood had been infested with idlers and vicious-looking men. They had all felt confident that the firm would be finally forced to submit, but when it gradually dawned upon their minds that arrangements had actually been made for a resumption of work without reference to the wishes of the "outs," they determined to prevent it by force. They were the first to decide on violent measures, and they presented their purpose to the members of Carpenters' Union No. 1. The result was that two secret meetings of the armed men of both unions were held between February 27 and March 3 at Greif's Hall. The first meeting called out nearly all the "armed men" of the Metal-workers' Union and about one hundred and forty men belonging to International Carpenters' Union No. 1, some with rifles, revolvers and dynamite bombs. They then and there formulated a plan to prevent the "scabs" from going to work. The plan was that the metal-workers should gather



GREIF'S HALL.

in the vicinity of the factory at about five o'clock on the morning the works were to be reopened, well equipped with bombs, rifles and revolvers. Those who did not possess rifles were to secure revolvers and bombs, which could be obtained, they were told, on Blue Island Avenue, between Twenty-second Street and McCormick's. At that place, on giving the pass-word and number of the place, every member would be supplied. In the event of their running short of ammunition, they were to repair to that place, and they would find some one there always to wait on them. It was given out that the place was run by the metal-workers, who would see to it that all necessary bombs were on hand. Members having friends living in the vicinity of the factory were to stay with them over night so as to be up bright and early in the morning, and those living at a distance were to make it a point to get up early enough to be on hand at the time indicated. A point of *rendezvous* was designated, and, when all had arrived, they were to surround the factory and permit no one to enter except on peril of being shot. This situation of affairs, they said, would necessarily bring out the police, but the moment these should arrive the "armed men" were to open fire. The first volley was to be over the heads of the "blue-coats," and if that did not put them to flight, they were to be shot down without mercy. When they began to throw bombs the "reds" were all to be in line, so that none of their own number would be hurt by the explosions, and wherever the police formed a company a solid front was to be presented and a rattling fire maintained. They would also form different lines along the "Black Road," and when patrol wagons came to the rescue of the officers, they were to hurl bombs at them.

It was to be a fight to the death. Every one agreed, as I was told, "to die game, give no quarter, and see to it that the green grass around McCormick's factory was nourished with human blood." In accordance with the plan, the members of the Carpenters' Union were to assemble with rifles and ammunition at Greif's Hall at an hour not later than six o'clock in the morning, and to remain there until orders for their services were sent. The carpenters carried out their part of the programme, and at the appointed hour there were no less than two hundred of them at the hall, fully armed and apparently ready for any emergency. They scattered throughout the hall building so as not to attract attention, and impatiently awaited orders or information indicating the progress of affairs at the factory. But no orders were received. They heard nothing for some time, but when they did they were a happier lot of men. The clamor and excitement of the hour had stimulated them with a false courage, but each had nevertheless entertained a secret hope that there would be no call for a display of their valor. And there was none.

It appears that, on the morning they were to have created such dire destruction, the brave metal-workers overslept themselves! "There was

snow on the ground," and probably they did not care to defile it with the blood of their enemies. None of them appeared at the *rendezvous* on time, and when they straggled around at a later hour they were full of excuses, the one on which they principally relied being that their faithful spouses had neglected to wake them in time. No one for a moment charged the others with cowardice, and yet that was the whole secret of their failure. Each had expected others to be at the appointed place ready for the fray, but the unanimity with which all had prolonged their slumbers prevented what all had expected to see — a brilliant victory with themselves beyond all danger.

But about the time these braves should have been around according to programme, another party occupied the field. It was the brave and fearless Capt. Simon O'Donnell, of the Second Precinct, with two lieutenants and three companies of well disciplined officers. They took charge of the "Black Road" and the vicinity of McCormick's factory as early as six o'clock, and the so-called "scabs" passed into the works, "with none to molest them or make them afraid." When those who had overslept sneaked around, one after another, they were perfectly amazed. Where they had hoped to see the ground strewn with the dead bodies of policemen, they found order and serenity.

In the expectation of seeing some disturbance, the vicinity became crowded during the forenoon with idlers and curious people drawn from all parts of the city. Seeing this throng and relying on the presence of many Anarchists, the daring metal-workers revived their spirits and hoped yet to precipitate a conflict by egging it on at a safe distance in the rear. They accordingly began to utter loud threats and urge the excited rabble to an attack on the "blanked bloodhounds," the police.

There were in the crowd a lot of half-drunken Polanders and Bohemians who, living in the neighborhood, claimed that the presence of the police was a menace to their personal rights and privileges. The police were on what these misguided people considered their own reservation, and, with a view to driving them away, some began throwing stones and clubs at the officers in the patrol wagons. Others picked out officers apart from their companions and made them the targets for their missiles. Captain O'Donnell learned, while this disconcerted attack was going on, that many of the crowd had revolvers and dynamite in their pockets. He speedily resolved on a plan for arresting and disarming such men and gave orders to his lieutenants to surround the crowd and search all suspected persons. The result was that the following were found to have arms, and they were placed under arrest: Stephen Reiski, Adolph Heuman, Charles Kosh, Henry Clasen, John Hermann, George Hermann, Ernest Haker, Otto Sievert, Emil Kernser, Frank Trokinski and Stanifon Geiner. Detectives

from the Central Station assisted in the search, and the offenders were taken to the Police Court, where they were fined $10 each.

It was thought that this procedure would quiet the mob, but later in the day the Anarchists again gathered around McCormick's. The crowd was again surrounded, and the following were arrested for carrying concealed weapons: Louis Hartman, William Brecker, Julius Vimert, Peter Pech, William Holden, Louis Lingg, Carl Jagush, Samuel Barn, William Meyer, Rudolph Miller, John Hoben and John Otto: These were also fined.

During this trouble at the factory a gang of Anarchists had gathered at the Workingmen's Hall on West Twelfth Street, and they had just formed a procession to march out in a body to McCormick's, when they were surrounded and searched. In this "round-up" the great "Little August" Krueger was arrested with a full uniform of the Lehr und Wehr Verein under an overcoat, and a number of his comrades were taken in charge at the same time. Many of them had dynamite bombs, and some one shouted that "all brothers who had 'stuff' should get away and the others should assist them."



"ROUND-UP."

But the police were not to be trifled with, and some of the most daring officers rushed into the thickest of the crowd, and succeeded in gathering in several bombs. There were a number of women in the mob, and some of these hid bombs under their petticoats. The officers were of course too gallant to molest them. But the search and arrests served to break up the procession and prevent further outbreaks at the factory that day.

Such were the results of the plots of the first secret meeting. The second secret gathering, a few days later, was held, as the former had been, at Greif's Hall. It was called by the metal-workers and carpenters jointly. They were more demonstrative than ever. Gustav Belz was accorded the distinction of presiding over the turbulent members of the Carpenters' Union. All of the carpenters belonging to the Lehr und Wehr Verein, numbering one hundred and eighty men, were present with their rifles, and

they were loud for war. At the same time the metal-workers had a gathering by themselves, and when a delegation from them called on the carpenters and announced that they were prepared to engage in battle that day, the carpenters' assemblage became delirious with excitement. They shouted and jumped about in such a lively manner that some of the more conservative members were obliged to warn them to quiet down or they would attract the attention of the police. The hot-heads, enraged at this caution, retorted by accusing the conservatives of cowardice. They refused to be quieted, and, like Comanche Indians about to take to the war-path, they examined their revolvers and brandished their guns. They even inspected the fuse on their bombs, and insisted that they would be ready the moment the command was given. In anticipation of blood, they screwed up their courage by frequent libations; and the more they drank the happier they grew over the prospect of speedy acquisition of wealth when once their revolution was started.

It was an uncomfortable place meanwhile for the conservative members, and these had frequent occasion during the stormy proceedings to regret that they had uttered a word of remonstrance. But there was one who did not allow his feelings to get the better of his judgment. It was Balthasar Rau. He took the floor and said that, however much he desired to fight and sweep McCormick and all other capitalists from the face of the earth, yet he could plainly see that the time had not yet arrived for commencing the revolution. It would be folly, he insisted, to go out on the streets with rifles in hand while all the surroundings were against them and while they were not generally prepared to cope with the police and militia. To commence a general upheaval now would be to destroy their prospects in the immediate future.

"Before you make war," said Rau, "you must have something to fall back on; but now we have nothing. We ought to have a treasury well filled. If we inaugurate a fight we must expect that some of us will be killed, others wounded, and others again arrested. Where is the money to help those in distress? What will your families do if you are killed? You must take all these things into consideration. It is very easy for us to go out, shoot and kill somebody, but what can we expect to gain by all that? We must be ready and prepared and protected."

This speech had a soothing effect upon some, but Belz wanted blood, and that immediately. He despised the capitalists, and the sooner their blood was spilled the better it would suit him. The majority of the meeting expressed a concurrence in Rau's ideas, and one member emphasized Rau's remarks by saying that it would be like a man going out on the streets, pounding another and then running away — nothing was gained.

Belz, seeing the drift of sentiment, grew very angry, and he suggested that some one move an adjournment to some other day, when they might

hope to get together a braver lot of men. Such a motion was made, and the gathering separated, those that were not too drunk posting off at once for home.

Belz grew quite demonstrative over the lack of results at this meeting, and avowed that he would have nothing more to do with such a crowd of





HYNEK DJENEK. ANTON SEVESKI.
SPECIMEN RIOTERS—I. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

cowards. A few days thereafter, however, another meeting was held; but, in view of the many arrests Captain O'Donnell had made among their members, they were unable to decide upon any business. Some of the hotheads threw all the blame on Rau and some of his friends for having prevented decisive action when they might have hoped to come out victorious. But all this sort of talk was simply braggadocio, and had any of these loud-mouthed fellows been actually tried, they would have been found skulking in the rear of an attacking party. Prior and subsequent events proved them all trembling cowards when their own personal safety was at stake.

Perhaps the most dangerous, because the most secret, figure in the cabal at this time was Louis Lingg. He seems to have been chosen especially to direct the revolutionary design in the southwest part of the city, and his counsels permeated every Socialistic circle in that section. In his trunk, after his arrest, the following letter was found in his own handwriting, evidently a copy or the original of one sent:

Dear Brother Union: On the occasion of the last general meeting in Zepf's Hall the International Carpenters' Union passed a resolution asking the Furniture Makers' Union if they were satisfied with the doings of their delegates, especially with Mr. Hausch and Mr. Mende, who had agreed to take the leadership of the revolution. . . . It is natural that the governing class would take these—their means—as soon as the workingmen would try

to take their rights. In consequence of these facts we feel it our duty to call the attention of indifferent workingmen to these facts and suggest the adoption of force, power against power, and urge all to arm yourselves. Therefore, stand with all your energy against the system of profit without regard to the way they prepare themselves. We request our brother union to acquaint us with their point of view, so we can form our plans accordingly.

With greeting and the shaking of the hand.

INTERNATIONAL CARPENTERS' UNION No. 1.

Lingg likewise issued a personal address, a copy of which was also found in the trunk, urging the laborers of the Southwest Side to practice in the handling of arms. Among other things found written over his signature, is the following :

Our authorized demands are replied to with clubs, powder and lead. In consequence of these experiences it is no more than right that we adopt force and arm ourselves. The opportunity to arm yourselves cheaply can be ascertained from all well-known comrades, as well as armed organization, where you can find good places to drill. Don't let this opportunity pass. The medicine dynamite, in leaden bomb, is more powerful than the rifle. Don't forget the opportunity.

Lingg also sent another circular to his comrades in that section, of which the following is a copy :

Brothers: As you have noticed for a long time past that the police are more than ready to break your heads with their murderous clubs and do not care whether they make you cripples for the balance of your miserable days, and do not care whether your wives and children have to go begging for you after you become useless ; neither do they care for the loving young son that supports his old parents, whether they kill him or not : therefore, tak-



JOHN POTOTSKI.



FRANK NOVAK.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS.—II. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

ing all these things into consideration,—that these policemen are ready, under the instruction of the capitalists, to commit murder on the working people,—I say we must resist these monsters, and the way we must do this is to get ready and be all like one man. We must fight them with as good weapons, even better than they possess, and, therefore, I call you all to arms ! As we are no capitalists, we can make arrangements in a gun-factory outside

of this State. Have this matter treated very confidentially. Have only a committee of three members to buy arms as cheaply as possible, and see if there can be anything secured on half credit, so that you can also give time to the buyer. In this way you can get all new and good arms and better than the police have. Then I call your attention again and impress on your minds that it is not alone enough that you have the arms; you must also understand





VACLAV DJENEK. ANTON STIMAK.
SPECIMEN RIOTERS—III. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

how to use them so that you can be equally well drilled with them as your opponents. Then you can give them successful resistance. And now, to make this matter very easy and a success for all, the workingmen of this city, with the third company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and some members of the International Carpenters' Union, held a meeting yesterday, and they all agreed to give lessons in drill to any one that wanted to learn how to use arms. All the people so desiring should call every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Turner Hall "Vorwaerts," on West Twelfth Street, and there they will receive instructions free of charge.

I want you Southwest Side people to be as useful with arms as the people on the North and Northwest sides. We have everything about as complete as we wish it to be. On the North Side we have Neff's or Thuringia Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, and you can come and visit us there and see the boys drill. We have a man named Hermann, and he is a soldier from the old home and a first-class drillmaster, and always pleased to see new recruits. Now, workingmen of the Southwest Side, I beg of you to make use of this opportunity. Do not let this go by like a dream. Remember, we are all one. It does not matter whether you are on the South, North or West Side; we must all fight for a purpose. Do not stay at home and let your brothers be killed when you can help them and make your cause a victory. Come in large masses, come often, come promptly. If you do this, everything will be an easy matter for us to undertake. Our labor will be rewarded. . . . The first of May is coming near. We will have to kill the monster. We must be ready to meet him. This is our only chance now. Probably we will not have this opportunity to meet the monster so that we can fight him with our weapons. You must kill the pirates. You must kill the bloodsuckers; and for the first time in ages the poor workingmen will be made happy. Our work is short; we do not want a thirty years' war. Be determined. Do not let your near relation, if he is an enemy, stand in your way. Doing all this, then, the victory is ours.

LOUIS LINGG.

In the work of stirring up bad blood, Lingg seems to have neglected no point likely to count with the dissatisfied laborers. He knew that among the strikers were a great many German Knights of Labor, and, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, he took occasion particularly to point out an article published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of April 22, 1886, giving Governor Oglesby's views on boycotting. This paper was afterwards found in his trunk, somewhat soiled from frequent usage, and the article in question, for convenience of reference, had been heavily marked with a lead-pencil. Lingg no doubt figured that those who believed in the boycott would thereafter array themselves solidly on the side of those who favored force. A translation of the Governor's remarks, as given in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, is as follows:

> The system of boycotting is the most damnable proposal which was ever fabricated. It repudiates the Constitution, the law and everything. It is the devil's invention. Yes (speaking to John V. Farwell), when it has so far progressed that the militia is obliged to interfere, you will find that these d—d boycotters will come to them (the merchants and business men) and say, "You must prohibit your employés joining the militia, and those who persist in belonging must be discharged from employment, or you will be boycotted." This is a fine arrangement. It is true that, meeting with opposition all over, it will die out, but I tell you it is the most damnable transgression which was ever concocted.

Parsons and Schwab also took a hand in the McCormick "lock-out," but they used the platform to arouse the people to force. On the 2d of



IGNATZ URBAN.



JOSEPH SUGAR.

SPECIMEN RIOTERS — IV. From Photographs taken by the Police Department.

March a mass-meeting of Anarchists and hot-headed strikers was held at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. Parsons and Schwab were the chief speakers. They were particularly abusive of the owners and the superintendent of the works, and advised the use of violence against the police.

So incendiary were the speeches that E. E. Sanderson, a member of the strikers' standing committee, took occasion to denounce the proceedings.

"Such speakers," he declared, "cause every spark of sympathy to disappear and bring us into disrepute." If he had had the power, he said, he would have stopped the gathering. He belonged to the true laboring class, and to properly voice its sentiments he hired another hall for the next day.

The continued presence of the police at the works finally restored order in the vicinity, and it seemed as if the Anarchists had abandoned any further intention of violence. But they were secretly at work, biding their time and watching their opportunity. It came on the afternoon of May 3. At this time between 40,000 and 50,000 men in Chicago were out of employment by reason of the eight-hour strike. Excitement ran high throughout the city. The reaper works were now almost in full operation, and, led by the Anarchists, some of the hot-headed strikers, grown impatient over the apparent failure of their plan, made an assault upon the "scabs" at work in the shops. The instigators of this attack and the principal assailants were Anarchists, who exerted themselves to the utmost to bring on a deadly conflict between the police and the unemployed.

For the day in question a meeting of the Lumber-shovers' Union had been called in the vicinity to receive the report of a committee who had waited on their employers with reference to the eight-hour question. The Socialists, learning of this, determined to make use of the opportunity. The union was composed of over six thousand lumber workingmen, three thousand Bohemians and over three thousand Germans, and had no connection with the McCormick strike, but it occurred to the Central Labor Union that, inasmuch as many of them were adherents of Socialism, it would be no difficult matter to incite them to riotous demonstrations. On the day preceding, Spies had been delegated by his union to address the gathering. The president of the Lumber Union, Frank Haraster, had become cognizant of the Anarchists' intentions, and had taken occasion to warn the men against either listening to Socialistic orators or participating in a riot. But there were mutterings of discontent, and the crowd was in a revengeful mood. There were no less than 8,000 people at the gathering—some estimated the number as high as 15,000. Some were intent on revolution, and others had been drawn to the scene through idle curiosity.

It only needed a spark to create a tremendous conflagration. Anarchists were busy among the various groups that had collected. For several days they had labored early and late in the locality to stimulate revolutionary action. Their plans had been carefully concocted, and their network of conspiracy extended in every direction. They had opened channels of subterranean communication, and so arranged their mines of Socialistic powder that at the appointed time they hoped to produce an explosion that would reverberate throughout the globe. That appointed time, they figured,

had arrived with the inauguration of the eight-hour movement, and in the lock-out at McCormick's the first opportunity was presented for a general upheaval. This was their hope and the burden of their care.

When, therefore, a coterie of trained Anarchists appeared on the scene of trouble,—evidently by a preconcerted arrangement,—with the Nation's flag reversed and trailing in mud and muck, the wildest excitement was aroused, and only a leader was necessary to connect the electric currents of suppressed hostility to start an outburst of violent deeds.

The occasion brought forth that leader in the person of the impulsive and impetuous Spies. He, with some trusted lieutenants, mounted a box-car in the vicinity of the meeting of the lumber-shovers and the McCormick works. He gathered about him an immense crowd, and, speaking in German, called the attention of his auditors to the "brutalities of capital, its selfishness and its grinding oppression" of wage-workers, rendering their condition worse than that of slaves. With fiery invective he wrought up the feelings of the mob to a pitch of reckless frenzy. In the climaxes of his envenomed utterances, he held the multitude with a charmed spell, and he evoked their highest plaudits when he counseled violence as a means to redress their grievances.

Before the termination of this lurid speech, many hitherto apparently apathetic had caught the infection, and when some of the non-union men emerged from the gate at the McCormick foundry, on the conclusion of their day's labor,—the hour being three o'clock,—many of the mob rushed to the establishment, bent on wreaking vengeance. They had hardly begun to move when some one on the box-car shouted: "Go up and kill the d——d scabs!" The identity of this person has never been disclosed, but it is no rash conclusion to suppose that it was a confidant of Spies, as well as of Lingg, who had secret charge of fomenting disturbances in that district. Lingg was present at this gathering, and, as he subsequently claimed that he had been clubbed by the police in the riot that followed, he may possibly have raised the cry himself.

The mob reached the works in short order, hurling stones and firing shots into the windows of the guard-house, which they finally demolished. The non-union men, seeing the approaching mob, took to flight, some seeking shelter in the works and others scampering across the prairie beyond reach. There were at this time only two policemen on duty. One of them, J. A. West, endeavored to pacify the crowd, but received in response bricks and mud. The other for awhile, as well as he could, held the mob at bay at the gate. West finally worked his way through the crowd to a patrol box, and turned in an alarm for reinforcements. Meanwhile the mob disported itself in throwing stones and firing revolvers, and finally forced an entrance through the gate to the yards.

Presently a patrol wagon loaded with officers plowed through the tur-

bulent mass, and, securing the ground between the mob and the buildings, began driving out and dispersing the rioters. This only served to infuriate the Anarchists, who fired in the direction of the police and hurled a shower of stones. The officers remonstrated in vain, warning the mob to keep back, and finally made a rush upon the rioters with revolvers drawn, shooting right and left.

The crowd swayed to and fro, retreated slightly, then rallied again, and, diverging to either side in a jumbled but compact body, seemed bent on



CHARGING THE MOB.

holding their ground and fighting for every inch of it. But the dashing and aggressive movements of the police, backed by courage and discipline, soon demonstrated to the howling rabble the hopelessness of the struggle. The very air seemed charged with bullets, clubs and missiles. Revolvers clicked furiously, the exigencies of the moment necessitating their use on the part of the police, and several revolutionists bit the dust, maimed and wounded. What seems strange is that none were killed in this furious onslaught.

The mob, which numbered fully 8,000, was soon put to precipitate flight. Some of the most vicious leaders, however, kept up a rattling fire of guns,

revolvers, brickbats and sticks so long as their retreat was measurably covered by the fleeing mob surrounding them. Several of these leaders, with their weapons still smoking, were subsequently overtaken, disarmed and locked up.

During all this short affray, Spies was nowhere to be seen, but, the moment all danger seemed past, he emerged from his seclusion, breathing courage and vengeance. He bounded into the field like one ready to sacrifice himself for his cause, but cautiously kept himself where no stray bullets might reach him. Another singular feature in connection with the part he played in the affair was his attempt to parade his own heroic virtues, by implication, in the denunciations and upbraidings he heaped upon his comrades in the account published of the riot on the very afternoon after its occurrence. This is what he said in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung:*



OFFICER CASEY'S PERIL.

The writer of this hastened to the factory as soon as the first shots were fired, and a comrade urged the assembly to hasten to the rescue of their brothers, who were being murdered, but none stirred. . . . The writer ran back. He implored the people to come along,—those who had revolvers in their pockets,—but it was in vain. With an exasperating indifference they put their hands in their pockets and marched home, babbling as if the whole affair did not concern them in the least. The revolvers were still cracking, and fresh detachments of police, here and there bombarded with stones, were hastening to the battle-ground. The battle was lost!

A riot on a smaller scale occurred shortly after this in another locality, instigated by the Anarchists who had been so severely repulsed in the afternoon. After the McCormick outbreak one of the wounded strikers was taken in a patrol wagon to the Twelfth Street Station, and thence to his home on Seventeenth Street. Officer Casey was one of the men in charge of the wagon, and remained behind at the house to take a report of the man's name, his residence and the nature of his injuries. When the officer came out of the wounded man's home, he was set upon by a mob, shouting:

"Hang him! Hang the blue-coat!"

A Bohemian, named Vaclav Djenek, cried out:

"Help me; help me to hang the *canaille!*"

Two or three came to his side and endeavored to execute the threat. Casey by a great effort managed to get away, and started on a run. Pistol shots were fired after him by the mob, but fortunately he escaped without injury.

A patrol wagon from the West Chicago Avenue Station had meanwhile been telephoned for by some peace-loving citizens, and it rapidly dashed up to the scene of disturbance. The officers saw the whole situation, dispersed the mob, and set about arresting the parties who had so nearly succeeded in hanging the officer. They found that it had been a very close call for Casey, that the rope was ready, and that, had it not been for his own Herculean efforts, he would have dangled from a lamp-post in a very few seconds.



FRANZ MIKOLANDA, A POLISH CONSPIRATOR.
From a Photograph.

Djenek, who was afterwards recognized as the principal actor in this episode, was run down and placed under arrest. He was tried and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. During the trial two officers of the West Chicago Avenue Station happened to be in the State's Attorney's office when a lot of Bohemian literature and Anarchist utensils were being exhibited. Among other things, they noticed a photograph of Franz Mikolanda, and they at once exclaimed:

"This is the other man who helped Djenek to hang Casey!"

Mikolanda appeared at the trial for the purpose of swearing to an alibi for Djenek, and was promptly recognized. He had no sooner left the witness-stand than he was arrested on a warrant and subsequently prosecuted. He was found guilty and sentenced to six months in the Bridewell.

CHAPTER VII.

The *Coup d'État* a Miscarriage — Effect of the Anarchist Failure at McCormick's — "Revenge" — Text of the Famous Circular — The German Version — An Incitement to Murder — Bringing on a Conflict — Engel's Diabolical Plan — The Rôle of the Lehr und Wehr Verein — The Gathering of the Armed Groups — Fischer's Sanguinary Talk — The Signal for Murder — "Ruhe" and its Meaning — Keeping Clear of the Mouse-Trap — The Haymarket Selected — Its Advantages for Revolutionary War — The Call for the Murder Meeting — "Workingmen, Arm Yourselves" — Preparing the Dynamite — The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Arsenal — The Assassins' Roost at 58 Clybourn Avenue — The Projected Attack on the Police Stations — Bombs for All who Wished Them — Waiting for the Word of Command — Why it was not Given — The Leaders' Courage Fails.

NEVER was that old saying, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," better illustrated than in the actions of the Anarchist leaders after their desperate exploits at McCormick's Works. That riot was to have been the pivotal point in their social revolution. It turned out a humiliating fiasco. They had hoped to make a *coup d'état* for the scarlet banner and had counted upon such a victory as would terrorize Capital, appal the people and paralyze the arm of constituted authority. When they discovered that the police had escaped with only slight bruises, that some of their own comrades had been seriously wounded and that even the so-called "scabs" had passed through the onslaught with nothing worse than fright, their rage knew no bounds. They saw that "the battle had been lost," and prompt, energetic action seemed necessary to retrieve the situation.

Spies, their recognized leader, while the perspiration still dripped from his face, and his blood still fired by his speech to the strikers and his "heroic efforts" to rally the routed and fleeing Socialists, seized a pen, and, dipping it into the gall of his indignation, wrote what subsequently became famous as the "Revenge Circular." It was printed in German and English, and an exact *fac-simile* is presented herewith. The German version is somewhat different from the English, being addressed to the adherents of Anarchy and Socialism, the English version seeming to have been intended for Americans in general. Several thousand copies were scattered throughout the city.

The wording of the English portion of the circular may be seen in the illustration. The German portion, translated, reads as follows:

Revenge! Revenge! Workmen to arms!

Men of labor, this afternoon the bloodhounds of your oppressors murdered six of your brothers at McCormick's. Why did they murder them? Because they dared to be dissatisfied with the lot which your oppressors have assigned to them. They demanded bread, and they gave them lead for an answer, mindful of the fact that thus people are most effectually silenced. You have for many years endured every humiliation without protest, have drudged

from early in the morning until late at night, have suffered all sorts of privation, have even sacrificed your children. You have done everything to fill the coffers of your masters — everything for them! And now, when you approach them and implore them to make your burden a little lighter, as a reward for your sacrifices, they send their bloodhounds, the police, at you, in order to cure you with bullets of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask and conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge the atrocious murder that has been committed upon your brothers to-day and which will likely be committed upon you to-morrow. Laboring men, Hercules, you have arrived at the cross-way. Which way will you decide? For slavery and hunger or for freedom and bread? If you decide for the latter, then do not delay a moment; then, people, to arms! Annihilation to the beasts in human form who call themselves rulers! Uncompromising annihilation to them! This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and strive to become worthy of them!

YOUR BROTHERS.

REVENGE!

Workingmen, to Arms!!!

Your masters sent out their bloodhounds — the police —; they killed six of your brothers at McCormicks this afternoon. They killed the poor wretches, because they, like you, had the courage to disobey the supreme will of your bosses. They killed them, because they dared ask for the shortenin of the hours of toil. They killed them to show you, 'Free American Citizens', that you must be satisfied and contended with whatever your bosses condescend to allow you, or you will get killed!

You have for years endured the most abject humiliations; you have for years suffered unmeasurable iniquities; you have worked yourself to death; you have endured the pangs of want and hunger; your Children you have sacrificed to the factory-lords — in short: You have been miserable and obedient slave all these years: Why? To satisfy the insatiable greed, to fill the coffers of your lazy thieving master? When you ask them now to lessen your burden, he sends his bloodhounds out to shoot you, kill you!

If you are men, if you are the sons of your grand sires, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise in your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms we call you, to arms!

Your Brothers.

Rache! Rache!

Arbeiter, zu den Waffen!

Arbeitendes Volk, heute Nachmittag mordeten die Bluthunde Eurer Ausbeuter 6 Eurer Brüder draußen bei McCormick's. Warum mordeten sie dieselben? Weil sie den Muth hatten, mit dem Loos unzufrieden zu sein, welches Eure Ausbeuter Ihnen beschieden haben. Sie forderten Brod, man antwortete ihnen mit Blei, eingedenk der Thatsache, daß man damit das Volk am wirksamsten zum Schweigen bringen kann! Viele, viele Jahre habt Ihr alle Demüthigungen ohne Widerspruch ertragen, habt Euch vom frühen Morgen bis zum späten Abend geschunden, habt Entbehrungen jeder Art ertragen, habt Eure Kinder selbst geopfert — Alles, um die Schatzkammern Eurer Herren zu füllen, Alles für sie! Und jetzt, wo Ihr vor sie hintretet, und sie ersucht, Eure Bürde etwas zu erleichtern, da hetzen sie zum Dank für Eure Opfer ihre Bluthunde, die Polizei, auf Euch, um Euch mit Bleikugeln von der Unzufriedenheit zu curiren. Sklaven, wir fragen und beschwören Euch bei Allem, was Euch heilig und werth ist, rächt diesen scheußlichen Mord, den man heute an Euren Brüdern beging, und vielleicht morgen schon an Euch begehen wird. Arbeitendes Volk, Herkules, Du bist am Scheideweg angelangt. Wofür entscheidest Du Dich? Für Sklaverei und Hunger, oder für Freiheit und Brod? Entscheidest Du Dich für das Letztere, dann säume keinen Augenblick; dann, Volk, zu den Waffen! Vernichtung den menschlichen Bestien, die sich Deine Herrscher nennen! Rücksichtslose Vernichtung ihnen — das muß Deine Losung sein! Denk' der Helden, deren Blut den Weg zum Fortschritt, zur Freiheit und zur Menschlichkeit gedüngt — und strebe, ihrer würdig zu werden!

Eure Brüder.

THE FAMOUS "REVENGE" CIRCULAR.

Engraved from the Original by direct Photographic Process.

Not content with this, Spies also wrote and published, in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of May 4, the following:

BLOOD! — Lead and Powder as a Cure for Dissatisfied Workingmen. — About Six Laborers Mortally, and Four Times that Number Slightly, Wounded. — Thus are the Eight-hour Men Intimidated! — This is Law and Order. — Brave Girls Parading the City! — The Law and Order Beasts Frighten Hungry Children away with Clubs.

Six months ago, when the eight-hour movement began, representatives of the I. A. A. called upon workmen to arm if they would enforce their demand. Would the occurrence of

yesterday have been possible had that advice been followed? Yesterday, at McCormick's factory, so far as can now be ascertained, four workmen were killed and twenty-five more or less seriously wounded. If members who defended themselves with stones (a few of them had little snappers in the shape of revolvers) had been provided with good weapons and one single dynamite bomb, not one of the murderers would have escaped his well-merited fate. This massacre was to fill the workmen of this city with fear. Will it succeed?

A meeting of the lumber employés was held yesterday at the Black Road to appoint a committee to wait on the committee of the owners and present the demands agreed upon. It was an immense meeting. Several speeches were made in English, German and Polish. Finally Mr. Spies was introduced, when a Pole cried, "That is a Socialist," and great disapprobation was expressed, but the speaker continued, telling them that they must realize their strength, and must not recede from their demands; that the issue lay in their hands, and needed only resolution on their part.

At this point some one cried, "On to McCormick's! Let us drive off the scabs," and about two hundred ran toward McCormick's. The speaker, not knowing what occurred, continued his speech, and was appointed afterwards a member of the committee to notify the bosses of the action.

Then a Pole spoke, when a patrol wagon rushed up to McCormick's, and the crowd began to break up. Shortly shots were heard near McCormick's factory, and about seventy-five well-fed, large and strong murderers, under command of a fat police lieutenant, marched by, followed by three more patrol wagons full of law and order beasts. Two hundred police were there in less than ten minutes, firing on fleeing workingmen and women. The writer hastened to the factory, while a comrade urged the assembly to rescue their brothers, unavailingly. A young Irishman said to the writer: "What miserable (————) are those who will not turn a hand while their brothers are being shot down in cold blood! We have dragged away two. I think they are dead. If you have any influence with the people, for Heaven's sake, run back and urge them to follow you." The writer did so in vain. The revolvers were still cracking; fresh policemen arriving; and the battle was lost. It was about half-past three that the little crowd from the meeting reached McCormick's factory. Policeman West tried to hold them back with his revolver, but was put to flight with a shower of stones and roughly handled. The crowd bombarded the factory windows with stones and demolished the guard-house. The scabs were in mortal terror, when the Hinman Street patrol wagon arrived. They were about to attack the crowd with their clubs, when a shower of stones was thrown, followed the next minute by the firing by the police upon the strikers. It was pretended subsequently that they fired over their heads. The strikers had a few revolvers and returned the fire. Meantime, more police arrived, and then the whole band opened fire on the people. The people fought with stones, and are said to have disabled four policemen. The gang, as always, fired upon the fleeing, while women and men carried away the severely wounded. How many were injured cannot be told. A dying boy, Joseph Doebick, was brought home on an express wagon by two policemen. The crowd threatened to lynch the officer, but were prevented by a patrol wagon. Various strikers were arrested. McCormick said that "August Spies made a speech to a few thousand Anarchists and then put himself at the head of a crowd and attacked our works. Our workmen fled, and meantime the police came and sent a lot of Anarchists away with bleeding heads."

Mark well the language,—seeking to inflame the minds of the Socialists by maliciously stating that four men had been killed, when in fact not one was fatally injured,—its bitter invective, its cunning phraseology, its rude eloquence and its passionate appeal. All were well calculated to stir up revengeful feelings at a time when public sentiment ran high throughout the

city. The events following close upon the heels of the eight-hour strike were critical in the extreme, and none knew the exact situation better than the Anarchist leaders. Their course had been shaped with special reference to it. Their secret plottings were directed by the events of the hour. The time had come, they felt, when the Commune should be proclaimed. It would not do, they urged, to let the opportunity pass. The failure of the McCormick riot at once suggested retaliation in a manner best known to themselves, and the circular was fulminated with a clear knowledge that its import would be readily understood by all in the dark secret of their conspiracy.

But that there might be no misdirected effort, and that all might be properly instructed for the emergency, it was deemed best to hold a secret conference. The hour seemed to have arrived when their armed sections, the various groups of the order trained in the use of guns and explosives, should be brought into requisition, and the police in particular and the public in general be made to feel their power. How best to accomplish this purpose had been uppermost in their minds from the moment of their disaster at the reaper works. A conflict between the police and the strikers had been counted upon as a certainty under their inspiration, and plans looking to the best means of taking advantage of this strike as well as the eight-hour strike had been discussed even before the McCormick riot.

Attention Workingmen!

GREAT

MASS-MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

AT THE

HAYMARKET, Randolph St., Bet. Desplaines and Halsted.

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

Workingmen Arm Yourselves and Appear in Full Force!

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Achtung Arbeiter!

Große

Massen-Versammlung

Heute Abend, halb 8 Uhr, auf dem Heumarkt, Randolph-Straße, zwischen Desplaines- u. Halsted-Str.

☞ Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schurkenstreich der Polizei, indem sie gestern Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschoß, geißeln.

☞ **Arbeiter, bewaffnet Euch und erscheint massenhaft!**

Das Executiv-Comite.

THE CALL FOR THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—F.
Photographic Engraving, direct from the Original.

Only so short a time as the day before that event, the members of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and of the Northwest Side groups had met in joint session at Bohemian Hall, on Emma Street, and

considered the probabilities in view of the eight-hour movement. They clearly foresaw a conflict, and, among other things, discussed a plan to meet that contingency. This plan, proposed by Engel and indorsed by Fischer, and subsequently confessed by one of the conspirators present at that meeting, was that whenever it came to a conflict between the police and the Northwest groups, bombs should be thrown into the police stations. The riflemen of the Lehr und Wehr Verein should post themselves in line at a certain distance, and whoever came out of the stations should be shot down. They would then come into the heart of the city, where the fight would commence in earnest. The members of the Northwest Side groups were counseled to mutually assist each other in making the attack upon the police, and "if any one had anything with him, he should use it." "As the police would endeavor to subdue the workingmen by sending all their available force to the place of attack, the Anarchists could easily blow up the stations, and such officers as might effect an escape from the buildings could be killed by their riflemen. Then they would cut the telegraph wires so as to prevent communication with other stations, after which they would proceed to the nearest station and destroy that. On their way they would throw fire bombs at some of the buildings, and this would call out the Fire Department and prevent the firemen from being called upon to quell the riot. While proceeding thus they would secure reinforcements, and, in the intense excitement following, the police as well as militia would become confused and divided in counsel as to the points where they could do the most effective service. The attacks should be almost simultaneous in different parts of the city at a given signal. When they all finally reached the center of the city, they would set fire to the most prominent buildings and attack the jail, open the doors and set free the inmates to join them in future movements."

This plan, it is almost needless to remark, was unanimously adopted. But concerted action was necessary among all the groups, and in view of the "skull-cracking," to use their own phrase, on the afternoon of May 3, a secret conference of all groups was determined upon as a supplement to Spies' pronunciamento and as an incitement to future revolutionary movements. A notice understood by all in the armed sections—"Y, come Monday evening"—was inserted in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The commander of the Lehr und Wehr Verein rented a beer basement at No. 54 West Lake Street, known to the followers of Socialism as Greif's Hall, and along towards eight o'clock representatives of all the armed sections of the Internationale gathered there. In order that the utmost privacy might be maintained, guards were posted both at the front and rear entrances with instructions to permit no one to stand on the outside and to admit only trusted adherents.

When the session opened there were between seventy and eighty members of the various sections present. Their deliberations were presided over by Gottfried Waller, who subsequently became an important witness for the State.

Spies' "Revenge circular," written late that afternoon, was distributed in the meeting, and its sentiments were heartily seconded by all present. Engel finally submitted the plan already given, and some discussion followed, participated in by various members. Fischer considered the plan admirable, and, lest there might be evidence of weakness, he stated that if any man acted the part of a coward, his own dagger or a bullet from his rifle should pierce that man's heart. Inquiries being made with reference to a supply of bombs, he suggested that the members manufacture them on their own account. The best thing, he said, was to procure a tin coffee-bottle, fill it with benzine, attach a cap and fuse, and they would have a most effective bomb.

Engel's plan went through with a rush. Having now agreed upon a definite course, it was necessary to adopt a signal to warn the sections of danger and summon them to action. Fischer was equal to the occasion. He proposed the German word "Ruhe,"—signifying "rest" or "peace,"—and added that whenever it should appear in the "Letterbox" column of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, all would know that the moment for decisive action had been reached, and that all were expected to repair promptly to their appointed meeting-places, fully armed and ready for duty. The suggestion was adopted.

But what are plans without being fortified by enthusiasm on the part of the mob expected to carry them out? The Socialistic heart must be fired to a proper pitch of frenzy. Every soul must be made to feel that the cause of Socialism is his own. A mass-meeting was just the thing, and a mass-meeting it was decided by this august band of conspirators to call. The time was the only point in controversy. The chairman insisted on holding it the following morning on Market Square, which is a widening of Market Street between Madison and Randolph Streets, but Fischer protested, because, as he said, it was a "mouse trap," and insisted that the meeting be held in the evening, when they could bring out a crowd of no less than 25,000 people, and that the Haymarket be the place. There, he said, they would have greater security in case of disturbance, and more and better means of escape. His counsel finally prevailed, and after a call had been suitably drafted, Fischer was intrusted with its printing.

Remembering that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," the meeting decided to appoint a committee, consisting of one or two members from each group. This committee was to keep a close watch on all movements that might be made at Haymarket Square and in different parts of the city, and, in the event of a conflict, to promptly report it to the

members of the various armed sections by the insertion in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of the word "Ruhe" if there was trouble during the day, or illuminating the sky with a red light at night. If either signal could not be conveniently used, then they were to notify the members individually.

Before the conclusion of this secret conclave, every one present was directed to notify absent members of what had been done, and Rudolph Schnaubelt, who has since been proven the thrower of the bomb which scattered death and devastation on the following evening, wished to go even further and have Socialists in other cities notified so that the proposed revolution might become general. The instigators of the meeting just described were Spies, Parsons, Fielden and Neebe, but for some reason they failed to put in an appearance.

In accordance with arrangements, the call for the mass-meeting was printed the next morning. There were two versions of this call. *Fac-similes* of both are given.

In the afternoon of May 4 the signal word "Ruhe" appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and all the armed men proceeded to place themselves in readiness for the conflict. They also devoted themselves energetically to cultivating revengeful sentiments. While making their preparations for the projected riot, they communicated the plan decided upon to every member of the order, and all were urged to come fully armed with such weapons as they might possess.

Attention Workingmen!

GREAT

MASS MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

AT THE

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Achtung Arbeiter!

Große

Massen-Versammlung

Heute Abend, halb 8 Uhr, auf dem

Heumarkt, Randolph-Straße, zwischen Desplaines- u. Halsted-Str.

☞ Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schurkenstreich der Polizei, indem sie gestern Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschoß, geißeln.

Das Executiv-Comite.

THE CALL FOR THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—II.

Photographic Engraving, direct from the Original.

But their greatest reliance was placed in the use of dynamite. This highly explosive material was regarded as the chief arm of their cause. For many weeks, the leaders had experimented with it. Some six weeks

before the disastrous Haymarket riot, Louis Lingg had brought a bomb to the house of William Seliger, No. 442 Sedgwick Street, where he boarded, and announced his intention of making other bombs like it. Before this he had provided himself with dynamite, the money for its purchase having been realized at a ball given some time previously and turned over to him to use in experiments. Being out of employment at the time, he devoted himself energetically to experiments with that material, and produced large gas-pipe bombs. One of these he took out to a grove north of the city, and, placing it in the crotch of a tree, exploded it, splitting the tree to pieces. The result of the test appears to have been satisfactory, and he next gave his attention to the manufacture of globular shells. In the casting of these he used the kitchen stove to melt his metal, and often received the assistance of Seliger, Thielen and Hermann. All day Tuesday, May 4, he worked most persistently and seemed in a great hurry to make as many bombs as possible. He was helped on that day by the parties named and two others, Hueber and Munzenberger. Before the close of the day they had finished over a hundred bombs. While they were at work Lehman visited them and carried home a satchel of dynamite, which he subsequently, after the Haymarket riot, buried out on the prairie, and which was afterwards disinterred by the police. Not alone did he and his friends experiment with dynamite, but it appears that Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Fielden and Schwab also tried their hands at it and handled the deadly stuff at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. They had several bombs there and made no secret of the purpose for which they intended them. The office was afterwards discovered to be an arsenal of revolvers and dynamite.



NEFF'S HALL.

After the bombs had been completed by Lingg and his assistants, Lingg and Seliger put them in a trunk or satchel and carried them over towards Neff's Hall, at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. On the way they were met by Munzenberger, who took the trunk, and, placing it on his shoulder, carried it the rest of the distance. At this time — it being evening — there was a meeting of painters in a hall at the rear of Neff's saloon, and the package was placed at the entrance for a moment's exhibition. Lingg asked the proprietor if any one had called and inquired for him, and, on being answered in the negative, proceeded with Seliger and Munzenberger into the hallway connecting the saloon and the assembly-room. Placing the trunk on the floor, he opened it for inspection. Several parties examined the bombs and took some of them away. Seliger helped himself to two and kept them until after the Haymarket explosion, when he hid them under a sidewalk on Sigel Street. Lingg, Seliger and Munzenberger then left the premises. The direction the last-named took is a matter in doubt. Neff had never seen him before, Lehman did not know him, and Seliger had not even learned his name.

It is clear that all this work was part of the conspiracy concocted at Greif's Hall the previous evening. It is also well settled that Munzenberger was the chosen agent to secure the bombs and see that they were placed in the hands of trusted Anarchists for use at the proper moment. The secrecy surrounding the latter's identity was in complete accord with the method of procedure outlined in the instructions given to Socialists:

> In the commission of a deed, a comrade who does not live at the place of action, that is, a comrade of some other place, ought, if possibility admits, to participate in the action, or, formulated difficulty, a revolutionary deed ought to be enacted where one is not known.

Still further steps were taken to precipitate the revolution. In conformity with the Monday night plan, armed men were to be stationed, on the evening of Tuesday, in the vicinity of the police stations. We find that Lingg, Seliger, Lehman, Smidke, Thielen and two large unknown men were in the vicinity of the North Avenue Station. They skulked about the corners of the streets leading to that station, between eight and ten o'clock, fully armed with bombs and ready for desperate deeds. Others, who had secured bombs at Neff's Hall, went further northward and hovered around the police station near the corner of Webster and Lincoln Avenues. Seliger and Lingg also paid that vicinity a visit. There were also armed men at Deering, where a meeting of striking workingmen was held, and which was addressed by Schwab after he had left the Haymarket. Anarchists also posted themselves in the vicinity of the Chicago Avenue Station. Men were also near the North Avenue Station, and some twenty-five posted themselves at the corner of Halsted and Randolph Streets, two blocks from the Desplaines Street Station. Spies and Schwab entered this group

and held some secret consultation with the leaders. Fischer and Waller were also close to that station.

It furthermore appears that several men called on Tuesday evening at Waller's residence while he was eating his supper and desired him to accompany them to Wicker Park, saying that they "wanted to be at their post." Two of these men were Krueger and Kraemer, belonging to the "armed sections." Some men also called at Engel's store, and one of them exhibited a revolver. Another, a stranger, explained to a comrade that he was waiting for some "pills." He waited only five minutes, when a young girl about ten or twelve years of age came in, carrying a mysterious package. This she handed to the stranger, who stepped behind a screen and then hastened out.

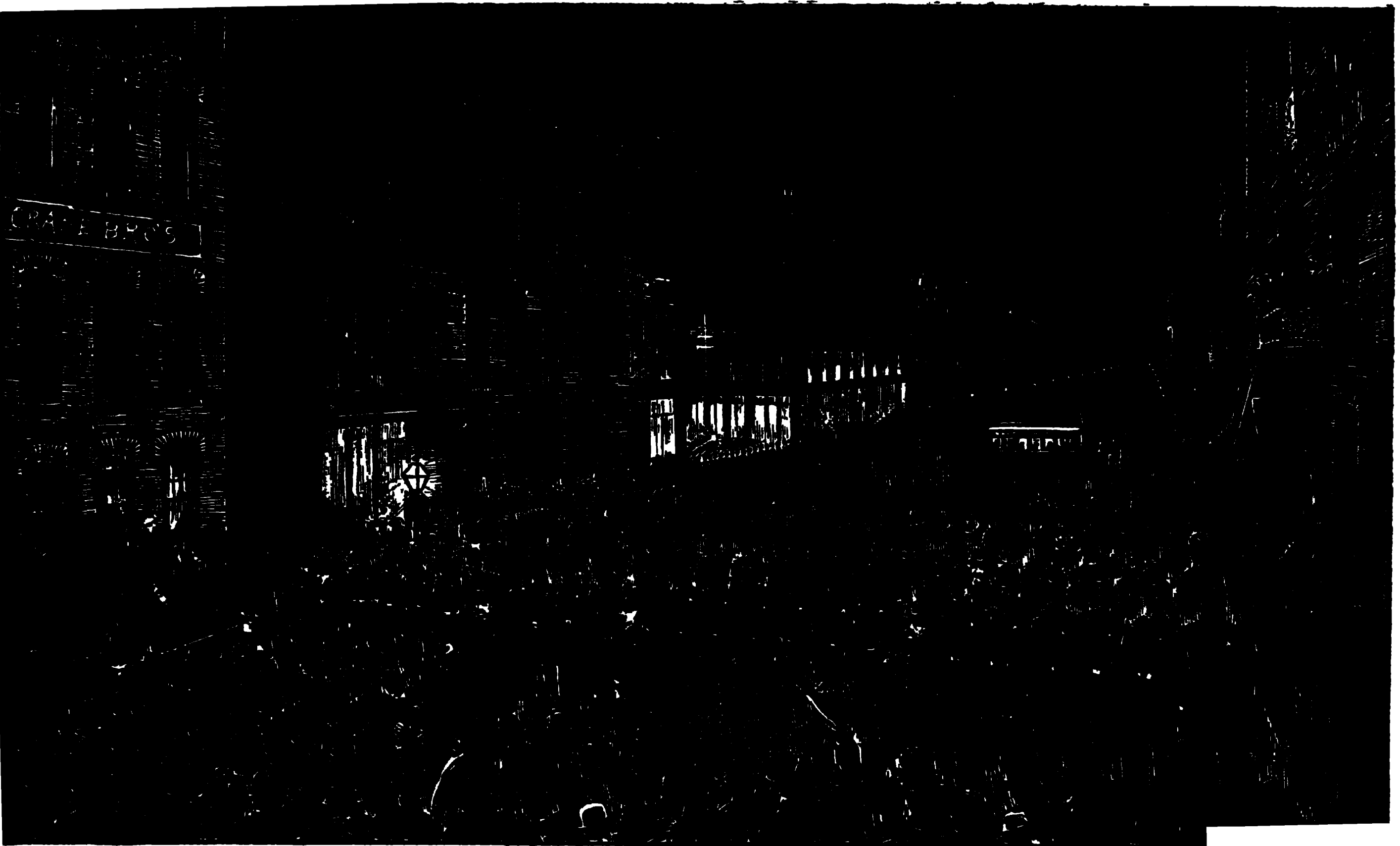
It is thus manifest that the various parties were bent on a carnival of riot and destruction and only awaited the proper signal from the committee. The men intrusted with the secrets of pillage, murder and general destruction belonged to what was known in the order as the "Revolutionary Group." The plan was not communicated to any one else. The utmost secrecy had to be maintained for its successful accomplishment, and the conspiracy was only communicated to such as had proved themselves in the past, by word and deed, in full accord with revolutionary methods. The "revolutionary party" consisted of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, commanded by Breitenfeld; the Northwest Side group, under command of Engel, Fischer and Grumm; the North Side group, commanded by Neebe, Lingg and Hermann; the American group, commanded by Spies, Parsons and Fielden; the Karl Marx group, directed by Schilling; the Freiheit group and the armed sections of the International Carpenters' Union and Metal-workers' Union. These various sections, or groups, were under the management of a general committee which included among its leading spirits Spies, Schwab, Parsons, Neebe, Rau, Hirschberger, Deusch and Belz. This committee met at stated periods at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and formulated orders for the guidance of the groups. Its expenses were met by monthly contributions from all the Socialistic societies. It was under the inspiration of this committee that the Monday night meeting was held. Why the signal for a concerted raid on the police stations, the burning of buildings and the slaughter of capitalists was not given on the fateful night of the Haymarket riot,—or, if given, as seems to be believed in many quarters, in Fielden's declaration, "We are peaceable," why it was not carried out completely,—is not explicable upon any other hypothesis than that the courage of the trusted leaders failed them at the critical moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Air Full of Rumors — A Riot Feared — Police Preparations — Bonfield in Command — The Haymarket — Strategic Value of the Anarchists' Position — Crane's Alley — The Theory of Street Warfare — Inflaming the Mob — Schnaubelt and his Bomb — "Throttle the Law" — The Limit of Patience Reached — "In the Name of the People, Disperse" — The Signal Given — The Crash of Dynamite First Heard on an American Street — Murder in the Air — A Rally and a Charge — The Anarchists Swept Away — A Battle Worthy of Veterans.

WITH such active work among the conspirators as I have shown, it was only a question of time when some terrible catastrophe would ensue through the instrumentality of the powerful bombs they had manufactured. The public mind was in a state of fear and suspense, not knowing the direction whence threatened devastation and destruction might appear. The incendiary speeches were enough to excite trepidation, and the appearance of the "Revenge circular" fanned the excitement into general alarm and indignation. The McCormick attack proved conclusively that the Anarchists meant to practice what they preached. After their rout and defeat, they were heard to express regret that they had not taken forcible possession of the works before the arrival of the police and then received the officers with a volley of fire-arms, as had once been contemplated in a star-chamber session of one of their "revolutionary groups." The air was full of rumors, and the general public was convinced that some great disaster would occur unless the police promptly forbade the holding of further revolutionary meetings. The Mayor's attention had been called to the possible results if such meetings were permitted to continue, and he, in turn, directed the Police Department to keep close watch of the gathering called for the Haymarket Square and disperse it in case the speakers used inflammatory language. During the day many of the Spies circulars had been distributed in the vicinity of the McCormick establishment, and it was expected that many of the enraged strikers from that locality would attend the meeting. It was clear that, in view of the temper of the Socialists, only slight encouragement would be required to produce a disturbance, and it was of the utmost importance that prompt action should be taken at the first sign of trouble. It subsequently transpired that the leaders had intended to make the speeches threatening in order to invite a charge upon the crowd by the police, and then, during the confusion, to carry out the Monday night programme.

The city authorities fully comprehended the situation, but concluded not to interfere with the meeting unless the discussion should be attended with violent threats. In order to be prepared for any emergency, however, it was deemed best to concentrate a large force in the vicinity of the meet-

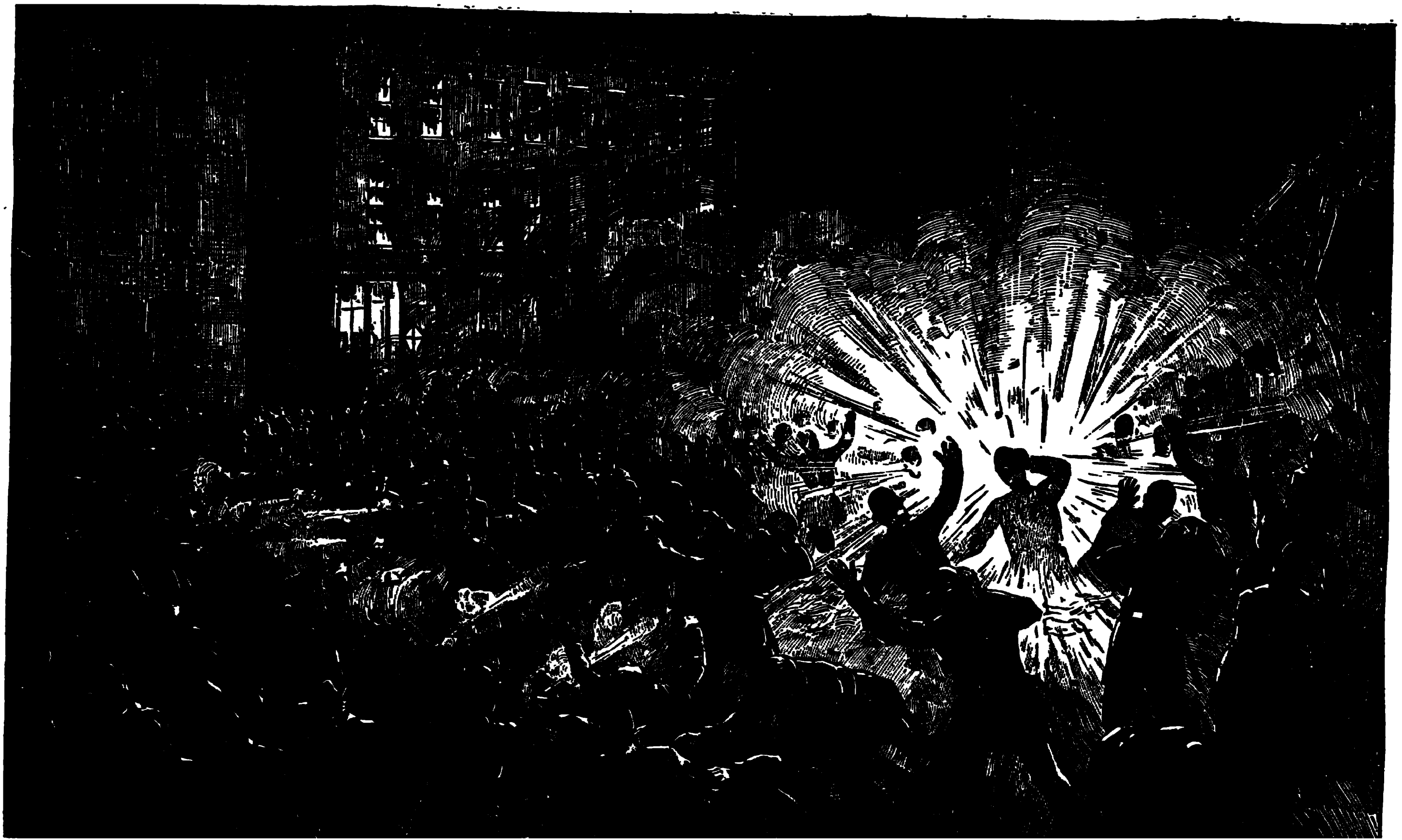


THE HAYMARKET MEETING.—"IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE, I COMMAND YOU TO DISPERSE."

ing—at the Desplaines Street Station. One hundred men from Capt. Ward's district, the Third Precinct, under command of Lieuts. Bowler, Stanton, Penzen and Beard, twenty-six men from the Central Detail under command of Lieut. Hubbard and Sergt. Fitzpatrick, and fifty men from the Fourth Precinct, under Lieuts. Steele and Quinn, were accordingly assigned for special service that evening. Inspector John Bonfield was ordered to assume command of the whole force, and his instructions were to direct the detectives to mingle with the crowd, and, if anything of an incendiary nature was advised by the speakers, to direct the officers to disperse the gathering.

The meeting had been called for 7:30 o'clock, and at that hour quite a number had assembled in the vicinity of Haymarket Square. This square is simply a widening of Randolph Street between Desplaines and Halsted Streets, and in years past was used by farmers for the sale of hay and produce. It was for this place that the call had been issued, but for certain reasons the meeting was held ninety feet north of Randolph, on Desplaines Street, near the intersection of an alley which has since passed into public fame as "Crane's alley." In sight almost of this alley was Zepf's Hall, on the northeast corner of Lake and Desplaines Streets, and about two blocks further east on Lake Street were Florus' Hall and Greif's Hall—all notorious resorts and headquarters for Anarchists. On the evening in question these places and surrounding streets leading to the meeting-place were crowded with strikers and Socialist sympathizers, some within the saloons regaling themselves with beer and some jostling each other on the thoroughfares, either going for liquids or returning to the meeting after having for the moment satisfied the "inner man." Here was a condition of things that would permit an easy mingling in, and ready escape through, the crowd, in the event of inauguration of the revolutionary plan adopted the evening previous. The throngs would serve as a cover for apparently safe operations. Another advantage gained by holding the meeting at the point indicated was that the street was dimly lighted, and, as the building in front of which the speaking took place was a manufacturing establishment,—that of Crane Bros.,—not used or lighted at night, and as the alley contiguous to the speaker's stand formed an L with another alley leading to Randolph Street, there were points of seeming safety for a conflict with the police. Besides, the point was about 350 feet north of the Desplaines Street Police Station, and it was evidently calculated that when the police should attack the crowd, that part of the Monday night programme about blowing up the stations could easily be carried into effect.

These were the undoubted reasons for effecting the change. The reader will remember that one of the objections urged by Fischer against holding the meeting on Market Square was that it was a "mouse trap," and one of his potential arguments for the Haymarket was that it was a safer place



THE HAYMARKET RIOT. The Explosion and the Conflict.

for the execution of their plot. There was thus a "method in their madness." All the contingencies had evidently been very carefully considered.

But, as I have already stated, the hour had arrived for calling the meeting to order, and as there appeared no one to assume prompt charge, the crowd exhibited some manifestations of impatience. About eight o'clock there were perhaps 3,000 people in the vicinity of the chosen place, and some fifteen or twenty minutes later Spies put in an appearance. He mounted the truck wagon improvised as a speaker's stand and inquired for Parsons. Receiving no response, he got down, and, meeting Schwab, the two entered the alley, where there was quite a crowd, and where they were overheard using the words "pistols" and "police," and Schwab was heard to ask, "Is one enough or had we better go and get more?" Both then disappeared up the street, and it is a fair presumption — borne out by the fact that they had entered a group of Anarchists on the corner of Halsted and Randolph Streets, as noted in the preceding chapter, and other circumstances — that they went to secure bombs. Spies shortly returned, and, meeting Schnaubelt, held a short conversation with him, at the same time handing him something, which Schnaubelt put carefully in a side-pocket. Spies again mounted the wagon (the hour being about 8:40 — Schnaubelt standing near him), and began a speech in English. It is needless, at this point, to reproduce the speech, as its substance appears later on, both as given by the reporters and as written out subsequently by Spies. But both reports fail to give a proper conception of its insidious effect on the audience. It bore mainly on the grievances of labor, the treatment of the strikers by McCormick, and an explanation of his (Spies') connection with the disturbances of the day previous. The lesson he drew from the occurrence at McCormick's was "that workingmen must arm themselves for defense, so that they may be able to cope with the Government hirelings of their masters."



INSPECTOR JOHN BONFIELD.

Parsons had meanwhile been sent for, and on the conclusion of Spies' harangue was introduced. He reviewed the labor discontent in the coun-

try, the troubles growing out of it, touched on monopoly, criticised the so-called "capitalistic press," scored the banks, explained Socialism, excoriated the system of elections, and terminated his remarks by appealing to his hearers to defend themselves and asserting that, if the demands of the working classes were refused, it meant war. His speech, like that of Spies, was mild as compared with what would be expected on such an occasion. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that during their harangues Mayor Harrison mingled in the throng and paid close attention to the sentiments of the speakers. He afterwards characterized Parsons' effort as "a good political speech," and, being apparently satisfied that there would be no trouble, left for the Desplaines Street Police Station, giving his impressions of the gathering to the Captain in charge and telling Bonfield that there seemed to be no further use for holding the force in reserve.

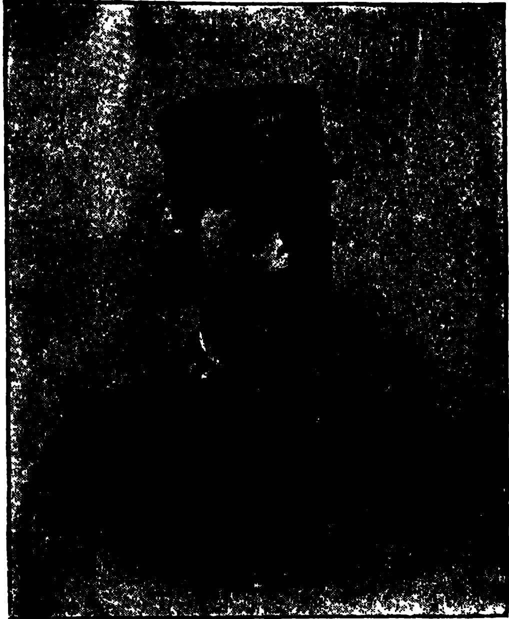
No sooner had Harrison left for the station and thence for his own house, than the next speaker, Fielden, grew bolder in his remarks and sent the words rolling hot and fast over an oily, voluble and vindictive tongue. He opened with a reference to the insecurity of the working classes under the present social system, drifted to the McCormick strike, in which men, he said, were "shot down by the law in cold blood, in the city of Chicago, in the protection of property," and held that the strikers had "nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it, and throttle it until it makes its last kick. Throttle it! Kill it! Stab it! Can we do anything," he asked, "except by the strong arm of resistance? The skirmish lines have met. The people have been shot. Men, women and children have not been spared by the capitalists and the minions of private capital. It had no mercy—neither ought you. You are called upon to defend yourselves, your lives, your future. I have some resistance in me. I know that you have, too."



CAPT. WILLIAM WARD.

At this juncture the police made their appearance. During the remarks of Spies and Parsons, detectives had frequently reported to the station that only moderate, temperate sentiments were being uttered, but after Fielden had got fairly worked up to his subject, this was changed. The crowd was being wrought up to a high point of excitement, and there

were frequent interjections of approval and shouts of indignation. Fielden's was just such a speech as they had expected to hear. Very little was required to incite them to the perpetration of desperate deeds. Like a sculptor with his plastic model, Fielden had molded his audience to suit the purpose of the occasion. With his rough and ready eloquence he stirred up their innermost passions. His biting allusions to capitalists caught the hearts of the uncouth mob as with grappling-hooks, and his appeals for the destruction of existing laws shook them as a whirlwind.



LIEUT. (NOW CHIEF) G. W. HUBBARD.

It would be as well, he said, for workmen to die fighting as to starve to death. "Exterminate the capitalists, and do it to-night!" The officers detailed to watch the proceedings saw that the speech portended no good, and they communicated the facts to Inspector Bonfield. Even then the Inspector hesitated. To use his own language, in the report he sent to Superintendent Ebersold: "Wanting to be clearly within the law, and wishing to leave no room for doubt as to the propriety of our actions, I did not act on the first reports, but sent the officers back to make further observations. A few minutes after ten o'clock, the officers returned and reported that the crowd were getting excited and the speaker growing more incendiary in his language. I then felt that to hesitate any longer would be criminal, and gave the order to fall in and move our force forward on Waldo Place,"—a short street south of the Desplaines Street Station.

The force formed into four divisions. The companies of Lieuts. Steele and Quinn formed the first; those of Lieuts. Stanton and Bowler, the second; those of Lieut. Hubbard and Sergt. Fitzpatrick, the third; and two companies commanded by Lieuts. Beard and Penzen constituted the fourth, forming the rear guard, which had orders to form right and left on Randolph Street, to guard the rear from any attack from the Haymarket. These various divisions thus covered the street from curb to curb. Inspector Bonfield and Capt. Ward led the forces, in front of the first division. On seeing them advancing in the distance, Fielden exclaimed: "Here come the bloodhounds. You do your duty, and I'll do mine!"

Arriving on the ground, they found the agitator right in the midst of his incendiary exhortations, that point where he was telling his Anarchist zealots that he had some resistance in him, and assuring them that he knew they had too. At that moment the police were ordered to halt within a few feet of the truck wagon, and Capt. Ward, advancing to within three feet of the speaker, said:

"I command you, in the name of the people of the State, to immediately and peaceably disperse."

Turning to the crowd, he continued: "I command you and you to assist."

Fielden had meanwhile jumped off the wagon, and, as he reached the sidewalk, declared in a clear, loud tone of voice:

"We are peaceable."

This must have been the secret signal,—it has about it suggestions of the word "Ruhe,"—and no sooner had it been uttered than a spark flashed through the air. It looked like the lighted remnant of a cigar, but hissed like a miniature skyrocket. It fell in the ranks of the second division and near the dividing-line between the companies of Lieuts. Stanton and Bowler, just south of where the speaking had taken place.

A terrific explosion followed—the detonation was heard for blocks around. The direction in which the bomb—for such it was—had been thrown was by way of the east sidewalk from the alley. It had been hurled by a person in the shadow of that narrow yet crowded passageway on the same side of, and only a few feet from, the speaker's stand.

The explosion created frightful havoc and terrible dismay. It was instantly followed by a volley of small fire-arms from the mob on the sidewalk and in the street in front of the police force, all directed against the officers. They were for the moment stunned and terror-stricken. In the immediate vicinity of the explosion, the entire column under Stanton and Bowler and many of the first and third divisions were hurled to the ground, some killed, and many in the agonies of death.



SERGT. (NOW CAPT.) J. E. FITZPATRICK.

As soon as the first flash of the tragic shock had passed, and even on the instant the mob began firing, Inspector Bonfield rallied the policemen who remained unscathed, and ordered a running fire of revolvers on the desperate Anarchists. Lieuts. Steele and Quinn charged the crowd on the street from

curb to curb, and Lieuts. Hubbard and Fitzpatrick, with such men as were left them of the Special Detail, swept both sidewalks with a brisk and rattling fire.

The rush of the officers was like that of a mighty torrent in a narrow channel — they carried everything before them and swept down all hapless enough to fall under their fire or batons. The masterly courage and brilliant dash of the men soon sent the Anarchists flying in every direction, and a more desperate scramble for life and safety was never witnessed. Even the most defiant conspirators lost their wits and hunted nooks and recesses of buildings to seclude themselves till they could effect an escape without imminent danger of bullets or of being crushed by the precipitate mob.



LIEUT. JAMES P. STANTON.

Fielden, so brave and fearless on the appearance of the police, pulled a revolver while crouching beneath the protection of the truck wheels, fired at the officers, and then took to his heels and disappeared. Spies had friendly assistance in getting off the truck, and hastened pell-mell through the crowd in a frantic endeavor to get under cover. He finally reached safety, while his brother, who was with him on the wagon, got away with a slight wound. Parsons seems to have taken time by the forelock and nervously awaited developments in the bar-room of Zepf's Hall. Fischer had been among the crowd while Spies and Parsons spoke, but he was in the company of Parsons at Zepf's when the explosion occurred. Schnaubelt, who had sat on the wagon with his hands in his pockets until Fielden began his speech, hurried through the mob, after sending the missile on its deadly mission, and got away without a scratch. Other lesser yet influential lights in the Anarchist combination found friendly refuge, and, as subsequently developed, lost no time in reaching home as soon as possible. How any of these leaders who were in the midst of the awful carnage managed to escape, while other of their comrades suffered, is



LIEUT. BOWLER.

not clear, unless they dodged from one secluded spot to another, while the storm raged at its height — and there are many circumstances showing that this was the case. At any rate the point is immaterial: the fact remains that they were all found lacking in courage at the critical moment, and each seemed more concerned about his own safety than that of his fellow revolutionists.

Owing to the masterly charge of the police, the conflict was of short duration, but, while it lasted, it produced a scene of confusion, death and bloodshed not equaled in the annals of American riots in its extent and far-reaching results. The hissing of bullets, the groans of the dying, the cries of the wounded and the imprecations of the fleeing made a combination of horrors which those present will never forget.

No sooner had the field been cleared of the mob than Inspector Bonfield set to work caring for the dead and wounded. They were found scattered in every direction. Many of the officers lay prostrate where they had fallen, and to the north, where the mob had disputed the ground with the police, lay many an Anarchist. On door-steps and in the recesses of buildings were found wounded and maimed. The police looked after all and rendered assistance alike to friend and foe. The dead, dying and wounded were conveyed to the Desplaines Street Station, where numerous physicians were called into service.

In subsequently speaking of the bravery of his men on this occasion, in his report to the Chief of Police, Inspector Bonfield very truly said:

> It has been asserted that regular troops have become panic-stricken from less cause. I see no way to account for it except this. The soldier acts as part of a machine. Rarely, if ever, when on duty, is he allowed to act as an individual or to use his personal judgment. A police officer's training teaches him to be self-reliant. Day after day and night after night he goes on duty alone, and, when in conflict with the thief and burglar, he has to depend upon his own individual exertions. The soldier being a part of a machine, it follows that, when a part of it gives out, the rest is useless until the injury is repaired. The policeman, being a machine in himself, rarely, if ever, gives up until he is laid on the ground and unable to rise again. In conclusion, I beg leave to report that the conduct of the men and officers, with few exceptions, was admirable — as a military man said to me the next day, "worthy the heroes of a hundred battles."

CHAPTER IX.

The Dead and the Wounded — Moans of Anguish in the Police Station — Caring for Friend and Foe — Counting the Cost — A City's Sympathy — The Death List — Sketches of the Men — The Doctors' Work — Dynamite Havoc — Veterans of the Haymarket — A Roll of Honor — The Anarchist Loss — Guesses at their Dead — Concealing Wounded Rioters — The Explosion a Failure — Disappointment of the Terrorists.

THE scene at the Desplaines Street Station was one which would appal the stoutest heart. Every available place in the building was utilized, and one could scarcely move about the various rooms without fear of accidentally touching a wound or jarring a fractured limb. In many instances mangled Anarchists were placed side by side with injured officers. The floors literally ran with blood dripping and flowing from the lacerated bodies of the victims of the riot. The air was filled with moans from the dying and groans of anguish from the wounded. As the news had spread throughout the city of the terrible slaughter, wives, daughters, relatives and friends of officers as well as of Anarchists, who had failed to report at home or to send tidings of their whereabouts, hastened to the station and sought admission. Being refused, these set up wailing and lamentations about the doors of the station, and the doleful sounds made the situation all the more sorrowful within.

Everything in the power of man was done to alleviate the suffering and to make the patients as comfortable as possible. Drs. Murphy, Lee and Henrotin, department physicians, were energetically at work, and, with every appliance possible, administered comparative relief and ease from the excruciating pains of the suffering. The more seriously wounded, when possible, were taken to the Cook County Hospital. Throughout the night following the riot, the early morning and the day succeeding, the utmost care was given the patients, and throughout the city for days and weeks the one inquiry, the one great sympathy, was with reference to the wounded officers and their condition. The whole heart of the city was centered in their recovery. Everywhere the living as well as the dead heroes were accorded the highest praise. The culprits who had sought to subvert law and order in murder and pillage were execrated on all hands. For days and weeks, the city never for a moment relaxed its interest. From the time the men had been brought into the station, it was long a question as to how many would succumb to their wounds. Care and attention without ceasing served to rescue many from an untimely grave ; but even those who were finally restored to their families and friends, crippled and maimed as they were, hovered between life and death on a very slender thread through many a restless night and weary day and through long weeks and

agonizing months. The devotion of friends and the skill of physicians nerved the men to strength and patience. That only eight should have died out of so great a number as were mangled, lacerated and shattered by the powerful bomb and pierced by bullets, attests the merits of the treatment.

The only one who was almost instantly killed was Officer Mathias J. Degan. The following list will serve to show the names of the officers killed and wounded, the stations they belonged to, their residences, the nature of their wounds, their condition and other circumstances:

MATHIAS J. DEGAN — Third Precinct, West Lake Street Station; residence, No. 626 South Canal Street. Almost instantly killed. He was born October 29, 1851, and joined the police force December 15, 1884. He was a widower, having lost his wife just before joining the force, and left a young son. He was a brave officer, efficient in all his duties, and highly esteemed.

MICHAEL SHEEHAN—Third Precinct; residence, No. 163 Barber Street. Wounded in the back just below the ninth rib. The bullet lay in the abdomen, and, after its removal by the surgeon, he collapsed and died on the 9th of May. He was twenty-nine years of age, born in Ireland, and came to America in 1879. He joined the force December 15, 1884, and had only one relative in America, a brother, his parents still living in the old country. He was a very bright, prompt and efficient officer, and had excellent prospects before him. He was unmarried.

GEORGE MULLER—Third Precinct; residence, No. 836 West Madison Street; was shot in the left side, the bullet passing down through the body and lodging on the right side above the hip bone. He suffered more than any of the others and was in terrible agony. He would not consent to an operation, and finally his right lung collapsed, making his breathing very difficult. He expired on the 6th of May. He was twenty-eight years of age. Born in Oswego, N. Y., where his parents lived, and to which place his remains were sent. Muller, on coming to Chicago, began as a teamster, and became connected with the Police Department December 15, 1884, being assigned for duty at the Desplaines Street Station. He was a finely built, muscular young man, and became quite a favorite with his associates because of his quiet habits and genial manners. At the time of his death he was engaged to Miss Mary McAvoy.

JOHN J. BARRETT—Third Precinct; residence, No. 99 East Erie Street; was shot in the liver, from which a piece of shell was removed, and he had a bad fracture of the elbow. The heel bone of one leg was carried away. With so many serious wounds, he lay in the hospital almost unconscious until the day of his death, May 6. He was born in Waukegan, Ill., in 1860, and came to Chicago with his parents when only four years of age. Here he attended the public schools, and then learned the molder's trade, which he abandoned on January 15, 1885, to join the police force, being assigned to duty at the Desplaines Street Station. He was a brave and efficient officer and always ready to do his part in any emergency. He had been married only a few months preceding his death, and left a wife, a widowed mother, three sisters and a younger brother.

THOMAS REDDEN—Third Precinct; residence, No. 109 Walnut Street; received a bad fracture of the left leg three inches below the knee, from which a large portion of the bone was entirely carried away. He also had bullet wounds in the left cheek and right elbow, and some wounds in the back. Pieces of shell were found in the leg and elbow. He died May 16. He was fifty years of age, and had been connected with the police force for twelve years, joining it on April 1, 1874. He was attached to the West Lake Street Station, and was looked upon as an exemplary and trusted officer. He left a wife and two young children.

TIMOTHY FLAVIN—Fourth Precinct; residence, No. 504 North Ashland Avenue; was struck with a piece of shell four inches above the ankle joint, tearing away a portion of the large bone and fracturing the small bone. He also had two wounds just below the shoulder joint in the right arm, caused by a shell, and there were two shell wounds in the back, one passing into the abdomen and the other into the lung. His leg was amputated above the knee, the second day after the explosion, and he had besides a large piece torn out of his right hip. He died on May 8. He was born in Listowel, Ireland, and came to America in 1880 with a young wife, whom he had married on the day of his departure. He had worked as a teamster, and joined the police force on December 15, 1884, being assigned to duty at the Rawson Street Station. He left a wife and three small children.

NELS HANSEN—Fourth Precinct; residence, No. 28 Fowler Street; received shell wounds in body, arms and legs, and one of his limbs had to be amputated. He lost considerable



THE DESPLAINES STREET STATION.
From a Photograph.

blood, but lingered along in intense agony until May 14, when he died. He was a native of Sweden, having came to Chicago a great number of years ago, joining the force December 15, 1884, and was about fifty years of age. He left a wife and two children.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, of the Third Precinct, was the last to die from the effects of the Haymarket riot; this brave officer lingered until June 13, 1888. He resided at No. 123 Hickory Street, and was a widower, four children mourning his loss. The illness from which he died was the direct result of a bullet wound just above the left knee.

The following is a list of the wounded officers belonging to the Third Precinct:

August C. Keller; residence, No. 36 Greenwich Street; shell wound in right side and ball wound in left side; wife and five children.

Thomas McHenry; residence, 376 W. Polk Street; shell wound in left knee and three shell wounds in left hip; single; had a sister and blind mother to support.

John E. Doyle, 142½ W. Jackson Street; bullet wounds in back and calf of each leg; serious; wife and one child.

John A. King, 1411 Wabash Avenue; jawbone fractured by shell and two bullet wounds in right leg below the knee; serious; single.

Nicholas Shannon, Jr., No. 24 Miller Street; thirteen shell wounds on right side and five shell wounds on left side; serious; wife and three children.

James Conway, No. 185 Morgan Street; bullet wound in right leg; single.

Patrick Hartford, No. 228 Noble Street; shell wound in right ankle, two toes on left foot amputated, bullet wound in left side; wife and four children.

Patrick Nash, Desplaines Street Station; bruises on left shoulder, inflicted by a stick; single.

Arthur Connolly, No. 318 West Huron Street; two shell wounds in left leg; bone slightly fractured; wife.

Louis Johnson, No. 40 West Erie Street; shell wound in left leg; wife and four children.

M. M. Cardin, No. 18 North Peoria Street; bullet wound in calf of each leg; wife and two children.

Adam Barber, No. 321 West Jackson Street; shell wound left leg, bullet wound in right breast; bullet not extracted; wife and one child.

Henry F. Smith, bullet wound in right shoulder; quite serious, wife and two children in California.

Frank Tyrell, No. 228 Lincoln Street; bullet in right hip near spine; wife and two children; wife sick in County Hospital at the time of the riot.

James A. Brady, No. 146 West Van Buren Street; shell wound in left leg, slight injury to toes of left foot and shell wound in left thigh; single.

John Reed, No. 237 South Halsted Street; shell wound in left leg and bullet wound in right knee; bullet not removed; single.

Patrick McLaughlin, No. 965 Thirty-seventh Court; bruised on right side, leg and hip, injuries slight; wife and two children.

Frank Murphy, No. 980 Walnut Street; trampled on, three ribs broken; wife and three children.

Lawrence Murphy, No. 317½ Fulton Street; shell wounds on left side of neck and left knee, part of left foot amputated; wife.

Michael Madden, No. 119 South Green Street; shot in left lung on May 5th, after which he shot and killed his Anarchist assailant; wife and seven children.

The following belonged to the West Lake Street Station of the Third Precinct:

Lieut. James P. Stanton, residence No. 584 Carroll Avenue; shell wound in right side, bullet wound in right hip, bullet wound in calf of leg; wife and three children.

Thomas Brophy, No. 25 Nixon Street; slight injury to left leg; reported for duty; wife.

Bernard Murphy, No 325 East Twenty-second Street; bullet wound in left thigh, shell wound on right side of head and chin; not dangerous; wife.

Charles H. Fink, No. 154 South Sangamon Street; three shell wounds in left leg and two wounds in right leg; not dangerous; wife.

Joseph Norman, No. 612 Walnut Street; bullet passed through right foot and slight injury to finger on left hand; wife and two children.

Peter Butterly, No. 436 West Twelfth Street; bullet wound in right arm and small wound on each leg near knee; wife and one child.

Alexander Jamison, No. 129 Gurley Street; bullet wound in left leg; serious; wife and seven children.

Michael Horan, bullet wound in left thigh, not removed; slight shell wound on left arm; single.

Thomas Hennessy, No. 287 Fulton Street; shell wound on left thigh, slight; has mother, who is crippled, and two sisters to support.

William Burns, No. 602 West Van Buren Street; slight shell wound on left ankle; single.

James Plunkett, No. 15½ Depuyster Street; struck with club aud trampled upon; wife.

Charles W. Whitney, No. 453 South Robey Street; shell wound in left breast; shell not removed; single.

Jacob Hansen, No. 137 North Morgan Street; right leg amputated over the knee, three shell wounds in left leg; wife and one child.

Martin Cullen, No. 236 Washtenaw Avenue; right collar bone fractured and slight injury to left knee; wife and five children.

Simon Klidzis, No. 158 Carroll Street; shot in calf of left leg; serious; wife and three children.

Julius L. Simonson, No. 241 West Huron Street; shot in arm near shoulder; very serious; wife and two children.

John K. McMahon, No. 118 North Green Street; shell wound in calf of left leg, shell not found; ball wound left leg near knee, very serious; wife and two children.

Simon McMahon, No. 913 North Ashland Avenue; shot in right arm and two wounds in right leg; wife and five children.

Edward W. Ruel, No. 136 North Peoria Street; shot in right ankle, bullet not removed; serious; single.

Alexander Halvorson, No. 850 North Oakley Avenue; shot in both legs, ball not extracted; single.

Carl E. Johnson, No. 339 West Erie Street; shot in left elbow; wife and two children.

Peter McCormick, No. 473 West Erie Street; slight shot wound in left arm; wife.

Christopher Gaynor, No. 45 Fay Street; slight bruise on left arm; wife

The following belonged to the Fourth Precinct:

S. J. Wernecke, No. 73 West Division Street; shot in left side of head, ball not found; serious; wife and two children.

Patrick McNulty, No. 691 North Leavitt Street; shot in right leg and both hips; dangerous; wife and three children.

Samuel Hilgo, No. 452 Milwaukee Avenue; shot in right leg; not serious; single

Herman Krueger, No. 184 Ramsey Street; shot in right knee; not serious; wife and two children.

Joseph A. Gilso, No. 8 Emma Street; slightly injured in back and leg; not serious; wife and six children.

Edward Barrell, No. 297 West Ohio Street; shot in right leg; quite serious; wife and six children.

Freeman Steele, No. 30 Rice Street; slightly wounded in back; not serious; single.

James P. Johnson, No. 740 Dixon Street; right knee sprained; not serious; wife and three children.

Benjamin F. Snell, No. 138 Mozart Street; shot in right leg; not serious; single.

The following belonged to the Central Detail:

James H. Wilson, No. 810 Austin Avenue; seriously injured in abdomen by shell; wife and five children.

Daniel Hogan, No. 526 Austin Avenue; shot in calf of right leg and hand; very serious; wife and daughter.

M. O'Brien, No. 495 Fifth Avenue; shell wound in left thigh; very serious; wife and two children.

Fred A. Andrew, No. 1018 North Halsted Street; wounded in leg, not serious; wife.

Jacob Ebinger, No. 235 Thirty-seventh Street; shell wound in back of left hand; not serious; wife and three children.

John J. Kelley, No. 194 Sheffield Avenue; shell wound on left hand; not serious; wife and three children.

Patrick Lavin, No. 42 Sholto Street; finger hurt by shell; married.



THE HAYMARKET MARTYRS.

1. John J. Barrett. 2. Michael Sheehan. 3. Timothy Flavin. 4. Timothy Sullivan. 5. Thomas Redden. 6. Mathias J. Degan. 7. Nels Hansen. 8. George Muller.

Officer Terrehll had a shell wound in the right thigh.

Patrick Hartford had an opening in the ankle joint. The shell was removed. A portion of his left foot, with the toes, was carried away.

Arthur Conelly had a compound fracture of the tibia. The shell struck him about two inches below the knee, tore away a piece of bone of the fibula, perforated the tibia and

lodged about the middle of the large bone of the leg, a short distance below the knee. A piece of shell was removed.

Lawrence Murphy had fifteen shell wounds, one in the neck, three or four in the arms, and one in his left foot; the last, weighing almost an ounce and a half, lodged at the base of the great toe and left his foot hanging by a piece of skin. The foot had to be amputated about two inches farther back. He had a piece two inches square taken out of the anterior surface of his leg. He had two perforating wounds in the left thigh and a number in the right.

Edward Barrett had two shell wounds in the neighborhood of the knee joint, turning out large pieces of flesh and leaving ragged wounds on the surface.

J. H. King was struck in the chin by a piece of shell which went through his upper lip; another piece carried away about an inch of his lower jaw-bone.

J. H. Grady had severe flesh wounds, both in the thigh and legs. Some pieces of shell were taken out of them.

John Doyle had several wounds about the legs, in the neighborhood of the knee joint.

The list shows the character of the wounds and the condition of the officers just after the eventful night. Some of those who died lingered along for some time after, but the name of Timothy Sullivan was the last to add to the death-list. Some of the sixty-eight wounded men have since returned to active duty, but many are maimed for life and incapacitated for work.

It is impossible to say how many of the Anarchists were killed or wounded. As soon as they were in a condition to be moved, those in the Desplaines Street Station were turned over to their relatives and friends. The Anarchists have never attempted to give a correct list, or even an approximate estimate, of the men wounded or killed on their side. The number, however, was largely in excess of that on the side of the police. After the moment's bewilderment, the officers dashed on the enemy and fired round after round. Being good marksmen, they fired to kill, and many revolutionists must have gone home, either assisted by comrades or unassisted, with wounds that resulted fatally or maimed them for life. Some of those in the station had dangerous wounds, and they were for the most part men who had become separated, in the confusion, from their companions, or trampled upon so that they could not get up and limp to a safe place. It is known that many secret funerals were held from Anarchist localities in the dead hour of night. For many months previous to the Haymarket explosion the Anarchists had descanted loudly on the destructive potency of dynamite. One bomb, they maintained, was equivalent to a regiment of militia. A little dynamite, properly put up, could be carried in a vest pocket and used to destroy a large body of police. They probably reasoned that if it was known that many more of their number had fallen than on the side of the police, it would not only tend to diminish the faith of their adherents in the real virtues of dynamite, but would prove that the police were more than able to cope with the Social Revolution, even though the revolutionists depended on that powerful agency. The public is not, therefore, likely ever to know how many of their number suffered.

CHAPTER X.

The Core of the Conspiracy — Search of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office — The Captured Manuscript — Jealousies in the Police Department — The Case Threatened with Failure — Stupidity at the Central Office — Fischer Brought In — Rotten Detective Work — The Arrest of Spies — His Egregious Vanity — An Anarchist "Ladies' Man" — Wine Suppers with the Actresses — Nina Van Zandt's Antecedents — Her Romantic Connection with the Case — Fashionable Toilets — Did Spies Really Love Her? — His Curious Conduct — The Proxy Marriage — The End of the Romance — The Other Conspirators — Mrs. Parsons' Origin — The Bomb-Thrower in Custody — The Assassin Kicked Out of the Chief's Office — Schnaubelt and the Detectives — Suspicious Conduct at Headquarters — Schnaubelt Ordered to Keep Away From the City Hall — An Amazing Incident — A Friendly Tip to a Murderer — My Impressions of the Schnaubelt Episode — Balthasar Rau and Mr. Furthmann — Phantom Shackles in a Pullman — Experiments with Dynamite — An Explosive Dangerous to Friend and Foe — Testing the Bombs — Fielden and the Chief.

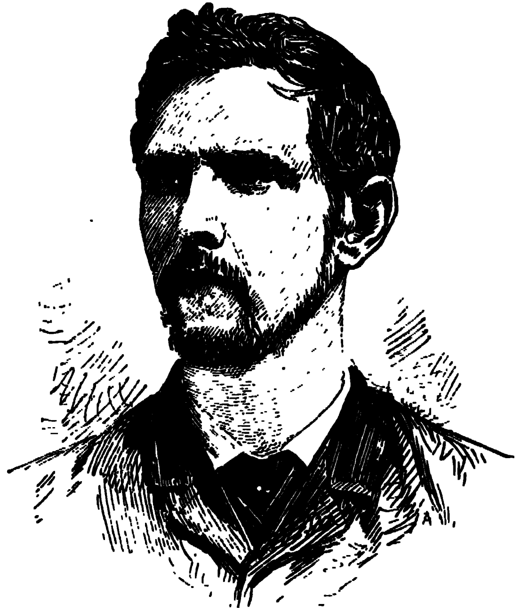
IT was not difficult to locate the moral responsibility for the bold and bloody attack on law and authority. The seditious utterances of such men as Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Schwab and other leaders at public gatherings for weeks and months preceding the eight-hour strike, and the defiant declarations of such papers as the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and the *Alarm*, clearly pointed to the sources from which came the inspiration for the crowning crime of Anarchy. It was likewise a strongly settled conviction that the thrower of the bomb was not simply a Guiteau-like crank, but that there must have been a deliberate, organized conspiracy, of which he was a duly constituted agent. In the work, therefore, of getting at the inside facts, the points sought were: What was the exact nature of that conspiracy, and who constituted the chief conspirators? The possession of every detail in connection with these two points was absolutely necessary in order to fix the criminal responsibility, and to the solution of this problem the officers bent all their energies.

The detectives were well aware that the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been the headquarters for the central, controlling body of the Anarchist organizations in Chicago, and on the morning following the explosion Inspector Bonfield determined to raid the establishment and bring in such of the leaders as might be found there. Several detectives were assigned to this duty, and they soon returned, having under arrest August Spies, his brother Chris, Michael Schwab and Adolph Fischer. These were locked up at the Central Station. Shortly thereafter fifteen or sixteen compositors of the paper were arrested and brought to the same place. They were a meek-looking set, and were visibly moved with fear.

Immediately after 12 o'clock, State's Attorney Grinnell, Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, Lieut. Joseph Kipley, Lieut. John D. Shea, Detect-

ives James Bonfield, Slayton, Baer, Palmer, Thehorn and several other officers repaired to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building and made a most thorough search of every room in the premises. A lot of manuscript was found on hooks attached to the printers' cases, and this was carefully wrapped up and taken away. The files of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm* were also piled into a wagon and carted to the Central Station.

Subsequent investigation by Mr. Furthmann of all the scraps of paper brought over by the police revealed Spies' manuscript with the signal word "Ruhe," the manuscript of the "Revenge Circular," issued on the afternoon of May 4, the manuscript for the "Y, come Monday night" notice, Spies' copy of the article headed "Blood," published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of May 4, and a number of other documents damaging in their character. This discovery was regarded as highly important, and in the trial it proved extremely serviceable to the State. It likewise served, as will be shown, in furnishing a point by which, when I came to take up the case, I was enabled to finally lay bare the whole conspiracy from its inception to its conclusion.



ADOLPH FISCHER.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

With the clues obtained from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, the officers were enabled to put some pointed questions to the prisoners, but they failed to properly utilize even the meager information they had managed to extract. At this time the Police Department, from the Chief to the detective branch, was rent with rivalries, dissensions and jealousies, and it did not require much frowning or many innuendoes from the one to destroy in the other any special interest in pursuing a clue to its legitimate results. At the start all the officers were on a keen scent, and while outwardly all seemed working like Trojans in order to meet public expectations, which was keyed up to its highest pitch, not alone in Chicago but throughout the country, still the fear that one might get the credit for the work done by another operated to destroy discipline and deaden personal enthusiasm. Outside events alone prevented a complete failure in the prosecution.

The arrested Anarchists, however, knew nothing of these dissensions.

All they knew was that public indignation was strong against them, and they realized that they were in a very embarrassing situation.

FISCHER seemed to feel his position at the station more keenly than the others. On his arrest he was found to have in his possession a 44-caliber revolver, a file sharpened so as to make it serviceable as a dagger, and a detonation cap, and, as he was the foreman of the compositors in the office, his trepidation may have been caused by a suspicion that possibly the officers took him to be the leader of an armed gang among them. Before the raid



THE FISCHER FAMILY. From a Photograph.

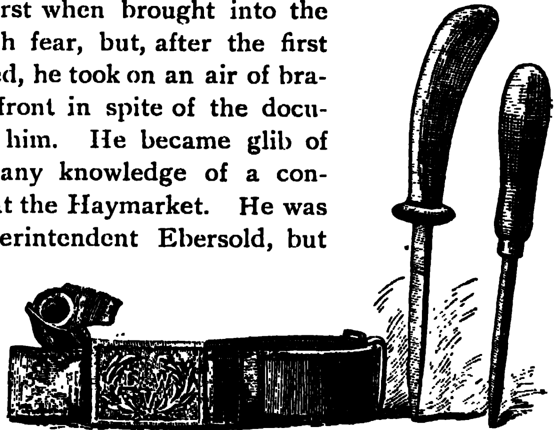
on the office it appears that he had endeavored to hide these weapons, but he had been unable to unload himself, as the others in the office would not consent to concealment in their vicinity, lest discovery in the event of an investigation might criminate them in the conspiracy. Fischer was on his way down stairs to find a hiding-place for his weapons at the very moment when he was overtaken by the police and relieved of all further trouble. The dagger was a peculiar instrument, and it was the general opinion of those who examined it that it had been dipped in some deadly poison from

which, through a slight scratch or through a deep plunge of the weapon, death would be speedy.

Fischer always seemed thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means to be used to bring about the death of capitalists, and he never tired of uttering dire threats against the foes of Socialism. He was a tall, lithe and muscular-looking man, and, with a resolute purpose, he impressed his comrades as one who would not easily be balked. It is difficult to determine just how Fischer came to imbibe his bloodthirsty principles, as little is known of his antecedents. At the time of his arrest he was twenty-seven years old and married. He had been in the United States thirteen or fourteen years. He had learned the printer's trade in Nashville, Tenn., working for a brother who conducted there a German paper. Subsequently he acquired an interest in a German publication at Little Rock, Ark., and in 1881 he moved to St. Louis, where he worked at the case and where he became known for his extreme ideas on Socialism. He soon found his way to Chicago, where he felt satisfied he would find more congenial spirits in the work upon which he had set his heart. Here he became associated with Engel and Fehling in the publication of a German paper, the *Anarchist*, but as this did not live long, he became a compositor on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Wherever he was, he always talked Anarchy and showed a most implacable hatred of existing society.

When brought to the station, Fischer weakened perceptibly, but afterwards braced up and yielded no information except as to his whereabouts for several days prior to the Haymarket meeting. He had no love for the police, and he did everything in his power to trip us up in our subsequent investigations. From the moment of his arrest to the day of his execution he adopted a most secretive policy.

SPIES also weakened at first when brought into the station, almost trembling with fear, but, after the first flush of excitement had passed, he took on an air of bravado, and exhibited a bold front in spite of the documentary disclosures against him. He became glib of tongue, but stoutly denied any knowledge of a conspiracy to precipitate a riot at the Haymarket. He was savagely denounced by Superintendent Ebersold, but he stood his ground and resolved to act the part of the innocent victim. His active participation in all large demonstrations, notably those at the McCormick factory and the Haymarket, made him a splendid mark



FISCHER'S BELT AND POISONED DAGGERS.
From a Photograph.

for critical examination, but every effort to extract definite information proved futile.

Spies was a young man of considerable ability, having enjoyed more than a common school education in Germany, and in all his talks he demonstrated that he had been a diligent reader of history and an enthusiastic student of Socialism and Anarchy. With all his reading, however, it was apparent that he had not carefully digested his information. He always acted as if self-conscious of great knowledge. He was a strong and effective speaker, but in all his harangues there seemed to be lacking the element of sincerity. For a long time some of his associates doubted if he really meant what he said, and there are Anarchists to-day who do not believe that he was at any time really in earnest in his public utterances. They think that he exerted himself simply for the purpose of being looked upon as a popular leader and hero, and that he worked for the cause only as a means of obtaining an easy living. He was exceedingly vain and pompous, and courted public notoriety.



AUGUST SPIES.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

Spies had received a very good salary as editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and enjoyed nothing better than to write a fiery editorial or deliver an incendiary speech. It all served to rivet attention on himself. The more attention, the more it pleased his vanity. His constant desire was to place himself on dress parade, so to speak, and he generally sought out, when he lunched down town at noon, some fashionable or crowded restaurant. He would strut to a table which could only be reached by passing other crowded tables, and enjoy the *sotto voce* remarks as he passed or as he sat at the table he had selected—"There is Spies, the noted Anarchist." No common Anarchist, lager-beer-and-pretzel lunch-houses suited him.

It was at a large restaurant, on the 3d of May, at noon, that he met a well-known attorney, to whom he was introduced and with whom he had some conversation of a joking, bantering nature. The attorney testified before the grand jury subsequently as to this conversation, and the sub-

stance of it will be found in the chapter devoted to a review of its proceedings. But it transpires that there was some further conversation that does not appear in the report of the grand jury investigation, but which has since been brought out through the recollection of another party, and, which, while it was given in an off-hand way, fully showed that Spies desired to make a great impression on the mind of his casual acquaintance as well as to intimate the existence of some secret understanding for bringing on bloodshed. On that occasion Spies, after being assured that the attorney was not an Anarchist, remarked:

"You had better be one, for in less than twenty-four hours a Socialist, well armed, with a market on his shoulder, will appear out of every door, and whoever has not got the sign or pass-word will be shot down in his tracks. I am about going out now to McCormick's factory, west of here, for the purpose of addressing a multitude ol workingmen, and I will raise h——l before I get through."

Besides his fancy for popular restaurants, there was another peculiarity about Spies. He frequently attended the German theaters, ostensibly for the recreation he might find in the plays, but the principal motive was the cultivation of the actresses' acquaintance. Introductions, which he sought eagerly, were followed by invitations to wine suppers. He was good company, and his lady acquaintances were not averse to accepting his invitations even though he was an Anarchist. Possibly they doubted the sincerity of his convictions—although they entertained no question about the reality of his cash. None of them, however, seem to have visited him during his incarceration, save one, a tall woman who now lives on Wells Street near Chicago Avenue.

During his troubles Spies made the acquaintance of a woman in another station of life. It was during his trial that Miss Nina Van Zandt became interested in him and espoused his cause. She had read of his case, and there seemed to be a charm about his conduct as described in the newspapers that prompted her to seek his acquaintance. She was a young girl of rare beauty and considerable mental endowment, and she had moved in the best society, but, notwithstanding her social position and culture, she sought an introduction and soon fell desperately in love with the Anarchist. She was an only child and the petted daughter of parents of high social connections, and her immediate relatives were wealthy people in Pittsburg. Her parents threw no obstacles in the way of her attachment, and she espoused Spies' cause with her whole impetuous nature, and cast her lot with the conspirator and his rabble of low-browed followers. It may have been love, but it was love which could only have been the product of a disordered mind.

During the later stages of Spies' trial she was a constant visitor at the County Jail, frequently accompanied by her mother and sometimes by her

father, and on each occasion she would bring him some delicacy or token of her esteem. Rare flowers and bouquets she either brought or sent daily, and the affection she evinced seemed a growth of months instead of days. She had great confidence in the jury and implicitly believed that acquittal would result at their hands. Her presence invariably graced the court-room, whenever possible, and the defendants themselves could not have been more eager listeners to the proceedings. When her love for Spies became publicly known, she attracted great attention, but her demeanor would have led one to believe that she was entirely unconscious of the notoriety she had achieved. This was not the case. It rather pleased her, and, to still further intensify public attention and curiosity, she made it a point to display a most varied wardrobe during the progress of the trial. At the forenoon session she would appear in court with one fashionable outfit, and this she would change for an equally stunning attire in the afternoon. She had a striking figure, was stately in appearance, dignified in manner, and with a fine, handsome face, it was no wonder that she became an object of marked attention, in the Court-house as well as upon the streets.



MISS NINA VAN ZANDT.
From a Photograph.

But withal she never lost sight of her lover nor of the court proceedings. Spies was in her mind constantly, and every movement in the trial excited her closest attention. It was indeed a strange infatuation she displayed for the Anarchist, and it was the more strange since Spies seemed indifferent to her attentions. The public gradually began to learn of this state of affairs through rumors and newspaper reports, but the general opinion was that, if such was the case, Spies had accepted her attentions simply as a matter either of expediency or from an innate desire for notoriety on his part. The public was right. Spies was playing for points, as billiardists would say. To be sure, he received her kindly and very courteously, and indulged in the expressions which lovers are wont to exchange, but those who watched him closely and long could never discover that his love came from the heart. He simply saw in her devotion and in her standing in society a possible chance for favor-

ably influencing the minds of the jury, and thus, through her, he hoped to secure a release from the troubles surrounding him. When this failed and death stared him in the face, he still figured that she could prove serviceable to him in influencing her wealthy relatives to aid him financially in further conducting his case, or help him in some manner in effecting a change in public sentiment. Such were undoubtedly his motives — at least close observers of his actions hold that theory. When, later on, things did not move exactly in the line he had hoped for, he willingly assented to a marriage, and entered into the arrangements for its celebration with apparent eagerness.

This course, Spies no doubt supposed, would demonstrate to the unfeeling world that there existed a devout mutual attachment, and his claims for interested consideration at the hands of her relatives would become greatly strengthened. But it only proved his desperate situation. His love had been questioned by the public, and marriage was calculated to settle the doubt. The public did not take kindly to the proposed ceremony. The moment the newspapers had announced such a contemplated step, the utmost indignation was aroused, and protest upon protest poured in upon Sheriff Matson. Mr. Matson promptly declared that no marriage should take place between the two while Spies was in his custody, and thereafter Miss Van Zandt was placed under the strictest surveillance whenever she visited her affianced.



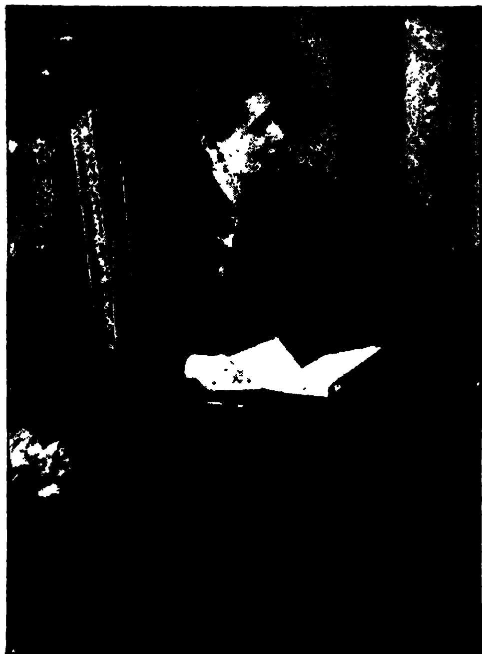
CHRIS SPIES.
From a Photograph taken by the Police

But all this unexpected interference in what he regarded as his own business only tended to make Spies desperate, and, spurred on by his outside Anarchist friends, who had likewise become indignant over a public intermeddling in a love affair, he dropped his diplomacy and resolved that the wishes of his ardent lady love should not be baffled either by officials or by the public. Miss Nina in her unreasoning infatuation readily acquiesced in the suggestion of a proxy marriage, and Justice Engelhardt was consulted. This gentleman claimed that under the statutes such a marriage would be valid, and he consented to a performance of the ceremony. Accordingly, on the 29th of January, 1887, a proxy marriage was performed between Miss Nina and Chris Spies, a brother of the doomed man. The attorneys of Chicago regarded the ceremony as illegal, but the Anarchists considered it as binding as if directly contracted.

Miss Nina continued her visits to the jail after this mock proceeding, but lynx-eyed officials saw to it that there was no one present during her

interviews with Spies to secretly and legally splice them together. She was devoted to him at all times and all the time, and whenever she was not well enough to visit him for some days or was kept away by other circumstances, she would write him tender missives of love and encouragement. She clung to him to the last, and in their final interview, two days preceding his execution, she wept most bitterly.

Her love was remarkable, but throughout it all Spies proved himself wholly unworthy. He was a reprobate cunningly playing upon her feelings, caring very little for her, and he must have known that her station in life at that time made her an unsuitable companion. For him, however, she renounced friends and all. After his death she went into deep mourning, hung a cabinet photograph of him in the parlor window of her father's fashionable residence on Huron Street, and locked herself in against the outer world for a number of days. She still cherishes Spies' memory and keeps in her parlor a marble bust of the executed Anarchist. Recently she has been extending her acquaintanceship among Anarchists outside of Chicago, and she has lately visited some of the most rabid and demonstrative Socialists at Ottawa, Illinois.



MISS GRETCHEN SPIES.
From a Photograph.

Spies was born in Friedewald, in the province of Hesse, Germany, in 1855. He came to America in 1872, and one year later arrived in Chicago, where he engaged in various occupations until he relieved Paul Grottkau as editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in 1876. His identification with Socialism began in Chicago in 1875. He was unmarried and supported his mother and a sister, Miss Gretchen Spies. He has two brothers in Chicago, Chris and Henry.

MICHAEL SCHWAB, when confronted by the officers, looked like an exclamation point, and had his long, bushy hairs been porcupine quills, each would have stood straight on end. He was bewildered, dumbfounded, and there was a distant, far-off expression in his eye. He realized that he was in trouble, and to the many questions put to him by the officers he stammered apologetic but non-committal answers. It was clearly to be seen that he

had been like clay in the potter's hand, a mere dupe of his associates. He was far less talented and less active than the other leaders, but still in his own way he had played quite a conspicuous part in the Anarchist drama. He had seen something of the world as a peripatetic book-binder. Through his varied experience, his nature had grown irritable and crusty, and Anarchy seemed the only thing suited to right the wrongs of mankind. He fell in with the ideas of the cranks in Chicago, and soon wormed himself into an assistant editorial position of $18 a week on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. In appearance Schwab was ungainly and ferocious, but when put to the test he was calm and mild as a lamb. The only thing really vicious about him was in his incendiary writings and speeches. He aimed with his limited capacity to be a great leader, but the moment he got into the clutches of the law and found himself in peril of his life he retracted everything which he had so persistently and stubbornly advocated. His new troubles brought out the fact that he had written and spoken simply for the money that was in the business, and not because he sincerely believed in the theories he preached. He was at all times a supple tool in the hands of Spies and Parsons, and during the remainder of his days in the penitentiary he will have ample opportunities to repent of his past misdeeds.

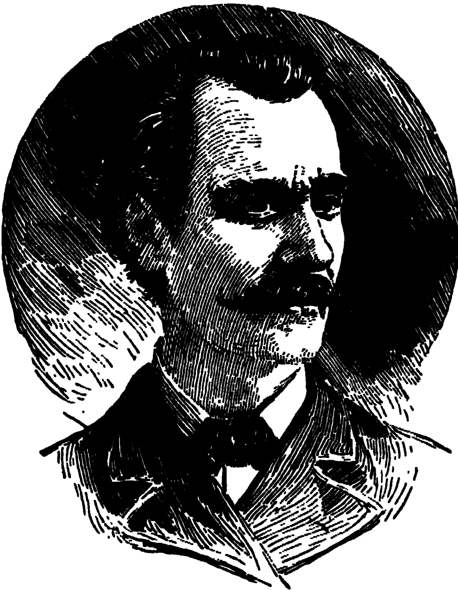


MICHAEL SCHWAB.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

Schwab was born in the village of Kibringen-on-the-Main, near Mannheim, in Bavaria, in 1853, and emigrated to the United States in 1879, reaching Chicago in the year following. He afterwards traveled from point to point in the West, roughed it a little, and three or four years later drifted back to Chicago. He is a brother of the notorious Anarchist of New York, Justus Schwab, and has a wife and two children, who are now being supported by friends.

ALBERT R. PARSONS was another leader wanted by the police, and the search for him was immediately instituted. Officers went to his house only to discover that he had escaped, and for some time it was believed that he was in hiding among his friends in the city. Every effort, however, to find him failed, and there were all sorts of speculations as to his where-

abouts. It was found out afterwards that he had become alarmed over the aspect of affairs resulting from the Haymarket meeting, and, thinking "discretion the better part of valor," he had gathered a few dollars together, boarded an outgoing train, and landed at Geneva, Ill., thoroughly disguised. He sought out the home of a friend named Holmes, who cherished Anarchist sentiments, and remained with him three or four days in concealment. With a dilapidated outfit, he concluded to shift his abiding-place, and accordingly he went to Elgin, Ill., where he was taken care of. From this point, in the course of a few days, he went to Waukesha, Wis., and there hunted around for work as a tramp carpenter. Waukesha is a great resort for Chicago people, but no one recognized him in his changed appearance. He succeeded in finding employment, and for some time worked as a carpenter, unknown and undetected. The labor proving too arduous for his undeveloped muscles and contrary to his principles as an Anarchist, he began to look out for easier work, and this he managed to secure as a painter. For seven weeks he remained at Waukesha, communicating with his wife under an assumed name and through a third party living out of Chicago.



ALBERT R. PARSONS.
From a Photograph.

When the trial opened, the counsel for the Anarchists were confident that the State had not sufficient evidence to convict, and upon assurances from Capt. Black that an acquittal was certain, Parsons decided to surrender himself to the authorities. He boarded a train, reached the city, and, securing a hack, drove to his home, on Milwaukee Avenue, where he met his wife. After remaining there for three or four hours, he got into a hack, in company with Mrs. Parsons, and drove down to the Criminal Court building. It was on the 21st of June, after Judge Gary had overruled a motion for separate trials, that Parsons reached the building. He alighted, tripped up the stairs, and entered the court-room. If a bomb had exploded on the outside, it would scarcely have created a greater surprise than the appearance of Parsons as he stalked in and took his seat with the prisoners.

Parsons was born in Montgomery, Ala., June 20, 1848, and after he had reached the age of five, his brother, Gen. W. H. Parsons, of the Confeder-

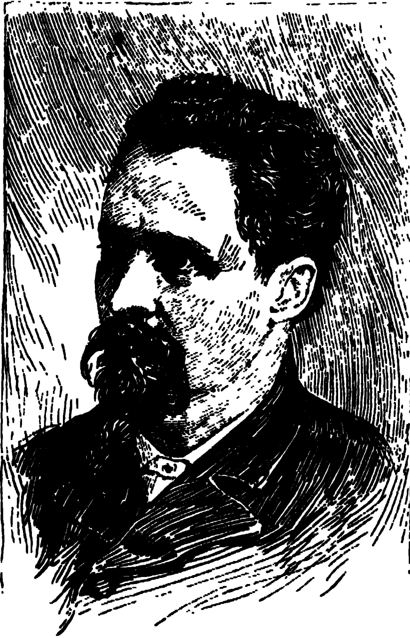
ate army, took his education in charge at the latter's home in Tyler, Texas. When young Parsons was eleven years of age, he learned the printer's trade, and finally drifted into the service of the Confederate army. After the "unpleasantness," he branched out as editor of a paper at Waco, Texas, and then connected himself with the Houston *Telegraph*. He identified himself about this time with the Republican party, and, taking an active part in politics, he became Secretary of the State Senate under the Federal Government. In 1872 he married a mulatto at Houston, and, being discarded by his brother and friends, he emigrated with her to Chicago in 1873. No sooner had he reached Chicago than he joined the Socialists. He worked for a time as a newspaper compositor, but his radical ideas and obtrusive arguments prevented him from holding any position permanently. He eventually became editor of the *Alarm* and depended on his Anarchist friends for a livelihood. He was always active at their meetings, both secret and public, and paraded himself as a labor agitator. He managed to become a member of the Knights of Labor, but that body as a whole, after seeing how extremely radical were his theories, repudiated him.



MRS. LUCY PARSONS.
From a Photograph.

When his troubles overtook him in connection with the trial, Parsons' brother came to his defense and took a keen interest in his case, working for him until the very last. Mrs. Parsons had early identified herself with her husband's views, and was one among several others to organize a women's branch of the Anarchists. She can make an effective address, and she always took a leading part in extending the membership of her union. On the question of her birth, she maintains that she is of Mexican extraction, with no negro blood in her veins, but her swarthy complexion and distinctively negro features do not bear out her assertions. Since her husband's execution she has appeared on the stump in various parts of the United States, and she is now even more violent than ever.

OSCAR W. NEEBE was fortunate in the failure of the prosecution to show his direct complicity in the Haymarket murder. There was no doubt as to his active participation in all the plots of the Anarchist leaders, and, had it not been for the loss of some important papers, he would now be serving a life sentence instead of a fifteen years' term in the penitentiary. He took an active part in stirring up the members of the Brewers' Union after the McCormick riot, and he contributed no little towards sending many of those members to the Haymarket meeting, ready for violence and desperate deeds. Immediately following the Haymarket slaughter, he was placed under arrest and taken to the Central Station at the City Hall. He was there questioned in a general way, but the near-sighted officials then in charge of that important department were unable to see any reason for his detention and permitted him to depart with his friend Schnaubelt, who had been gathered in about the same time. This led him to believe that he had friends at the Central Headquarters. His belief in his "influence" was somewhat shaken, however, when I ordered a search of his house on the 8th of May. The officers on that occasion found one Springfield rifle, one Colt's 38-caliber revolver, one sword and belt of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, a red flag, a transparency, a lot of circulars calling different meetings, including the one calling for "revenge," and several cards of Anarchist groups, and with all these and other evidence of his connection with the great conspiracy, I went before the grand jury and had him indicted for conspiracy to murder. On the 27th of May, about 6 o'clock, Deputy Sheriff Alexander Reed called at the Chicago Avenue Station and asked me for assistance to arrest Neebe under the indictment. I detailed Officer Whalen for this duty, and the two called at the man's house, No. 307 Sedgwick Street. The deputy sheriff informed Neebe that he was under arrest, and the officer explained the nature of the charge against him. They told him that they would be obliged to take him to the County Jail.



OSCAR W. NEEBE.
From a Photograph.

Neebe smiled when notified of the charge, and remarked in a most careless manner:

"Is that all? That's nothing. I will get out on bail right away."

But he did not; he had to linger for a long time.

Neebe was born in the State of New York, in 1850, of German parents, and since his location in Chicago he had succeeded in establishing a prosperous business in the sale of yeast to grocers and traders. He was ambitious to distinguish himself in other directions, however, and he chose Anarchy as a basis for building up a reputation as a leader among men. He achieved considerable notoriety, as he was active, energetic and pushing, and at the time of the Board of Trade demonstration he acted as chief marshal of the procession.

Neebe was in the habit of taking members of the North Side group to Sheffield, Ind., for the purpose of practicing and experimenting with dynamite bombs. It was on one of these experimenting excursions that he lost the joints of all the fingers of his right hand by a premature explosion. When questioned about it, he told all his friends and even his own family that he had lost his fingers in assisting a friend to lift a sharp building-stone on the South Side. His family physician was asked with reference to the matter, and, after some hesitation, finally stated that Neebe had admitted that he had lost his fingers through the explosion of a bomb. In the explanation Neebe gave to his friends he overlooked the fact that if a sharp building-stone had taken off his fingers it would not have taken his thumb, because that member of the hand is never in a position to be crushed when one lifts a heavy stone.

After his trial and conviction, Neebe's wife and little children often visited him at the jail, and Mrs. Neebe sought as well as she could to raise his drooping spirits. But she subsequently took sick, and after a short illness died. A most demonstrative funeral was arranged by the Anarchists. The hall in which the ceremonies were conducted was profusely decorated with flowers and emblems of mourning. Under most binding pledges on the part of the Anarchists, Sheriff Matson permitted Neebe, under proper official escort, to take a last look at the remains of his wife at the residence, and the scene was a most impressive one. Mrs. Neebe had been a firm believer in the doctrines advocated by her husband, but his friends claimed that the unexpected troubles of the family had precipitated sickness and brought on death. At one time it was thought that some serious disturbance might grow out of the demonstration, and that, with Neebe back at his home, an attempt at his rescue from the hands of the county officials might be made. But the police were present to see that order was maintained. The only thing bordering on disorder was the fiery speeches of the orators at the hall to which the remains were first taken, and from which an immense procession started to the place of burial.

The death of his wife was a severe blow to Neebe. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard. He was subsequently removed to the penitentiary, and possibly by the time his sentence expires he may be able to see life in a different light than through Anarchist spectacles.

RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT is indeed a fortunate man, and, wherever he is at present, he must be felicitating himself on his escape from a felon's death. On the morning of May 5, after all the help in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been arrested, Schnaubelt was gathered in and taken to the Central Station. He was suspected of complicity in the conspiracy, but there seemed to be so "little against the young man," that he was promptly released without the slightest pains being taken to inquire into his antecedents. Under the free and easy system then prevailing in the department, there seemed to be no idea that officers were employed for other purposes than simply drawing salaries. I looked carefully into the release of Schnaubelt, and the more I saw of it, the more I was convinced that the examination of this most important prisoner was the same kind of investigation as those one could have seen at some of the primaries three or four years ago, when, if a man happened to be of a certain political faith, he would be passed along with the remark, "He's all right," and permitted to vote. Schnaubelt was simply asked two or three questions and then allowed to go. The stupid detectives knew he was a close friend of Spies and Fielden, who were already locked up, and to prove that friendship now that they were in trouble, Schnaubelt frequently dropped in at the City Hall to inquire after them. He continued to hang around under the tolerance of the officials, and I have always believed that the only thing that saved him from being locked up was the fortunate circumstance that no one put a sign on his back reading that he was the bomb-thrower.



RUDOLPH SCHNAUBELT, THE BOMB-THROWER.
From a Photograph.

Officers Palmer and Cosgrove had managed to get a slight clue against this man, and they arrested him again on the 6th of May. They stated their

case to a Lieutenant, and by him the arrest was reported to his superior officer. What was the result? The Lieutenant did not care to be bothered with the case. The head of the department likewise did not care to be troubled. They accordingly saved themselves all further annoyance by telling Schnaubelt to go away. The prisoner, with singular stolidity, did not seem to care particularly, and had to be told again that he was at liberty to go where he pleased. It is a wonder that the officials did not offer him a cigar in acknowledgment of their kindly feelings. When Schnaubelt was released, Officer Palmer remonstrated with the Lieutenant, but he was told to let the man alone and not bring him there any more. That ended the matter with the officer. Several other detectives had meanwhile learned of Schnaubelt's close friendship with Spies and other Anarchists, but when they learned of the instructions Officers Palmer and Cosgrove had received they likewise dropped all investigations when they reached Schnaubelt. The man naturally felt pleased at such friendly favor and remained in the city until about the 13th of May.

It was on the 14th of May that I first received information about the part Schnaubelt had played in all the Anarchist meetings and that I learned something of his special intimacy with Fischer and Balthasar Raü.

"You get him," said my informant, "and I will tell you something interesting that will surprise everybody."

At this time the man was called Schnabel, and the information was that he was working in a store on the South Side. I at once sent Officers Whalen and Stift to hunt him up. While engaged in the search they met Officers Palmer and Cosgrove. Whalen explained their mission, and then Palmer asked:

"Are you not afraid to arrest him?"

Whalen wanted to know why there should be any fear in the case, and Palmer remarked:

"Well, you are running a chance of getting yourselves in trouble. We wanted to arrest Schnaubelt in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and we were not allowed to do so. We found him, Neebe, Fischer, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Schwab and Mrs. Holmes in the editor's room. We were told not to arrest him, that he was a 'big stiff,' and then and there Schnaubelt was told to get away from there or he would be kicked out. All the others were arrested, but he was let go. I was detailed to remain around the building. Schnaubelt came around there again afterwards, and I arrested him and took him to the Central Station. There the man was told to go and get out. On the next day he came around there again. I had in the meantime obtained a little information about him, and I arrested him and took him to the Central Station. I was again asked if I had not been told to let him alone and was curtly informed that I was altogether too officious. Schnaubelt was again released. I explained that he was a partner of Fischer, that he had the big revolver and dagger; but it was no use—he was permitted to leave."

Officer Whalen replied: "We work for a different man, and I would like to see Schnaubelt if he is in the city."

Officer Gosgrove remarked that he knew where the man was working, and the two officers proffered their services to pilot Whalen and Stift to the place. They went to No. 224 Washington Street, third floor, but on reaching there they learned that "the bird had flown." He had not even drawn the wages due him, having sent his sister after the money. It subsequently transpired that Schnaubelt was the very man who had thrown the bomb at the Haymarket, but he had "taken time by the forelock" and skipped for parts unknown. Possibly he had got tired of being kicked out of the office of the Chief of Police and left Chicago in disgust, or possibly his friends at the Central Station may have given him a "tip" to save himself from serious trouble.

Some two weeks thereafter I received information as to where Schnaubelt could be found.

I told Mr. Grinnell what I had learned, and he asked me to send a few men at once and get him. I informed Mr. Grinnell that I could not detail officers outside of the city limits without the consent of the Chief. Mr. Grinnell thought I had better do so anyway. I insisted that I must see the Chief first, and Mr. Grinnell remarked:

"If you do, that will be the end of that matter."

I went, however, to the Chief's office, and stated my business. I was there told that they would get the man. The Chief said that he would go out to California and thus head him off. I reported back to Mr. Grinnell the result of my interview, and he remarked:

"Well, that is just what I expected — jealousy, and that is all."

Schnaubelt thus had a good friend at the City Hall, and he cannot thank the officers there too much for having saved him the painful necessity of going down to death on the 11th of November, 1887, with the other conspirators.

Balthasar Rau was another man who did not tarry in Chicago. He had been a faithful lieutenant of Spies and had earned a living as solicitor for the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He took a keen interest in all of Spies' plans, and on Saturday afternoon preceding the day of the riot visited the vicinity of McCormick's factory to secure points about the strike for his friend's information. He reported that ten thousand striking lumber-shovers had met on that day and had appointed a committee to wait upon the lumber bosses to induce them to inaugurate the eight-hour system in the various yards. Rau had seen the gathering, and, as the committee appointed by it were to report to another meeting the following Monday, he knew that it would bring together just such a throng, if not a larger one than the previous assemblage. He so posted Spies, and in turn was advised by his friend to insert in the *Fackel* of Sunday, May 2, the notice "Y, come Monday night,"

which was the signal for the armed groups to meet that night at No. 54 West Lake Street. The bandits did meet, and matured the conspiracy which was carried out the following night at the Haymarket. On Monday Rau went with Spies to McCormick's factory, aided in inciting the people to a riot, and then accompanied his friend to the strikers' headquarters on Lake Street, where they informed the people that ten or twelve of their brother workmen had been brutally shot down by the "bloodhounds"—the police—that afternoon.

In consequence of his intimacy with Spies, Rau was at once—and the only one at first—suspected of being the thrower of the fatal bomb. He seemed to realize that he was under suspicion, for he speedily left the city after the explosion. Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann learned that he had fled to Omaha and promptly repaired to that city. By instructions, James Bonfield was to secure the necessary requisition papers for Rau's extradition from the State of Nebraska and was to follow Furthmann to Omaha. The Assistant State's Attorney found Rau willing to talk, and asked him to write as he had been dictated, to the text of the signal, "Y, come Monday night." Rau promptly discovered that Furthmann knew some of the inside facts in the conspiracy, and tremblingly asked what he could do to save his neck from the rope.



BALTHASAR RAU.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

He was informed that nothing short of "unconditional surrender" would help him out of his scrape, and that he must not keep back any information. He then unbosomed himself and told everything he knew.

While these things were taking place the leaders of the Anarchist group in Omaha were collecting money to take Rau away from Mr. Furthmann by *habeas corpus* proceedings. Rau had meanwhile been locked up in a cell where he could not easily be reached by his friends, and, as he did not like his surroundings, he was anxious to return to Chicago even without extradition papers. It was on a Monday before daylight that he agreed to go, and Mr. Furthmann promptly took him across the river to Council Bluffs, in the State of Iowa, to avoid litigation, as he had learned that the Omaha

judge was ready and willing to assist the Anarchists of that section in effecting Rau's release. At this time the extradition papers had not arrived. On taking up the trip to Chicago Rau became more communicative than ever and entered into details quite interestingly.

Some one in the parlor car which conveyed them to Chicago recognized Mr. Furthmann, and it was whispered around:

"There's Furthmann with the bomb-thrower!"

A flutter of excitement speedily developed, and soon a demand was made on Furthmann that unless he handcuffed Rau the passengers would object to his sitting in the parlor car, and they certainly would not allow Rau to sleep in the same car unless shackles were placed about his limbs. A great deal of parleying ensued. Finally Mr. Furthmann consented to appease the now thoroughly frightened passengers. Only one condition was imposed by Mr. Furthmann, and that was that the handcuffs and shackles should be furnished, as he had none in his possession. The implements were immediately telegraphed for, and were on hand when Cedar Rapids was reached. But the idea of handcuffing and shackling a man who was willingly returning without extradition papers was repulsive to Mr. Furthmann.

A novel thought flashed through the Assistant State's Attorney's mind. He informed Rau of everything that had transpired, and told him that he did not desire to shackle him in any way. But for the purpose of quieting the passengers he would rattle the iron bracelets around in good shape if Rau would give up his coat, vest, pantaloons, shirt, drawers, stockings and shoes and hat during the night. This was done, and the passengers, hearing the rattling of the chains at intervals during the night, rested in the sweet confidence that a violent outburst on the part of a wild Anarchist had been averted.

The prisoner was safely landed in Chicago, and not a handcuff or shackle had been placed about him. He was taken to the Chicago Avenue Station, and there put through an examination by State's Attorney Grinnell.

In the statement he made to Mr. Grinnell and myself Rau gave his age as thirty, his occupation as that of a printer, and his residence as No. 418 Larrabee Street.

"We had," he said, "an excursion to Sheffield, Indiana, and there were present August Spies, Schwab, Neebe, Engel and Schnaubelt. Those are the only ones I can now remember. Engel and Schnaubelt were the ones to set dynamite bombs for experiments."

"Why do you good people use dynamite bombs, and what do you intend to do with them?" asked Mr. Grinnell.

Rau hesitated, but finally replied: "The time we shot off the dynamite bombs at Sheffield, at the time of the explosion there were only a few of us

present. They were the parties whose names I have given and a man who came with Engel. We exploded only two bombs, and they were made of iron and were round."

"What is the meaning and for what purpose does that letter 'Y' appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung?*" asked Mr. Furthmann.

"The last time I saw it was on Sunday, May 2, 1886. The Sunday issue of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* is called the *Fackel.* Lorenz Hermann was requested to have the letter 'Y' inserted in the paper, and it was printed in the issue mentioned. He brought the notice to the office. We did not charge anything for notices brought in by the members of the armed section. And that letter 'Y' was intended to signify that there would be a meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, May 3, for the armed men. I was at Zepf's Hall at a meeting held Monday, May 3. I had with me a lot of 'Revenge' circulars, calling people to arms. I gave the circulars to the boys who were present at the meeting. It was after nine o'clock. One meeting had been called by the carpenters for that night. August Belz is the man who told me the meaning of the word. He asked me at Greif's Hall if I knew the meaning of the word 'Ruhe,' and if I knew what effect its publication would have. He then told me that they had agreed that the word 'Ruhe' should apply to a meeting at the Haymarket. If it appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung,* he said, then there would be trouble. The trouble would be fighting the police, storming buildings and throwing dynamite bombs. When I saw that word in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung,* I was working in the office of that paper. I remarked to August Spies that that would make trouble in the city, and his answer was that Fischer did it, meaning that Fischer was responsible for it. Spies, after I had told him what trouble it would make, got excited and called Schnaubelt. Spies asked him, 'How is this?' referring to the word 'Ruhe.' Schnaubelt replied, 'Well, they want to throw dynamite bombs.' He also said that if the police interfered, then there would be trouble at the Haymarket. He further said that the people stationed on the outskirts of the city, east, west, south and north, should be informed as to when the riot commenced and when their time had arrived for storming the city. When Fischer was asked about this word 'Ruhe' he was close-mouthed. He would not say anything to us. I heard Spies say in his office, 'If that word "Ruhe" is in the paper, there will be trouble, and I don't want that. That will break up our organization.' Spies said: 'I will print hand-bills to stop the meeting at the Haymarket May 4.' He said he would attend to that himself. I said that we had better put up signs on the corners to notify the people that there would be no meeting at the Haymarket that night. Spies said that if there was a meeting, then there would be trouble. Schnaubelt was to go to the North Side that afternoon, May 4, and tell the people that there would be no meeting at the Haymarket that night. On May 4, in the evening, some one called at the office and

wanted Spies to speak at the meeting at Deering Station; but he could not be found, and consequently we sent Schwab. Afterwards I went over to the West Side meeting at the Haymarket. I saw Spies standing on a wagon, making a speech to the people present. When he saw me he called me and asked me to go and find Parsons. Spies said, 'I want help here, and he must help me out.' I went to look for Parsons, and I found him. Parsons and Fielden were together. I told them what Spies had said and I asked them to go and help him. They did go — I went along. We got there speedily. I asked Fischer for an explanation as to the publication in our paper of the notice calling the people to arms, but he would give me no satisfaction."

"Why did you not give me this statement first when I asked you for this information?" asked Mr. Grinnell.

"Because I was afraid it would hurt myself, or it might convict me. That is the reason why I did not tell you at first. I saw dynamite in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building. I saw dynamite lying on a shelf in the back room from the office. I know George Engel and Fehling. They printed the *Anarchist*. It was a small paper. They only published six numbers."

EDMUND DEUSS was also sought for with some interest. He had been city editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* under Spies. The first week after the bomb had been thrown the authorities at police headquarters were informed that Paul Grottkau and Deuss, both ex-employés of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, were then living in Milwaukee. Mr. Furthmann thought some points might be gathered from them, and accordingly went to that city. He found them both. Grottkau, who has since tasted the bitterness of prison life for his preachments of violence in the "Cream City," expressed himself as pleased that Spies had been placed under arrest and charged with responsibility for the murder at the Haymarket.

"I knew long ago," said Grottkau, "that August Spies would thus end his crazy and ambitious career."

Grottkau and Spies had not been on very friendly terms since the latter had succeeded in displacing the former from the editorship of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. But, however strong his enmity, Grottkau would not give us any information regarding Spies, or dynamite practices, or anything else that would tend to put a rope around Spies' neck or hurt any of his companions. He referred Mr. Furthmann to Deuss, who was then depending upon Grottkau for a livelihood and who received a dollar now and then for writing a firebrand article for a paper Grottkau was editing in Milwaukee.

Deuss was found in a neighboring saloon without a cent in his pocket. He stood wistfully eyeing the saloon patrons, hoping to fall in with some one willing to buy him a glass of beer or a cigar. Mr. Furthmann at once opened a conversation about the Chicago Anarchists. Deuss promised to tell everything he knew in regard to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, the dynamite brought

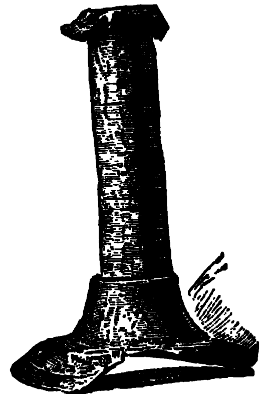
there, the men in the building of that paper and the nefarious things practiced by them, on condition that Mr. Furthmann would first buy him a good cigar, several sandwiches and the necessary beer. The conditions were complied with, and Deuss rattled away a long story. He proved to be the first man to inform Mr. Furthmann as to when the dynamite that was afterwards found in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* had been brought there, and where it had been placed. A grease-spot caused by dynamite was afterwards found exactly where Deuss said the explosive material had been placed, which was right next to the desk used by Malkoff, a reporter for the paper and an exiled Russian Anarchist. Rau at that time, it appears, did not know the properties of dynamite, for on one occasion a stray match was thrown upon the dynamite sack in the office and he was nearly frightened out of his wits.

"Don't you know what you are doing?" he exclaimed.

"You greenhorn," was the answer, "Malkoff has handled this stuff for years and knows by this time, as you ought to know, that dynamite cannot be exploded by contact with fire in such a form."

This information, though unimportant on its face, assisted Mr. Furthmann greatly in making Deuss talk, and served also as a straw showing that the man had given up all the information he possessed.

So far Mr. Furthmann had managed to secure many valuable clues, and we studied at once the best method of following them up. In running down the pointers, one day Mr. Furthmann sought Dr. Newman, one of the surgeons who had rendered heroic service in attending the wounded on the night after the explosion. The doctor was asked with reference to the metal and pieces of lead which he had taken from the bodies of some of the men wounded at the Haymarket. He informed Mr. Furthmann that a young man named Hahn, a shoemaker on the West Side, had come to the hospital wounded by the explosion, and that upon examination a wound had been found in the fleshy part of his thigh, from which a piece of iron had been removed. This piece was nothing less than the nut which had been used to assist in holding together the two halves of the composition bomb which had been exploded at the Haymarket. This discovery was a most important one. It proved at the trial the best piece of evidence used by the prosecution, as it demonstrated that the bomb exploded at the Haymarket was one of the bombs manufactured by Louis Lingg, since fifty bolts and nuts of the same size and description were subsequently found in Lingg's possession.



LINGG'S CANDLESTICK.
From a Photograph.

The metal removed from the person of the wounded officers was placed in the hands of Professors Haines and Delafontaine, expert chemists, for analysis, and they found that it contained the same quantity of lead, zinc, tin and other ingredients, and the same proportion of impurities as the bombs found in Lingg's possession. Even a trace of the copper discovered in the bomb exploded at the Haymarket was shown to have come from the candlestick used by Lingg. A small fragment was missing from the candlestick, and it was clearly shown that it had found its way into that deadly bomb.

During this period I also learned that Lingg had not been the first and only one to experiment with dynamite in Chicago. I learned that as far back as 1881 there had been some desperate men among the Socialists, but by keeping their secrets to themselves they had managed to keep the general body of the party and the public at large in ignorance of their clandestine operations. They had even experimented with dynamite, hoping to perfect it so that it could be handled with safety; but somehow they had failed to discover means for making its use practicable. They had adopted various expedients to test its strength when confined in a small implement, and in their labors several had received serious injuries. Four or five men are living to-day who were crippled by the rash and ineffectual experiments. One Communist was particularly active in studying the properties of the explosive and devising a plan to make it serviceable in a combat with the police. This man had fled from France after the downfall of the Paris Commune, and thought himself quite capable of getting dynamite down to such a fine point that when his new-found brethren in Anarchy started their revolution they would be more successful than his French associates had been. He finally succeeded in making an explosive similar to dynamite, but which was found very unsafe to handle. After some of the Anarchists had tried it and got hurt, they refrained from further meddling, and dropped both the Frenchman and his explosive. For a long time thereafter dynamite was not heard of.

A man living on West Lake Street, however, still entertained hopes, and finally supplied some of the Anarchists with a dynamite prescription by which they could use it with great effect. In imparting his knowledge he told them to keep the "stuff" hermetically sealed, for if the air reached it an explosion would surely follow. Some found this true, to their sorrow.

Then a man residing on West Twelfth Street stepped to the front and supplied what he claimed could be successfully used. One Sunday some half dozen Anarchists went out to Riverside to test the new compound by putting some of it under a lot of stone near the Desplaines River, but, to their surprise and mortification, they found that it was so weak that it scarcely made a noise.

Subsequently the Southwest Side group took up the dynamite problem and experimented with the "stuff." The members of this group, known at

the time familiarly as "the Bridgeport group," were the craziest lot of Anarchists in the city, and, judging from their talk, were always ready to participate in a riot or a revolution. They were great readers of books on Socialism, Communism, Anarchy and Nihilism, and they had drilled themselves thoroughly in arms for the coming uprising. But they wanted something more potent and effective than simple guns and revolvers, and, as they possessed a work on "The Wonders of Chemistry," they saw no reason why they could not carry out its instructions with reference to dynamite and find some means for putting them to practical use. They accordingly experimented. They had a friend in a drug-store on State Street, near Van Buren, and from him they obtained their supplies by paying a good round price. This store finally became known to all the Socialists in the city, but, as the owner became frightened at the publicity obtained, he declined to furnish any more material for experiments. The Anarchists, however, had met with some small success, and they were not discouraged. They found another friend on West Twelfth Street, and this party sold them dynamite cartridges such as are used by miners.

There were in the city at the time the Bridgeport group, the Town of Lake group, the South Side group, the Southwest Side group, the Freiheit group, the Northwest Side group, the North Side group, the Karl Marx group, the English group, the Lake View group (near Clybourn Avenue), and another group which existed only a short time, all together having a membership list of about 1,500 men, who hailed with great delight the report that with some further experiments the dynamite cartridges could be made serviceable not only for blowing up buildings, but also for use in a hand-to-hand conflict in a crowd.

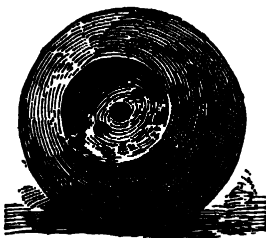
The members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein were not then interested in this branch of Socialism. They drilled with arms and believed in meeting the enemy with guns. It was about this time — October, 1883 — that the national convention of Socialists was held at Pittsburg to formulate plans and principles, and there was a division of sentiment on the use of dynamite. The radical delegates from Chicago, as stated in a preceding chapter, were numerous, and insisted on employing the most effective weapon they could find to exterminate capitalists. The result of the conflict was that on their return home they made it a point to bring over the members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein; some of whom had opposed them at Pittsburg, to their ideas, and some time thereafter they succeeded in having the superiority of dynamite over guns almost generally conceded. Not only that, but some of the members became enthusiastic in the experiments being made. One member had even reached a point beyond his competitors in making round cast-iron bombs, and succeeded in turning out fifty pieces. A few were tried, with what success is not known, but one night two friends of the man went to him, told him that they had heard of his having bombs and that his

arrest would be made the next day. In fact, they assured him that he had been spotted for some time by detectives. This frightened the man, and he begged his friends to assist him in carrying the bombs away and thus help him out of his troubles. The three then went to work, removed the bombs, and, to effectually destroy all evidence, threw them into the lake.

This procedure gave the great man of the Lehr und Wehr Verein a chance to breathe a little easier, the air seemed to be more bracing, and he could look into the eye of a policeman, when he passed one, with more assurance and confidence. But one of those bombs got astray while being removed, just before the others were submerged, and it afterwards came into the possession of the police. It has had its picture taken and looks quite innocent on paper.

An engraving of it is herewith presented. This sort of iron bomb was afterwards adopted as a model, and became quite popular with the brave dynamite experimenters until some one manufactured a smaller one that could be carried handily in a coat pocket.

They next adopted the long iron gas-pipe bomb, six inches in length, which could be carried in the inside vest pocket. Every one fell in love with the new invention, especially Fischer, and he kept a large soap-box full of the bombs at his home, carefully concealed under his bed.



But the Anarchists were bent on still greater improvements. They continued their experiments, and the next new invention was the round lead bomb, called by them the "Czar bomb." This was the kind brought to August Spies' office by "the man from Cleveland," or rather by Louis Lingg. One of these bombs is shown in a full-page engraving presented elsewhere. They had been designated as the "Czar bomb" until bombs began to fill my office, and then they were referred to as "the round lead bombs." The police knew them as Lingg's bombs.

Some of Fischer's bombs were scattered among trusted Anarchists in the Board of Trade procession, and their effectiveness would have been tried on that occasion had it not been for police interference. The character and explosiveness of the "Lingg bomb" are described in the testimony of the officers and expert chemists during the trial.

SAMUEL FIELDEN was found at his home during the day of May 5th, and placed under arrest. He accepted the situation calmly, and, without a remonstrance, accompanied the officers to the Central Station. Officer Slayton, who had him in care, introduced him to the Lieutenant in charge of the detective department, and, in view of the conspicuous part the prisoner had played at the Haymarket, one would suppose that he would have been subjected to a very rigorous examination as to his movements for several

days preceding the evening of May 4. But nothing of the kind occurred. The Lieutenant proceeded to denounce him in English more vigorous than elegant, and delivered himself of an opinion about the man and the work of the Anarchists at the Haymarket. Fielden stood it all without a murmur, and probably would have said nothing had not the Lieutenant called him a Dutchman. That allusion was the "last straw." Fielden remonstrated and emphatically declared that he was an Englishman. He was subsequently turned over to Superintendent Ebersold, and, while exhibiting his wound, caused by a shot during the Haymarket riot, he was informed by that officer that it ought to have gone through his head. The observation was a pertinent one at the moment, and possibly the felicity of its expression may have satisfied the official that with it his duty had ended in the case. At any rate, Fielden was not catechized to any material extent by the Chief, and that official, as well as the head of the detective department, was no wiser than before the man's arrest.



SAMUEL FIELDEN.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

The prisoner, who had been shown to have declared at the Haymarket, "Here come the bloodhounds, the police; you do your duty and I'll do mine," and to have fired a shot in the direction of the police after dismounting from the speakers' wagon, was then passed into a cell. His house was searched, but nothing of a criminating character was discovered. He undoubtedly possessed a great deal of information respecting the revolutionary plot. Had it not been for work done outside of the Central Station, Fielden would have been speedily released, and possibly some apology might have been offered him for the inconvenience occasioned by his arrest and the unintentional reflection cast upon the English and German nationalities.

Fielden was kept locked up, indicted, and finally convicted on discoveries made independently of the Chief's office or the detective department. The education, demeanor and independence of the man were well calculated to deceive the most expert readers of human nature, and his emphatic assertions regarding the want of any knowledge of a conspiracy would have

made him a free man to-day had his case rested on the efforts of the Central Station. Fielden was a sort of diamond in the rough. He possessed much native ability, a ruggedness of character which commanded admiration, and a force and volubility of speech which swayed the unlettered masses. Had he passed through either an academic or collegiate training, there is no telling what eminence he might have achieved in the higher walks of life. His rough, uncouth appearance greatly heightened the effect of his utterances, as few looked for eloquence from such a man. He was born in Dodmorden, Lancashire, England, in 1847, and spent a number of his earlier years in a cotton mill. While thus engaged he became a Sunday-school teacher at the age of eighteen, and some time later branched out as an itinerant Methodist exhorter. Some time after (1868) he came to America, settling in New York, and the next year he found his way to Chicago. He went to work at Summit, a hamlet a few miles southwest of town, on the farm of ex-Mayor John Wentworth, but he did not remain there long before he migrated to Arkansas and Louisiana to engage in railroad construction work. In 1871 he returned to Chicago and engaged in manual labor, principally as teamster in handling stone. In 1880 he became a member of the Liberal League, and under the training and guidance of George Schilling he soon became a rabid Socialist. From that the step was only a short one to unbridled Anarchy, and the pupil finally became a teacher to Schilling in advanced theories on the state of society they all sought to inaugurate. Fielden finally became a boon companion of Spies and Parsons, and all the rugged eloquence he could command was given to the cause. He was a more forcible speaker than either of the two just named, and whenever he preached force, as he always did after becoming an Anarchist, his language commanded wider attention and made a deeper impression. Had it not been for his own sincere penitence for his past misdeeds and the intervention of influential friends because of that penitence, he would have died on the gallows. But he recanted at the last moment of hope for clemency, and the Governor commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. He is a married man with two small children, and the misery he wrought upon them has been beyond expression. Such is the fruit of Anarchy.

CHAPTER XI.

My Connection with the Anarchist Cases — A Scene at the Central Office — Mr. Hanssen's Discovery — Politics and Detective Work — Jealousy against Inspector Bonfield — Dynamiters on Exhibition — Courtesies to the Prize-fighters — A Friendly Tip — My First Light on the Case — A Promise of Confidence — One Night's Work — — The Chief Agrees to my Taking up the Case — Laying Our Plans — "We Have Found the Bomb Factory!" — Is it a Trap? — A Patrol-wagon Full of Dynamite — No Help Hoped for from Headquarters — Conference with State's Attorney Grinnell — Furthmann's Work — Opening up the Plot — Trouble with the Newspaper Men — Unexpected Advantage of Hostile Criticism — Information from Unexpected Quarters — Queer Episodes of the Hunt — Clues Good, Bad and Indifferent — A Mysterious Lady with a Veil — A Conference in my Back Yard — The Anarchists Alarmed — A Breezy Conference with Ebersold — Threatening Letters — Menaces Sent to the Wives of the Men Working on the Case — How the Ladies Behaved — The Judge and Mrs. Gary — Detectives on Each Other's Trail — The Humors of the Case — Amusing Incidents.

I HAVE often been asked how it was that I came to have charge of the detective work which was done in bringing the Anarchists to justice, and I think that the time has now come for the whole story to be told. I think it would be a false delicacy for me, in this book, which I mean to make, as nearly as I can, a fair and truthful record of the Anarchist case, to pass over the notorious incompetency which prevailed at Police Headquarters at that time. It cannot be denied that, had the case been left in the hands of the men of the Central Office, the prosecution would have come to naught, and these red-handed murderers would have gone unwhipped of justice. This was something which every good citizen would have been bound to prevent, and more than others a police officer, for into our hands is intrusted the care of the lives and property of the community and the preservation of law and order. I knew as well as my questioners that the case belonged to the Central Office. There was the Chief; there were the two heads of the detective department; there was the detective corps, supposed to contain the keenest and the best officers on the force.

From the first I was satisfied that the men at headquarters neither appreciated the gravity of the occasion, nor were they able to cope with the conspirators — a set of wily, secret and able men, who had made a special study of the art and mystery of baffling the law and avoiding the police. There was neither order, discipline nor brains at headquarters. Every officer did as he liked, and the department was rent and paralyzed with the feuds and jealousies between the chiefs and the subordinates. This, too, was at a time when the people of Chicago were in a condition of mind almost bordering upon panic. They were looking to us for protection. The red flag was flaunted in the streets, demagogues were shouting dynamite in a dozen parts of the city, riotous mobs had already met the police — and the

police were in charge of a man who — it is a charity to say no more — had neither a proper conception of his duties nor the ability to perform them.

For instance, on the evening of May 3 all the captains of the city were ordered to meet at the Chief's office, and, together with Inspector Bonfield, they responded promptly. While the situation was being discussed, there was a rap at the door. I was nearest the entrance, and I opened it. Mr. Hanssen, one of the editors of the *Freie Presse*, was there. He handed in a paper, saying that it was of most serious import — so serious that, as soon as he had seen it, he had felt it his duty to bring it to police headquarters. It was the "Revenge" circular, of which so much is said elsewhere in this book, and which afterwards became so notorious. I handed it to Chief Ebersold, who glanced at it and said it was all nonsense. "Why," said he, "we are prepared for them." Bonfield looked it over, and thought it serious. I was sure that it meant mischief and murder, but the rest treated it as a farce. Now, what was to be expected from men who had no clearer idea of the gravity of the crisis that was upon us than the story of this incident conveys.



DETECTIVE JAMES BONFIELD.
From a Photograph.

On the next evening the crash of dynamite was for the first time heard on the streets of an American city. The Red Terror was upon us.

What was done?

Every citizen of Chicago demanded justice for the brave men who had fallen — justice on the miscreants who had done them to death. Knowing what I did of the manner in which the detective work was apt to be done, it will not be wondered that I at once made up my mind to do what lay in my power to hunt these murderers down. Even had I not so concluded, the events of that day, the 5th of May, would have fastened the determination in my mind. At ten o'clock in the morning I was ordered by telephone to report at the Central Station at once with two companies — trouble was momentarily expected on the Black Road. When I had disposed my men at the City Hall, and arranged for the patrol wagons we were to occupy if a call should come, there was nothing to do but wait in the Chief's office till we were summoned. No one ever had a better opportunity of seeing how the police business of the city was transacted.

It was a time of acute excitement, the day after the Haymarket. The Chief was in a state of alarm that would have been ridiculous if it had not been pitiable. Whenever the telephone rang, he would start nervously and demand, "Is that on the prairie, or the Black Road?" and when assured that there was no trouble, his relief was absurdly manifest. Among the

detectives the topic was whether they would be called on to work in the Anarchist case and how many they would be expected to arrest.

Another question that bothered them was: What would the old man (Mayor Harrison) say if they went to work arresting Anarchists, and how would he like it?

The officers who did their duty after such a stupendous crime as the slaughter of the police officers would never have lost anything in the end, even if they should have lost their positions. The question, "How would Harrison like it?" as asked by one of the detectives, should, therefore, have cut no figure, and possibly it did not. Probably the officer fell back upon it as an excuse for his own laziness and incompetence. But one thing is certain, and that is that the department did nothing to speak of in the case.

I saw some of those red-handed murderers come out of that office smiling and laughing instead of being made to feel that they were about to have a rope around their necks.

In fact, the Central Office was run so that no one could tell who was officer, waiter or janitor. Everybody had a full sweep in and out of the office, and if a prisoner happened to be brought in by some well-meaning officer, everybody was allowed to hear the investigation. It was a sort of town meeting, and it was free to all.



OFFICER HENRY PALMER.
From a Photograph.

At that time Inspector Bonfield had been receiving a great deal of favorable mention in the newspapers, in connection with the labor troubles, and this aroused the jealousy of Chief Ebersold. The Chief accordingly concluded to attend to all the business himself, assisted by his pet gang of ignorant detectives, and they made a fine mess of it. But forces were at work, in spite of the internal difficulties, which rescued the case from utter failure.

On the morning of May 5, at an early hour, Inspector Bonfield had a short interview with State's Attorney Grinnell; but exactly what transpired no one but themselves knew. Before noon of that day, however, the result could be plainly seen. Officers James Bonfield, Palmer, Slayton and a few others had by that time succeeded in arresting August Spies, Chris Spies, Schwab, Fischer and Fielden. Of course, this step only served to create more jealousy in the Central Station.

After the prisoners had been brought in, some of the newspaper report-

ers endeavored to obtain interviews with them, but they were not permitted to get anywhere near the Anarchists.

In the meantime, and while the working officers were out hunting for more of the chief conspirators, the lieutenants in command of the detective department concluded that they would enjoy a little breathing-spell. Accordingly they took a stroll among the fashionable saloons on Clark Street. There they met their friends, and while sampling the various decoctions compounded by the cocktail dispensers, they fell in with a party of professional prize-fighters, heavy-weight and light-weight, and match-makers for man and beast. They found there was more sport in that party than in taking risks by going out into the suburbs through tough streets and dirty alley-ways looking for Anarchists.

At any rate, after a lot of wine had been consumed and good cigars tested, round after round, one of the pug-faced sluggers made the remark to one of the lieutenants that he would like to see the Anarchists who had been arrested, and the officer addressed responded: "Of course you can see them — all you gentlemen can see them. Come right along with us."



OFFICER (NOW LIEUT.) BAER.

They all fell into line, went over to the Central Station, were taken down stairs to the lock-up, and there told to go around and look for themselves. This was some time after nine o'clock in the evening, and after the party had satisfied their curiosity, they returned to the saloon which they had left. The vigilant reporters had noticed this proceeding, and, holding a short conference, they resolved to insist on seeing the prisoners also. They told the officials that the public had as much right to know about the parties arrested as a gang of prize-fighters, whether Sullivans or lesser lights in the prize-ring firmament, and the lieutenants at once recognized the force of the argument. Between eleven and twelve that night one reporter from each paper in the city was allowed to see the Anarchists, and interviews were secured for publication the next morning.

When I understood how the whole affair was being managed during that day, I came to the conclusion that the case would never be worked up by that department, and I was more resolved than ever that if the opportunity came I would not rest until the criminals were brought to justice.

Inspector Bonfield had likewise become disgusted with the nervous actions of the Chief and the heads of the detective department, and he decided to confine his operations to the West Side. He went over there that day,— May 5,— and as a result he cleaned out all Lake Street from

the river to Halsted Street. He broke up all the Anarchist *rendezvous*, captured their guns, confiscated their flags, and created general dismay among the reds. Some sought safety by fleeing to the roofs, others escaped through back alleys, and still others got into the dark recesses of basements. When they learned that "Black" Bonfield, as they called him, was on their track, consternation took possession of them all. The Inspector had no easy task. He looked up all their halls and meeting-places, hunted for "Revenge" circulars at every place he visited, and in every instance he found plenty of them as evidence of the extensive circulation given that document among Anarchists. He gathered them all together, and in the trial they proved of great service to the State as showing that all had notice to come to the Haymarket meeting with arms and be prepared for a deadly conflict. After that day Inspector Bonfield turned all his attention to the sick and wounded officers and their families, and, as a consequence, the Central Station was left without a competent head. But the Central considered itself capable of handling the case, and Bonfield never asked any questions. Ebersold and the dual-headed monstrosities in charge of the detective department struggled along, and, with a great deal of bluster, endeavored to show to the outside world that they were moving along finely. But they accomplished absolutely nothing. Insults in various ways were heaped upon Bonfield, so that every one about the City Hall noticed them. Even on the 5th of May, the slights cast upon the Inspector were commented upon by some of the officers in the Central. Some of the officers friendly to the incompetents would declare that Bonfield did not know his business and that he was to blame for the killing of the officers, but there were others who took a different view and regretted that he was not kept continually at work on the case. In fact, the only ones about the building, after the incompetent heads took charge, who showed a willingness to work and who tried to do their duty, were Officers James Bonfield, Palmer and Slayton. All the rest looked scared, absent-minded and indifferent.

On the next morning — May 6 — I was again at the Central Headquarters. I learned then how deep and wide-spread was the spirit that pervaded the department. Nothing was done, and nothing was proposed to be done. I also learned of the treatment accorded Officer Palmer by the lieutenants in charge of the department.

The whole trouble appeared to be that no one cared about doing anything, and that if any one had the temerity to bring information in, he would be kicked out. While such was the stupidity or the lethargy of the head officials, I was powerless to act. I could not take the case away from my superior officer on information rejected and spurned by those in authority about police headquarters, and I almost despaired of ever seeing the culprits brought to punishment.

An incident occurred, however, which changed the whole course of

events. On my way home to supper that evening, about six o'clock — May 6 — I met a man near my house. He acted as though greatly frightened, but he had some information he wished to impart to me. He was afraid to speak, as he said it was life or death to him.

"If I speak," he said, "and these people [the Anarchists] find it out, they will kill me sure. On the other hand, when I think of how many were killed, it drives me nearly crazy. I can probably help to bring the murderers to justice, and I cannot forgive myself unless I try to assist."

I told the man that as a good citizen it was his duty to tell everything he knew about the affair, and that I should consider everything he said strictly confidential. My personal pledge being given to him that I would not get him into trouble by exposing him to the reds, he began his statement. The man did not tell very much, but after I had gathered together all the little threads carefully, the whole proved of considerable service. After supper I went to a great many places and remained out till four o'clock the next morning. The following day I instructed some of my people how to get information respecting the throwing of the Haymarket bomb, and I told them where they might leave their information if they obtained any. I got back to the station at 9 A.M., and found in my closed letter-box a slip of paper containing about five lines of important news. I scanned the paper closely, and those who stood around told me afterwards that they noticed that my face brightened up considerably.

I knew then that I had a very light starter in the case, but a good one. I could readily see also that everything had to be handled with the greatest care, and by preserving the utmost confidence with the informers. I knew, too, that nothing must be told even in the Chief's office or in the detective department.

I had previously discovered that there was not a man among the three heads of the Central that knew how to listen to information, how to put questions or remember conversation, or, in fact, to have anything in shape, or to keep secrets, and I therefore decided to keep my own counsel.

On the morning of the 7th of May, at nine o'clock, I arrived at the Chief's office and asked him if he had any good news. He replied that it was hard to get at the bottom of the affair. I then asked him if he would give me the privilege of working up the case. He looked at me a moment and then said, "Yes."

"Yes, Captain," he added, after a brief pause, "I will — sure. If you can do anything, do it. I hope you will do it. I shall be pleased if you can only do it."

I then said: "With your permission I will work this case and all there is in the case. You will hear from me soon, but if you should not hear from me in three months, do not ask for me. I am going to work night and day until this case is cleared up. Good day."

Then I started for the North Side. Arriving at the station, Lieut. Larsen handed me a little note which had been left for me. It was small, but full of information, and was the first fruit of one night's work. I immediately turned over the command of the station and all the details to Lieut. Larsen, and at once called in my old reliable officers, those whom I knew to be honest and true, strong and vigilant, intelligent and brave. They began earnestly and were with me through all the investigations up to November 11, 1887. They were Michael Whalen, John Stift, Michael Hoffmann,



HERMANN SCHUETTLER.



MICHAEL HOFFMANN.



MICHAEL WHALEN.



CHAS. REHM.



JOHN STIFT.



JACOB LOEWENSTEIN.

Hermann Schuettler, Jacob Loewenstein and Charles Rehm, and they reported to me promptly at the office, where they received their first instructions. I told them that this must be like all the other cases we had worked, secret and only known among ourselves. All information and reports must come to me as soon as possible, and all details must be attended to strictly. I further told them that they must expect a forty-eight hours' stretch of work frequently before we got to the end; that they must keep in mind that their lives would often be in danger, but they should only kill in dire necessity. Insults or abuses they must not take from any one. I knew that

they would get into many of those h—l-holes, where the women were a great deal worse than the men, and I proposed that the officers should show that they were not to be trifled with in the discharge of their duties.

The field chosen for work was the vicinity of Clybourn Avenue, Sedgwick Street and North Avenue. The officers were provided with chisels, jimmies and keys and one or two dark lanterns, and after these preliminary arrangements they mounted a patrol wagon and started for the scene of their operations. This detail was in charge of Officer Whalen, and the first objective point was Sedgwick Street, near the residence of Seliger. They began searching all the houses, barns and wood-sheds belonging to Anarchists, and created quite a consternation in the locality.

While they were thus engaged, I was temporarily called away from my office, and on my return I was soon called up by a telephone message from the Larrabee Street Station. Answering the call, I recognized the voice of Officer Whalen, and some important news was at once communicated.

"We have found the bomb factory," said Officer Whalen. "It is in the rear of No. 442 Sedgwick Street. The house is full of bombs and all kinds of material. My men are all there, and I am almost afraid to touch any of the stuff. There are some very queer-looking things, besides round lead bombs and very long iron bombs, about the house, and probably some trap may have been set to blow us all up the moment the articles are disturbed."

I questioned him as to whether there was any one about the house, and, being answered in the negative, I instructed the officer to handle everything himself and exercise great caution. Everything that looked suspicious was to be packed in a box and sent to the Chicago Avenue Station. I further instructed the officer to hunt up the parties who lived there, place them under arrest and send them also to the same station.

Whalen then returned to the house, packed up all the "stuff" and hunted for the occupants, who were nowhere to be found. He ascertained their names, however, and learned from the neighbors that the head of the house worked in Meyer's Mill, a sash and door factory on the North Pier. This information was telephoned to me, and I instructed Lieut. Larsen just what I desired in the way of securing the man's arrest. The Lieutenant called up the Larrabee Street Station patrol wagon, and, with a number of officers, he repaired to the mill. He there found his man, William Seliger, and brought him to the Chicago Avenue Station.

Meanwhile Officer Whalen and his men were busy getting their load of deadly missiles, and, still unsatisfied, they got some shovels and picks and went to mining in the back yard of the bomb factory. They found a lot of lead and gas pipes buried in the ground, and after they had collected about all the suspicious-looking articles they could find, they brought it all to the station. This was the first of a series of searches kept up night and day for two weeks, and no house or place where an Anarchist or Socialist

resided escaped police attention. The houses were examined from top to bottom, and when the officers had finished their labors in this direction the Chicago Avenue Station was filled with all kinds of arms, some old and some new, nearly every nation on the globe being represented in the collection.

On the evening of May 7, about eight o'clock, a gentleman called at my house, and in a most confidential manner desired to post me about an arrest that ought to be made.

"You had a fellow taken from Meyer's Mill," said he, "but you left a man worse than the one you arrested." He gave the name of the party and then silently took his departure.



EDMUND FURTHMANN.

On the next day Officer Whalen was detailed to bring the man to the station, but when the officers arrived at the mill the bird had flown. This man's name was Mueller, No. 2. He has never returned to the factory, although his tool chest is still there, and $27 still stands due to him on the books of the concern to this date.

With the information so far secured I became confident that I had an opening to the case, but, knowing that no aid could be had from the Central Headquarters, I refrained, I think wisely, from asking for assistance. In Mr. Grinnell and his staff, however, I had every confidence, and I went to his office. I told him what discoveries had been made, giving him all the details, and said to him that in working up the case I should frequently need his advice. He promptly said: "Schaack, you can command my services and those of every man in my office at any time." I thanked him, and felt greatly strengthened in the task I had before me.

Mr. Furthmann was directed to go with me and assist in the same way that he had assisted in working up the evidence in the Mulkowsky murder case.

I then felt highly gratified, and stronger and more resolute than ever, because of my new partner in the case. When we were about to go, Mr. Grinnell said, "I will be up to-night and see you." He called, as

promised. We then told him what progress we had made during the day, and he expressed himself as greatly pleased. He urged us to keep everything as secret as possible and not to take any more people into our confidence than was absolutely necessary. Having given us this advice, he left us, but we continued our work until three o'clock the next morning. We met again — Furthmann and myself — the next day at nine o'clock, and that day we worked with great success. The boys brought us in good news every hour. Good citizens would leave letters at my house, and these would be immediately sent to me by my wife. Before eight o'clock that night we had gained an entrance to the conspiracy plot. Mr. Grinnell was sent for, and he called on us at once. He was informed of all the facts and said:

"You boys have done well. You have found the missing link, and you have it right."

Mr. Grinnell became enthusiastic over the work accomplished and recognized the fact that the right parties were under arrest, and that what had been morally certain before as to a conspiracy had now been made a legal certainty susceptible of the strongest proof. In reaching this point, a great deal of work had been done, and in its performance talent, tact and ingenuity of a very high order seemed essential. Mr. Grinnell inspired us with confidence, however, and was kind enough to say, just before going home that night:

"Schaack, I want to say that you are one of the greatest detectives in America."

When the case had been worked up to the discovery of the leading facts at this time, the reporters for the various papers in Chicago began to gather at the Chicago Avenue Station, and they plied me with all sorts of questions. They desired all the information I possessed, but their laudable ambition was not gratified. Nothing respecting the merits of the case was furnished them. This provoked quite a number of the newspaper craft, and they sought to even up things by scoring me and my assistants in the columns of their papers. They continued their attacks, evidently expecting that I would weaken and tell all I knew, but in this they were mistaken, as their shafts fell harmless at my feet.

The more the papers blamed us, the better we liked it. It made our work much easier, because we received a great deal of good information from persons who would not have told us anything without positive assurance of secrecy.

This was in fact a potent factor in our success, and the newspaper-reading public really lost nothing by it. The latest news respecting the Anarchist conspiracy was always presented by the dailies, and, while there may have been wanting many of the essential and interesting facts, the public demand was measurably satisfied. At any rate, the interests of justice could not be permitted to be overshadowed by those of the news-

papers, and I held unflinchingly to the course mapped out until the day of the trial. The result proved the wisdom of the plan, and the encomiums bestowed on me by the press on the evidence I finally accumulated more than offset the former bitter attacks.

Had it not been for the caution and secrecy which we made our rule all through the investigation, the plot would not have been successfully unraveled. Recognizing this trait in my management of the case, men close to the Anarchists gave points they otherwise would not have dared to give, and there was scarcely an hour during the investigation that I did not find some trails leading up to the arch-conspirators. I even received private letters on my way home to meals. Persons would meet me on the street, hand me letters and pass right on. Some of these letters were purposely misleading, while others contained good points; but by putting one thing with another, and working up everything, something tangible was generally produced. In many of the notes a few words would signify a great deal, and the clues would be run down to the last point. Of course, sometimes the detectives made long and weary walks with no results. But whenever the boys met with disappointments in not getting just what they expected, and even when they were kept up all night, they never grumbled or expressed dissatisfaction.



THE EAST CHICAGO AVENUE STATION.

From a Photograph.

On the morning of May 8, at eight o'clock, we all met for general consultation behind locked doors in an inner room, and, while thus occupied with the case, I was notified that a lady desired to see me on important business. I immediately responded, and as I entered the main office I was confronted by a woman very heavily veiled. She briefly stated her mission and said that she desired an interview in private. I took her into another office, and, after the door had been locked, she said:

"You must excuse me. I will not uncover my face. Don't ask me anything about myself, and I will tell you something."

She was a German lady, well educated, and she spoke in an earnest, truthful manner. Being assured that no questions would be asked to establish her identity, she then told me where to send and what would be found at the indicated place. Before making her exit she remarked:

"You will have to attend to this matter this very day and before four o'clock."

Her information proved highly interesting and valuable, and I thanked her for it. In less than half an hour one of the detectives was set to work on her "pointers," and before two o'clock he returned to the station with "a good fat bird" and a lot of new evidence. Who the lady was is a mystery. She left the station as mysteriously as she had entered.

In the evening of the same day we met again and put together the results of each one's investigations. The work accomplished was surprising to all. Mr. Grinnell called, and, seeing what had been done, was more than pleased. At this time we had some of the Anarchists already behind the bars. That night we worked until two o'clock the next morning, and it was half an hour later when I directed my steps homeward. As I neared my house, I saw the indistinct outlines of a man standing close to a large bill-board about ten feet north of my residence. The figure proved to be a tall man, and, as I came to a halt, the stranger spoke up in German:

"Is this Mr. Schaack?"

"I am," I replied, "and what are you doing standing there?"

The stranger asked me to wait for a moment, and I complied, hardly knowing what to make out of the man's intentions toward me at such an unseemly hour in the morning; but at the same time I kept my eye steadily upon him for any hostile demonstrations. The strange individual hurriedly placed a cloth of some sort over his face, and I began to think some Anarchist had been commissioned to murder me. Still, the coolness and self-possession of the man and the seeming absence of the usual bluster incident to the commission of a foul crime reassured me. Noticing all this, by way of making the man understand that I was prepared for him if he had any murderous intentions, I said: "If you make any attack upon me I will kill you dead!"

"*Mein Gott, nein.* I only want to tell you something," was the reply.

I told him that that was all right and asked him into the back yard, when he said he would talk to me. I made the stranger go ahead of me, and when we reached the yard the man gave me a long story.

"I dare not," said he, "write to you. I dare not come near you during the day-time. I don't want you to know me, but I think you are the right man to talk to. I would not talk to any one else."

During the whole conversation the man kept his improvised mask on, and made it clear that his motive in so doing was to prevent the possibility of his being made to appear in court to verify the statements he desired to communicate. He gave information mainly bearing on the conspiracy meeting which had been held on the evening of May 3, at No. 54 West Lake Street, and the interview lasted until about three o'clock.



A BACK-YARD INTERVIEW.

When we parted I was no wiser as to his identity than I had been before, and to this day I don't know with whom I talked there in my back yard that early morning.

In the forenoon of the 9th of May my trusted assistants again met in the office to compare notes. At this meeting I told Mr. Furthmann what a ghost I had seen that night, and in our deliberations that ghost aided us a great deal.

As a result the detectives started out with new instructions, and they were ordered to be back at the office at one o'clock in the afternoon. All reported promptly except a few who had struck a good trail and who kept out until six o'clock. The reports of those present showed good results. They started out again at two o'clock with new instructions and were ordered to report as soon as they had completed their work. Between three and five o'clock that afternoon things became exceedingly lively. The Anarchists began to move about like hornets disturbed in their nest, and some jumped around as if charged with electricity. Towards six o'clock the

detectives reported back to the office, and an exchange of notes showed that it had been a day more fruitful of results than the day preceding. I found that a strong chain had been wrought connecting all the leading Anarchists in Chicago with the Haymarket murder, and I knew that no mistakes had been made in the arrest of those who had already been locked up.

During the same evening Mr. Grinnell and Mr. George Ingham gave me a call, and anxiously inquired about the progress made in the case. Mr. Grinnell assured Mr. Furthmann and myself that Mr. Ingham was all right, being with them, and with this statement all the facts were laid before them.

When the whole situation had been explained, Mr. Ingham said:

"Mr. Grinnell, now you have a case."

"George," replied Mr. Grinnell, "up to the time when Capt. Schaack began his work I had no case whatsoever. I would have been laughed out of court, but now I say we have a good, strong case, and it will be in excellent shape. The boys are making it stronger every day. They have got things down fine, and they are going to bring out everything there is in it."

We worked that night until one o'clock, and met again the next morning at eight, vigorous and keen for further developments. At this time we had our hands full, with an abundance of material on which to work. During the night several letters were dropped in my letter-box, and they all contained good news. Some of the letters were somewhat obscure, their import having to be guessed at from suggestive circumstances, but they nevertheless helped. With fresh instructions the detectives started out for the day and reported back at one o'clock as per orders. Everything was discovered to have worked well. About two o'clock a man was noticed standing across the street from the station. His actions were somewhat strange, and one of the officers remarked that the fellow appeared to be watching the building very closely. I told the officer to keep watch of him, and in the event of his walking away to follow him. The man did not move, and as he remained there for nearly half an hour I ordered the officer to go across the street and ascertain what the stranger was watching. The man declined to speak at first, but, after the officer had threatened to lock him up, he stated that he desired to see me, but did not want to go into the building. He then requested the officer to tell me that he would meet me at the corner of La Salle and Chicago Avenues, and I was so notified.

I started at once to see the man, but as soon as he saw me he started off. When he got to the corner he turned north on La Salle Avenue, and I followed. When I got within twenty feet of him he looked around, and then dropped a letter, pointing his fingers to it as he passed on, without stopping. I picked up the letter and went back to the station. This letter

contained very important matter and kept us busy for two days. This man was a stranger to me. I had never seen him before to my knowledge, and I have never seen him since.

After this day the office had all it could do and all the information it needed. After six days and nights of hard and exacting labor, the real troubles of all engaged in the case began. The newspapers now appreciated the work accomplished, and they were not slow to bestow great praise upon all connected with the case. This did not please Mr. Ebersold, the Chief, and on the 11th of May he sent for me to report at once.

The moment I entered the office at the Central Station I saw that there was "fire in the eye" of the Superintendent, and the atmosphere was somewhat above the boiling-point.



A FRIENDLY COMMUNICATION.

"Are you Chief of Police or am I?" broke in Mr. Ebersold, in a gruff, blustering manner, the moment I had set my foot inside ot the private office.

"You are," said I, "or at least you are supposed to be. I certainly don't desire to be."

This shot did not contribute anything to the comfort of the Chief, and he grew hotter than ever, and desired me to understand that he was the Chief, and no one else. Mr. Ebersold then proceeded to unburden his mind. He said that his friends had told him that they had thought he was Chief, but since they had not seen his name published in connection with the case, they had reached a different conclusion. He further stated that ministers even, and professors, too, and other people, had come to him and said that "Capt. Schaack was getting too much notoriety." He declared that he wanted me to stop the newspapers writing anything more about me and to let the credit be given to the head of the department.

"I want this thing stopped!" declared the Chief, as he struck the desk vigorously with his fist and glowered savagely at me.

I told him that I had not asked any newspaper to write me up and I would not tell any of them to stop, simply because it was not my business.

I had progressed too far to think of allowing all the work already done

to be set at naught by the incompetents then at the head of what was facetiously called the defective department. I therefore took occasion to say, just before leaving the Chief's presence, that, now that I had opened up the case, I proposed to finish it, even if I did not remain on the force one day after my work had been fully accomplished. A day or two after this interview I met Mr. Grinnell and related the circumstances. The State's Attorney said:

"Captain, you are doing well; you keep on and work just as you have been doing."

During the afternoon of May 10, the detectives of the Chicago Avenue Station discovered a lot of bombs, guns and revolvers, which they brought to the station. They also arrested a few Anarchists, who pretended to be as harmless and spotless as little lambs, but who, before they went to sleep that night in our hotel, discovered that they had a great many black spots on them. The force continued at work till three o'clock the next morning. The following day they met again at eight o'clock in the morning, and several arrests were made that day.

At about this time the mail was burdened with a great many letters, some very encouraging in the cheering and complimentary sentiments they conveyed, and others very threatening in their character. The latter class were full of most dire menaces, suggesting all sorts of torture in the event that I did not stop prosecuting the Anarchists, and the whole formed a very interesting collection. It was evident that many of them had been written by cranks, and that some bore marks of having been inspired by religious enthusiasts. One wrote that enough men had already been killed without hunting for innocent men as a sacrifice for the Haymarket murder, and another wrote urging that the whole lot of the Anarchist brood be hung as fast as they could be arrested. Several drew on their imaginations and volunteered "pointers" which bore on their face evidences of falsehood. Others would say that their prayers were constantly with the police in their efforts, and expressed a hope that out of it all might come the extirpation of Anarchy from American soil. These communications poured in upon me in such numbers that I had no time to read them through, and even the most savage and bloodthirsty hardly gave me a moment's thought. As a matter of fact I was never for a moment alarmed about my own personal safety. All of the letters I received I filed away, and some day, when I do not know what else to do to amuse myself, I purpose to run them over again and enjoy another hearty laugh. Meanwhile Anarchist after Anarchist was overhauled, and after one clue had been worked out another was undertaken with the utmost secrecy. The detectives continued persistently at work, and for two months they carefully kept their own counsel, never permitting themselves to be drawn into conversation by outsiders respecting the case.

Their experience was highly exciting at all times, and the various haunts of the Anarchists were kept in a lively commotion. The social miscreants never knew when the investigations would end, and they were in constant dread. Finding that threats upon the lives of State's Attorney Grinnell, Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, myself, and the officers engaged in the case, had failed to have the desired effect, they turned their attention to writing letters to our wives. These letters were written in a most vindictive and fiendish spirit. They threatened not only bodily harm to these ladies, but promised to inflict death by horrible tortures upon their husbands and children, if the prosecution was not dropped; and they vowed vengeance also upon property by the use of explosives that would leave to each house only a vestige of its former location. Some of these letters were general in their character, and others particularized the kind of death in store for all engaged in the case. One said that on some unexpected day we would be blown to atoms by a bomb; another pictured how a husband would be brought home in a mangled, unrecognizable mass. Still another would suggest that, if a husband proved missing, his remains might be looked for fifty feet under the water, firmly tied to a rock or a piece of iron. Another, again, stated that on the first opportunity the husband would be gagged, bound hand and foot, and placed across some railroad track to horribly contemplate death under the wheels of a fast approaching train. Still another would say: "When your husband is brought home be sure and pull the poisoned dagger out of his body." One writer penned a tender epistle and closed by urging the mother to be sure to "kiss your children good-by when you leave them out on the street." One letter was written with red ink and stated that "this blood is out of the veins of a determined man that would die for Anarchy." One man expressed sorrow for the woman and then concluded: "But we cannot help this. If you have any property you had better have a will made by your liege lord to yourself, because he is going to die so quick that he will not know that he ever was alive." Another said: "Take a good description of your husband's clothes. He will be missing before long, and probably after some years you will hear that in some wild forest a lot of clothes have been found tied to some tree, and these clothes will be stuffed with bones."

Epistolary threats of this kind were sent almost daily to the wives of the officers and officials, and, if published, the collection would form a volume in itself. The threats I have given are only a tithe of the whole, but I have given enough to illustrate the general trend of the letters. We paid no attention to them, but the women, of more delicate and sensitive disposition, took them more to heart. The constant receipt of such letters naturally made a deep impression on their minds, and some of the ladies had dark forebodings. But the officers always took a cheerful view, and urged that it was only cowards who resorted to threats. They still con-

tinued their work, undaunted by these denunciations and menaces, and frequently remained out all night in their work in some of the most desperate districts of the city, sometimes keeping up forty-eight hours at a stretch.

Mrs. Schaack, a generally strong and courageous woman and deeply interested in all my work, did not bear up as well as some of the others under the pressure. She had been sick for over eight months, and, when these letters began to reach her, she had just reached a convalescent state. Having thus passed through a long siege of illness, her system was in a highly nervous condition, and it was, therefore, quite natural that sometimes she should become greatly solicitous for my personal safety whenever a very savage and gory letter accidentally reached her eye. When the trial finally began, I begged her to take the three children and visit for two months a place six hundred miles away from Chicago, where she could not only enjoy a comparative serenity of mind, but build up her shattered constitution, under more favorable circumstances and climatic conditions. She acted on my advice. While away, she was in constant receipt of such letters as were calculated to make her reassured as to my comfort, and she rapidly gained in health and strength.

Mrs. Grinnell bore up remarkably well under the severe strain. She had come in for a goodly share of these murder-threatening letters, but, being blessed with good health and strong nerves, she never displayed signs of weakness.

She was a brave lady. Whenever I saw her with Mr. Grinnell, she would always say: "Captain, I want you and Mr. Grinnell and all the boys to keep on with your noble work." She at all times appeared very pleasant and not the least disturbed.

Mrs. Furthmann was not overlooked by the letter-writers, but her husband arranged matters so that their epistles did not fall into her hands. He would gather them in, and, with what the mail brought him every day for his own individual benefit, he had plenty of hair-raising literature. But he paid no attention to the threats and never for a moment relaxed his efforts on account of them. These letters became so numerous and frequent that after a time the officers would jestingly allude to them as their "love letters."

But the Anarchists did not stop with writing letters. One night they held a small meeting in the rear room of a saloon on North Avenue, and there was a great deal of talk and bluster about what they ought to do to "bring the officials to their senses." One suggested that they should blow up the house of Officer Michael Hoffman, but that officer appears to have had a friend there. That friend opposed the plan and said:

"Cowards, if you want to do anything, why don't you meet the man himself and attack him? Why do you seek to hurt his wife and innocent children?"

This appealed to their sense of humanity, and they at once decided to abandon the scheme. Finally one cut-throat arose, and, in a braggadocio style, broke out, in a loud, coarse and beer-laden voice:

"Well, we will drop that plan, but you all know where he lives and we all have bombs yet. Any one that does not care for a screeching woman or squealing young ones, let him go and see the shingles fly off the roof."

On a subsequent night about two o'clock in the morning a carriage drove up to the officer's house, and one of the occupants shouted out, "Mike!" The officer drew to the window, and his wife opened it. At first, mistaking her for the officer, they halloaed, "We only want to see you for a moment." When the woman asked what was wanted they said, "We don't want to see you. Where is Mike?" Being informed that he was not at home, one of the burly fellows said, just as the carriage started away, "A d—-d good thing for him that he is not at home."

This band of intimidators and cowards did not overlook me. On two occasions they sought to burn my house, but each time they were foiled in their attempt. They sneaked, true to their nature, into the back yard, and started a fire by means of a kerosene-saturated torch or by the use of an explosive. The fires, however, failed to do any damage.

When the trial of the arch-conspirators began, these same unpunished red-handed cranks began to give their attention to Judge Gary and his wife. They fairly overwhelmed them with letters of a most threatening character, and whenever there was any ruling of the court which they regarded as inimical to their friends' interests, they were particularly vituperative. But throughout the whole trial neither the Judge nor his wife was at all intimidated. They paid no attention to them, and nearly every day Mrs. Gary sat by the side of her husband on the bench, giving the strictest attention to the proceedings. She was there in the forenoon and in the afternoon. When the two went out to lunch together, a detective would always follow them, without their request or knowledge, and the same course would be pursued when they went home at night or came down in the morning. I had this done as a precautionary measure, as there was no telling at that time but what some demented Anarchist might seek vengeance upon the Judge for some fancied wrong to the defendants. Sometimes, after lunch, Mrs. Gary would return in the company of some lady friends, but she would invariably, after an exchange of pleasantries with them, rejoin her husband on the bench, where she would remain until the adjournment of court. Once in a while the Judge would find a moment's interval to talk to her, and the devoted appearance of the venerable couple formed a most pleasing and picturesque background to the crowded and excited court scene throughout the trial. She was there during all the arguments, and listened most intently to the reading of the

verdict which finally sent the defendants to the gallows. From the beginning of the trial to its end she never displayed a sign of weakness or fear.

While the investigations were in progress, and even during the trial, a lot of cranks and desperate men flocked into the city from outside points, and there was no telling what villainous deeds they might perpetrate and then escape undetected. For this reason I thought it prudent to place a watchman at the house of every one actively engaged in the case, and both night and day the lives as well as property of all were closely watched to prevent the execution of any of the numerous threats made against the officials by the red-handed fiends. The attempt on my own house was made before these guards were placed, but after that there was no trouble. The Anarchists, seeing the precautions that had been taken, gave the houses no further attention, and thereafter vented their spleen in denunciatory letters.

From the very start of the investigations, I engaged the services of private men to work under my instructions, and they invariably submitted their reports to me at my house. They never called at the house without first notifying me, and this notification would be by means of a sign at a place near my residence. I would always look at the spot before entering the house, and if I found the sign, I would also find my man in the vicinity.

I would then go upstairs, fix the rooms so that no one could see who might enter, and leave a sign at the window. In a few minutes my friend would appear at the door. Not one of my officers ever knew any of these men so employed, but they knew the officers.

Many funny incidents naturally grew out of this situation. It was very amusing to listen to the officers. One would tell me: "I saw such and such a fellow, a rank Anarchist, on the street to-day in company with a stranger," or: "I saw a couple of them in such and such a saloon together, and one of them had a stranger with him, who looked like a wild Anarchist." Then the officers would describe the fellow, and one of them would say:

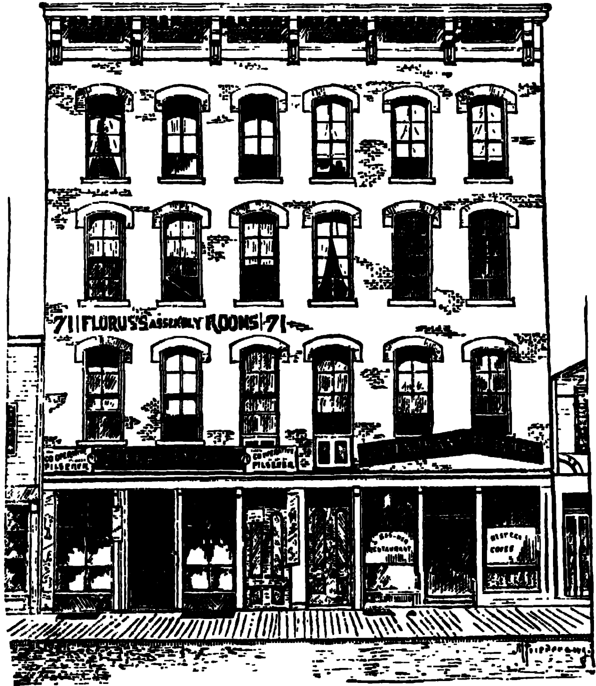
"I know he is an Anarchist. He and the stranger walked around the jail building, and the next time I meet that stranger I will bring him in. It will do no harm to give him a few days' entertainment in the station. I want to introduce him to you. I bet you will keep him, and you can, no doubt, learn something from him. I think he is a stranger in the city, and he is here for no good purpose."

The officer was bound to bring him in, and this placed me in a rather awkward position. All I could do, however, was to say, "Don't be too hasty; wait till you find him connected with others."

This worked well for a while, but after a time some of these men who were in my secret service were brought in. One morning I arrived at the

station and found that they had been locked up in a cell. As they had received at the start rigid instructions not to reveal their identity under any circumstances, they did not send for me the moment they were arrested, and so they had to remain until the next day, when I promptly released them.

At one time, one of these privates reported to me that he had seen a fellow around with some of the worst Anarchists in the city, that every one regarded him as sound in the Anarchist faith, and that he and the others were in Chicago to liberate the Anarchists from the jail. The private further stated that the stranger had never been seen except in the company of old-time revolutionists. That was enough for the detective to warrant arrest. I told him to make the fellow's acquaintance and draw him out, but be in no haste. A few days later, the detective reported that he had spoken to the stranger and that he would become well acquainted with him shortly.



THE NOTORIOUS FLORUS' HALL.
From a Photograph.

At this time every Anarchist resort was watched very closely. I told the private to ascertain where the stranger lived, but he must not push himself too rapidly forward ; he must make an engagement to meet the man in the evening and stay with him as late as possible. Just as soon as they parted, he was to double back on the stranger and follow him. A few nights later the private reported again and said that they had been together one evening for three hours, when they parted on the corner of Madison and Canal Streets. He told the stranger that he would go back to the South Side, and then, by following him after parting, he found that the stranger started north. The man turned on Lake Street west and entered No. 71 West Lake Street, one of the worst Anarchist resorts in the city. This place was kept by a man named Florus, a rank "red." The private

waited for his friend to come out, remaining in the vicinity until Florus closed his saloon; but no one came. The next day the private reported the facts to me, and said that the stranger evidently had a room at Florus' house. I told the private to try and get the stranger on the North Side so that I could have a look at him. He started out to hunt up his friend.

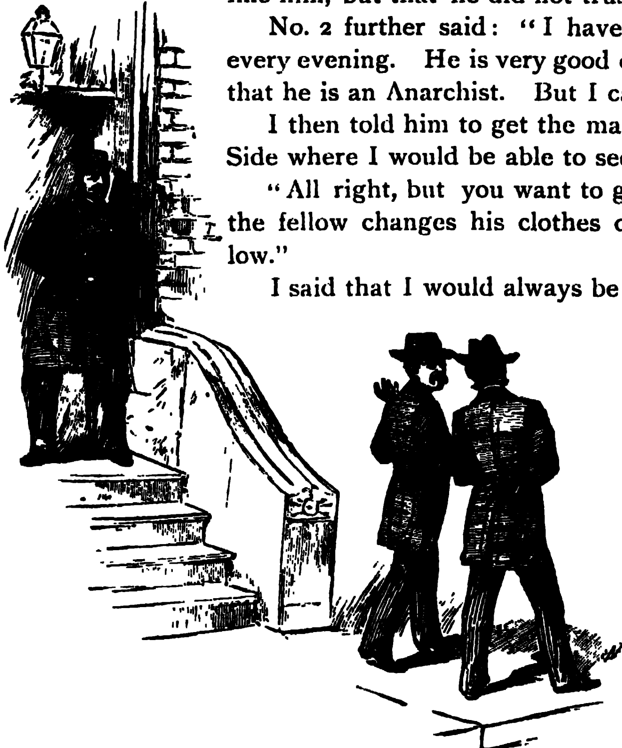
On the evening of that same day, detective No. 2 reported. He said that he had a fellow spotted whom he described as one of a gang that had come from St. Paul. He remarked that the fellow was very sharp, but not sharp enough for him. He also stated that the stranger appeared to like him, but that he did not trust him very much.

No. 2 further said: "I have been around with him every evening. He is very good company, and I am sure that he is an Anarchist. But I can't get at his motives."

I then told him to get the man up here on the North Side where I would be able to see him.

"All right, but you want to get a good look at him; the fellow changes his clothes often. He is a foxy fellow."

I said that I would always be at the station from one to three o'clock, so as to take a look at the man when they passed.



THE "SHADOWED" DETECTIVES.

On the next day I was on the look-out, but no one came. The second day I again watched, and, to my great surprise, at two o'clock I saw two fellows, both in my employ, coming east on Chicago Avenue from Wells Street, and on the same side where the station is located. They were engaged in conversation, and neither looked aside as they passed. I got up on the steps of the front entrance and remained there as they came by. They had no sooner got past, when the fellow on the inside lifted his hand to the right hip, and after a few steps further the other fellow put his left hand behind his back and worked his fingers—thus each man giving the tip on the other. They proceeded towards the Water-works.

When all this was over, I almost fell in a fit laughing at the joke. It was extremely ludicrous, but I had to keep it all to myself. The privates

kept at work, but I did not tell either the occupation of the other. I had promised every man in my employ that I would not give him away, and I kept my word. One of these detectives had been assigned for duty north of Kinzie Street on the West Side, and the other had been set to work particularly along Lake Street. By invitation of some Anarchists on Milwaukee Avenue, the detective in the district north had left his field and gone with them to the halls of the "reds" on Lake Street, and in this way the two detectives had made each other's acquaintance and got mixed up.

I was now in a predicament to straighten matters out and prevent the men from wasting time on each other. I finally told each separately that the other was working for Billy Pinkerton, and that he should pay no more attention to him. This worked satisfactorily. Now and then I received a report stating that my detective had seen that Pinkerton man at such or such a place. This will be the first time, however, that either one knows the other's exact identity, and they can now laugh over their mixed-up condition and see what a fix I was in at that time.

CHAPTER XII.

Tracking the Conspirators — Female Anarchists — A Bevy of Beauties —
Petticoated Ugliness — The Breathless Messenger — A Detective's Danger — Turning the Tables — "That Man is a Detective!" — A Close Call — Gaining Revolutionists' Confidence — Vouched for by the Conspirators — Speech-making Extraordinary — The Hiding-place in the Anarchists' Hall — Betrayed by a Woman — The Assassination of Detective Brown at Cedar Lake — Saloon-keepers and the Revolution — "Anarchists for Revenue Only" — Another Murder Plot — The Peep-hole Found — Hunting for Detectives — Some Amusing Ruses of the Revolutionists — A Collector of "Red" Literature and his Dangerous Bonfire — Ebersold's Vacation — Threatening the Jury — Measures Taken for their Protection — Grinnell's Danger — A "Bad Man" in Court — The Find at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office — Schnaubelt's Impudent Letter — Captured Correspondence — The Anarchist's Complete Letter-writer.

IN the light of all the facts that have developed, I do not believe that it is too large a statement, nor too egotistical, to say that, but for the work done at the Chicago Avenue Station, the Anarchist leaders would soon have been given their liberty, and Anarchy would have been as rampant as ever in Chicago — worse indeed than before; for the conspirators would then have despised as well as hated the law. What the work was, the reader will better understand after he has gone through this and the succeeding chapters.

I did not depend wholly upon police effort, but at once employed a number of outside men, choosing especially those who were familiar with the Anarchists and their haunts. The funds for this purpose were supplied to me by public-spirited citizens who wished the law vindicated and order preserved in Chicago. I received reports from the men thus employed from the beginning of the case up to November 20, 1887. There are 253 of the reports in all, and a most interesting history of Chicago Anarchy do they make even in themselves.

They always conveyed important information and gave valuable clues. They confined their efforts wholly to Anarchists, and their principal duty was to ascertain if the reds intended to organize again for another riot or an incendiary attempt upon the city. They were also to learn if steps were contemplated to effect the rescue of the Anarchists who were locked up in the County Jail, and whether they were getting up any further murder plots. At each Anarchist meeting I had at least one man present to note the proceedings and learn what plots they were maturing. Generally before midnight I would know all that had transpired at meetings of any importance. From many meetings I learned that the Anarchists were discussing plans to revenge themselves on the police, but in each case, as soon as they were about to take some definite action, some one would move an adjournment or suggest the appointment of a committee to work out the plan in

some better shape. When the next meeting was held the fellows who had done the loudest shouting would be absent, and then those who happened to be on hand would vent their wrath upon the absentees by calling them cowards. In many of the smaller meetings held on Milwaukee Avenue or in that vicinity, a lot of crazy women were usually present, and whenever a proposition arose to kill some one or to blow up the city with dynamite, these "squaws" proved the most bloodthirsty. In fact, if any man laid out a plan to perpetrate mischief, they would show themselves much more eager to carry it out than the men, and it always seemed a pleasure to



THE "RED" SISTERHOOD.

the Anarchists to have them present. They were always invited to the "war dances." Judge Gary, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Bonfield and myself were usually remembered at these gatherings, and they fairly went wild whenever bloodthirsty sentiments were uttered against us. The reporters and the so-called capitalistic press also shared in the general denunciations. At one meeting, held on North Halsted Street, there were thirteen of these creatures in petticoats present, the most hideous-looking females that could possibly be found. If a reward of money had been offered for an uglier set, no one could have profited upon the collection. Some of them were pock-marked, others freckle-faced and red-haired, and others again held their snuff-boxes in their hands while the congress was in session. One female

appeared at one of these meetings with her husband's boots on, and there was another one about six feet tall. She was a beauty! She was raw-boned, had a turn-up nose, and looked as though she might have carried the red flag in Paris during the reign of the Commune.

This meeting continued all right for about two hours Then a rap came on the locked door. The guard reported that one of their cause desired admittance, giving his name at the same time,--and the new arrival was permitted to enter. He was a large man with a black beard and large eyes, and very shabbily dressed. He looked as though he had been driving a coal cart for a year without washing or combing. He also had the appearance of being on the verge of hydrophobia. As soon as he reached the interior of the hall he blurted out hastily, in a loud voice:

"Ladies and brothers of our cause! Please stop all proceedings—I am out of breath—I will sit down for a few minutes."

All present looked at the man with a great deal of curiosity and patiently waited for him to recover his breath. The interval was about five minutes. Then the stranger jumped up and said:

"I am from Jefferson. I ran all the way [a distance of five miles]. I was informed that you were holding a meeting here this evening, and that there is a spy in your midst."

At this bit of information every one became highly excited, and the stranger immediately proceeded to inquire if there was any one they suspected. They all looked at each other, and, becoming satisfied that they were all friends of Anarchy, waited for the man to give them more precise information. The stranger then continued:

"The man is described to me, and that is all I know."

He looked around for a moment and finally said, pointing to the man addressed:

"If I am not damnably mistaken, you are the man!" At the same time he ordered the guard to lock the door and pull out the key.

"Now," he resumed, addressing the man to whom he had pointed, who was none other than a detective in my service, "you will have to give a good account of yourself."

This placed my man in a rather embarrassing position, but he was equal to the emergency.

"I am an Anarchist," he spoke up promptly, in a loud, clear and firm tone of voice, "and I have been one for years, and you are simply one of those Pinkerton bummers. What business have you here in our meetings, I would like to know. The other day I passed Pinkerton's office. I was sitting in a car, and I saw you coming down stairs. I suppose you met some fool that gave you a little information so as to get in here. All you want to know evidently is how many are present here, and, if possible, learn what

we are doing. You get out of here in five seconds, or I will shoot you down like a rat."

The officer then pulled out of his pocket a large revolver, and, brandishing it in the air, asked:

"Shall I kill that bloodhound?"

The women cried out in a chorus: "Yes, yes; kill him!" The men, however, did not like the proposition. One of them said: "Don't kill him



TURNING THE TABLES.

here; take him out somewhere else and shoot him." This seemed to meet with general approval.

The turn of affairs completely surprised the stranger, and he became so frightened that he could not speak. No one in the meeting knew him, and he was powerless to speak in his own defense. The officer held his revolver directed at the man's face and kept toying with it in the vicinity of his nose. Finally the fellow stammered out:

"I am all right, and you will find me out so."

At last the women again broke in, with a demand that the intruder be immediately ejected, and the men responded promptly by kicking him out of the door. He had no sooner reached the outside than he started on a keen run, in momentary dread of his life, and he kept up his rapid gait until he thought he was at a safe distance.

The officer was then the hero of the moment, but he recognized the fact that he himself was not absolutely safe after this episode. It occurred to him that possibly the stranger might hunt up some one on Milwaukee Avenue who could identify him and assure the meeting that he was a true and reliable Anarchist, and thus turn the tables against the officer. The moment, therefore, he had regained his seat, he decided to resort to strategy, and said:

"We will have to adjourn at once. This fellow will run to the station-house and bring the patrol wagon with a lot of officers, and we will all be arrested."

In less than three minutes the meeting adjourned, and then the officer advised them all to go home immediately and not to remain a second if they did not desire to be arrested. The Anarchists did as he suggested, and scattered for home in a hurry.

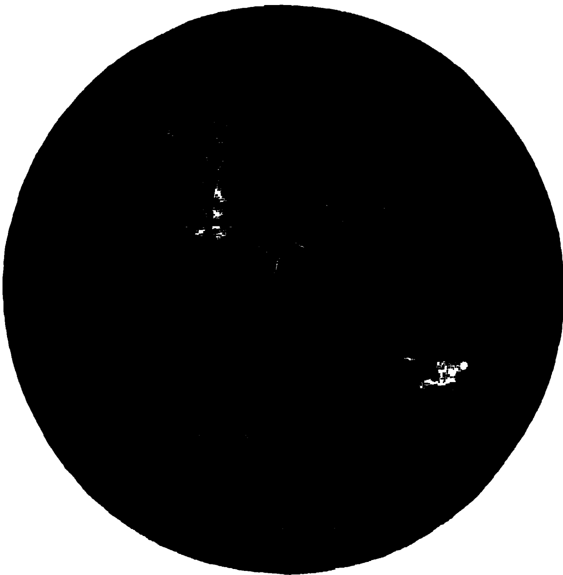
This detective did not attend any more of the meetings, but was content in congratulating himself on having come out of that assembly without a bruise or a scratch.

About January, 1887, one of my privates informed me that there was a place on Clybourn Avenue where the Anarchists were accustomed to hold private meetings. He said that he could not get in as yet, and I told him to pick up some one whom he could work handily. He must first form the man's acquaintance, and then hang around the saloons in the neighborhood and read the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I gave him one of John Most's books and made him wear a red necktie. I advised him also to get about half drunk, sing the Marseillaise and curse the police. By so doing, I told him, it would not be long before he would find a partner. Several times subsequently the detective visited the Anarchist resorts, accompanied by a little boy who belonged to one of his friends, and in less than two weeks he had wormed himself into the confidence of the gang who frequented Clybourn Avenue. If any one asked him his name he would say:

"I don't give my name to people I don't know. I am against law and order, and that is sufficient. I don't believe in having good men hung to satisfy the rich. They will not hang if I can help any."

For the first couple of weeks, the newly formed friends of this detective would not take him to any of their meetings. I advised him not to make inquiries. As soon as they thought him all right, they would speak themselves. Within three weeks some one took him to a meeting and vouched for him as being true to their cause. At the first meeting he attended he saw that he was as intelligent as any one of them, and so he delivered a short speech. That captured them, and they pronounced him a good man. They asked him to call again at their next meeting, and he promised that he would be on hand. He then reported to me. I told him to find a weak spot around the building, where I could put some one to

protect him in case of discovery and danger. A few days after he reported again that there was a vacant basement under the house, and that it was very low. There was only a common door with an ordinary lock. I then promised him that I would put a strong man in there at every meeting, and in case he should be attacked by the gang, he should shout, "Police." Then, the moment the door was broken in, he was to cry out, "Brother!" so that the man coming to his assistance would know him at once. I also told him that at the next meeting he should ascertain the size of the room and notice whatever furniture might be there and where it was standing. This he did. He made a small diagram. I then detailed a man to take a position in the basement at several meetings, but, running short of men shortly afterwards, I was obliged to take this man away. But this did not cripple us. On another occasion the private reported again, handed me a plat of the room and gave me some desired information. I sent for Officer Schuettler. He responded promptly, and I told him what I wanted done. He said that he was ready to carry out my instructions. I told him to go and buy a one-inch auger, and next procure a funnel with the large end the circumference of a saucer, and a pipe about four inches long. After an hour's absence he returned with the desired articles. I handed him several keys with which to open the door, showed him the plat, and told him where to bore a hole. I also told him to secure a cork and plug up the hole after he was through. I then instructed him to get into the place about half an hour before the meeting opened and have his apparatus in working order. I gave Officer Schuettler the dates on which meetings were to be held, and then he started out with good hope in his new undertaking. A few days subsequently the officer reported back, and his face was wreathed in smiles.



UNDERGROUND AUDITORS.

"You must have had success," I said.

"Yes, everything worked like a charm."

He handed me a good report and remarked that it contained the most important part of the business done by the meeting. He suggested that

he ought to have some one with him so that he could secure all the details. For the next meeting I sent another officer with him, and this man had a dark lantern. Schuettler would listen, and as he whispered the words and sentiments of the speakers, the other officer, with the aid of the light from his lantern, would commit them to paper. The next morning I received a full report of all the transactions.

This sort of work was kept up for several months, and during all this time I was kept pretty well informed of the secret movements of the old North Side groups. At the beginning of all their meetings the speakers would declare their wish to see Judge Gary, Mr. Grinnell, all the officers working on the case and myself hung. They generally closed with a promise to kill all capitalists and blow up all the newspaper buildings.

One private detective, whom I had at work for me for a long time, proved very valuable. He belonged to a union and showed very fine judgment. He would watch only the most radical leaders and ascertain their intentions. He was a rabid Anarchist himself, but he did not believe in killing people or precipitating riots so long as it would not help their cause. He often used to say to me:

"Captain, I will be true to you. I will help you all I can to prevent some of these fools from committing any more murders."

He said that some of his people had not sense enough to know what they were doing, and that, whenever he met a man of family who talked about killing somebody, he would remonstrate with him. For this good and sensible advice some of the reds called him a coward and a spy. At one time, on Lake Street, a big, burly brute called him a coward and a creeping thing. My man stepped up to the fellow and said:

"I will make you eat your own words, or you will have to kill me."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the big ruffian.

"Fight a duel," retorted the detective. "I will give you twenty minutes' time in which to secure a revolver and get ready. I will pay your car-fare, and we will go out to Garfield Park. No one shall go with us, and if you don't accept my challenge, I will kill you anyhow."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the other.

"Never more so in my life," was the reply.

The boasting coward then begged for more time, which was not granted, and, seeing the challenger determined, he winced.

"I believe you are a good man. I am sorry that I have insulted you, and I beg your pardon. Let up on this. If you don't feel like doing so, for God's sake do it for my wife and family."

The young fellow then struck the braggart in the face and walked away. The whimpering coward never raised his hand nor uttered another word.

This man whom I had employed did not like Spies. He termed Spies a rattle-head, and disapproved of his arguments in the *Fackel* that the 1st

of May was the time for the Anarchists to rise. In this view all the more sensible conspirators agreed. They knew that they could not accomplish anything, and therefore they kept away. My man was one of this latter class. He said everything was working nicely in their favor, but Spies killed everything. He told me that one night he was in company with Spies, and that Spies said:

"I do not care how little I can accomplish. I want revenge on the police. They killed my brother—a d——d policeman killed him at a picnic. He shot him dead, and I will never stop until I have more than double revenge."

This statement of Spies' about the killing was true. The brother killed was a young tough, and had been shot by Officer Tamillo.

My man said that from the moment of this interview he had no more use for Spies. This detective ceased work for a few months, but he thereafter resumed his secret service, as he found that, in view of the strikes and laying-off, he could hardly make a living otherwise. I put him to work again, and he did well, continuing for two months. One day he came to me and wanted $30. I gave it to him, and he started away. He would report to me daily through the mail, and whenever he had anything of special importance to communicate he always knew just where to find me. I missed his reports for five days, and I failed to learn anything of him during that time. On the 2nd of August I was severely injured by being thrown out of my buggy, and I was obliged to keep to the house for two weeks. On the 5th of August I received a communication from the Coroner of Lake County, Indiana, asking me if I had a man named Charles Brown working for me as a detective. The letter was as follows:

HAMMOND, LAKE COUNTY, Indiana, August 3, 1887.

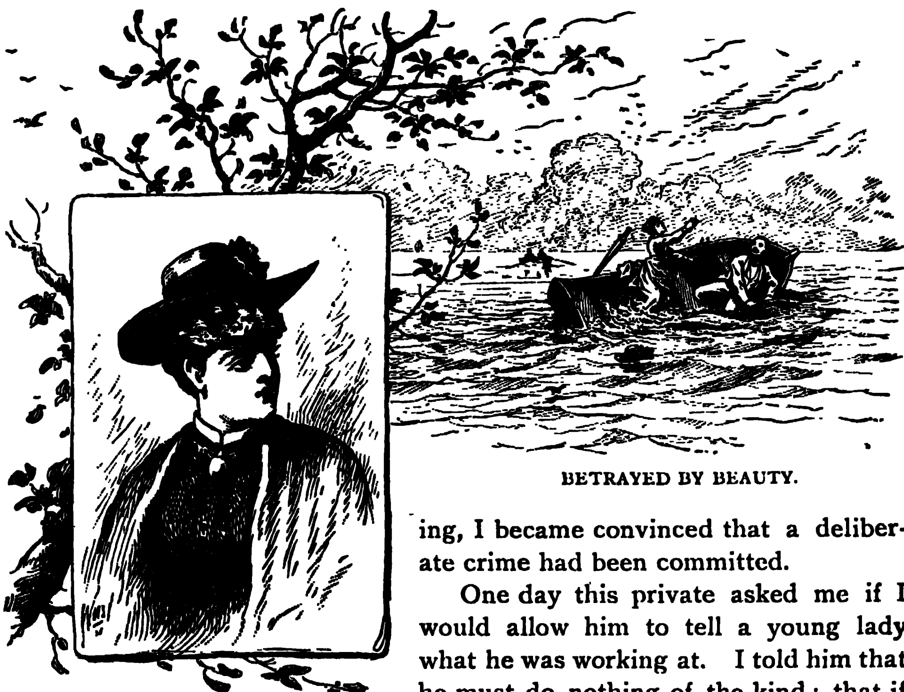
Captain Schaack—Sir: I enclose a copy of a statement of a witness who identified the bodies of two parties drowned in Cedar Lake; also the badge pin found on the man. A Mr. Heise stated to me before he saw the body that the man was a detective and wore his police badge on his breast. The body had been found by a hard case by the name of Green and some pals of his, on the southeast corner of Cedar Lake. When the body was landed, all the garments on it were undershirt, drawers and pants. All the rest had disappeared. His coat was found later, but nothing in the pockets. The rest was not found. Mr. Heise said that he had some money, a watch and chain and a revolver when he left Chicago. Other parties say that the man Green changed a $20 note for him some time before he was drowned. There are some very mysterious circumstances with regard to his condition as found and reported by Green and Scotty, when they found the body, with regard to vest, watch, money and revolver. I think a little detective work might show up the matter.

Respectfully yours, G. VAN DE WALKER,
Coroner, Lake Co., Indiana.

Three days after, I learned that this was the same man I had employed, and I placed Officer Schuettler on the case to unravel, if possible, the mystery surrounding his death. The officer in a few days reported that it was exceedingly difficult to obtain a clue, as no one seemed disposed to give

any information as to foul play; but enough was learned in a general way to warrant the conclusion that underhanded methods had been used to accomplish the man's death.

I recalled certain incidents in connection with the man's work as a detective, and, placing them by the side of the seemingly accidental drown-



BETRAYED BY BEAUTY.

ing, I became convinced that a deliberate crime had been committed.

One day this private asked me if I would allow him to tell a young lady what he was working at. I told him that he must do nothing of the kind; that if he did so I would have no further use for him. He then begged me to permit him to use my name as his friend, and I told him I had no objection to that. But I found out later that he had said more to the young lady than I had consented to, and I believe his indiscretion in that respect is what cost him his life.

From the moment that the girl ascertained his secret occupation he was a doomed man. She let other Anarchists into the secret, and they at once set about devising means for ending his life.

The information I received later was that it had been decided upon that the young woman should inveigle him to Cedar Lake, and then, when he was in her power, to do away with him. The two left the city together, and were followed by the others in the conspiracy to the place where his body was found. Before taking the trip on the water, she was seen talking with some mysterious-looking individuals, and they then and there decided upon the details of the plan. She was to get him to row out into deep water, and, when they had got fairly started, her friends were to follow in another row-

boat at a convenient distance. When they reached the middle of the lake she was to keep a close watch on the other boat, and as they neared her boat she was to suddenly throw herself on one side and tip the boat over so that both occupants would be thrown into the water. Her friends were then to be close at hand, pick her up and save her from drowning. The programme was carried out so far as related to the capsizing of the boat, but the men did not get near enough in time to save her. She went down with her companion and was drowned with him.

There is no doubt as to the truth of this plot. It was in entire keeping with Anarchistic methods; and parties who were at the lake at the time state that they saw the young lady get up in the boat, and that while thus standing she swung it over, precipitating herself and her lover into the water. I had men engaged on the case for some time, but the investigation always ended in the same way — an undoubted conclusion that the detective's life was taken by reason of a plot, but no evidence to establish the guilt of the conspirators. From the information I received, I am satisfied that the whole matter was carefully planned and carried out by the woman.

From May 7, 1886, to November 20, 1887, I had a great deal of work, there were so many things to look after, but after matters had become systematized and the force had been brought down to good working order, the burdens of the office became much easier than most people would suppose.

In the first place, I had one hundred and sixty rank Anarchists to look after; but as soon as these became known to my men, it was an easy matter for the officers to report where they had seen them and with whom they associated. Then I had ten small halls to watch where the Anarchists met night and day. There were also seventeen saloons where these people were accustomed to congregate. Three of these latter had small halls connected with them. Twelve of the other saloons had rear rooms where the reds would sit at times and hold small meetings. After we had all their haunts located, and knowing the kind of men who frequented them, the work of keeping track of them was not so hard. Some of these Anarchists would enter boldly into these places, while others would almost crawl on their stomachs to get into the resorts without being seen. Others again would disguise themselves so that their identity could not become known to detectives.

The officers made no attempt to close these places, and possibly the reader may ask why such notorious and dangerous resorts were permitted to continue unmolested.

My reason for not closing them was that the Anarchists were bound to meet in some place. We knew their resorts thoroughly, and I had plenty of my men among them, who worked ostensibly for the cause of Anarchy, but who continually furnished me pointers. Again, we knew just where

they would meet and could always have our men present. If I had shut them out from these places, they would have been driven into private houses, broken up into smaller factions, and our work would have been made much broader and harder in keeping track of them and their doings. So long as I had the machine, so to speak, in my own hands, and knew all that had been done and said, we let them alone. And the results justified our course.

Among the saloon-keepers there was one who seemed to have a special liking for me. This man, who had a place on Lake Street, on taking his first drink in the morning would invariably drink to my health, saying: "I hope that that d——d Luxemburger, Schaack, will be killed before I go to bed to-night;" and when he was about to close his doggery for the day, he would take two drinks and say: "I hope I will find Schaack hanging to a lamp-post in the morning when I get up."

When the saloon-keepers were particularly loaded with beer, they shouted louder than any one else for Anarchy, and the louder and more vehemently they shouted the more "solid" did they become with their Anarchist customers. At every meeting held at these places, collections were taken up, and the saloon-keepers could always be counted upon to contribute liberally.

The worst of these ignorant fools never did realize why the saloon-keepers shouted so lustily for Anarchy until they came home to find their wives and little ones crying for bread. Then, perhaps, it faintly dawned upon their minds that the saloon-keepers were after their nickels. These liquor-sellers were Anarchists for revenue only, and they sought in every way to keep on the right side of the rank and file of the party. They always looked to it, the first thing in the morning, that plenty of Anarchist literature and a dozen or so copies of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* were duly on the tables of their places, and in some saloons beer-bloated bums, who could manage to read fairly, were engaged to read aloud such articles as were particularly calculated to stir up the passions of the benighted patrons. Robber and hypocrite are terms too weak to apply to these saloon-keepers. Some of them had "walking delegates" by their side, and if an Anarchist seemed to them to be "going wrong" by seeking work, the delegate and assistant robber would tell him to go back to his headquarters and wait, assuring him that they would have all things right in a few days.

And this is the way these poor fools and their families were kept in continual misery. Many of the dupes have had their eyes opened and have quit frequenting these places and the underground caves. What is the result? Their families are better looked after, and the difference in their comfort is very apparent. They used to call the Chicago Avenue Station "Schaack's Bastile," but let me say that those saloon-keepers with

their low and contemptible resorts were the real bastile-keepers. Hundreds and hundreds of men, heads and fathers of families, have been kept in squalid want by spending their very last cent in these holes, and their dependents have been left without food, proper clothing or fuel. I believe in unions for proper objects, but even these should not be continued for the benefit of such saloon-keepers.

All these men were great heroes so long as they could hope to enrich themselves, but when the chief conspirators were locked up in jail, and liberal contributions were demanded for the defense, their enthusiasm in the holy cause of Anarchy was considerably cooled.

While Chicago is regarded as the head center of Anarchy in America, people of other cities and States should not imagine that the vicious reds are all in this city. There are plenty of them scattered throughout the country, and this fact was made quite manifest at the time the Anarchists were being arrested. Friends of the imprisoned men came to Chicago from all over the United States, and financial assistance poured in on all sides. Those who came here were open in their declarations of sympathy and never attempted to conceal their actions.

When these same men were at their homes they did not dare to openly say a word in favor of Anarchy, because they were few in numbers; but should there be enough to make a formidable showing, they will throw off their mask and assume a defiant, menacing attitude.

These arrivals, just as soon as they became known, were kept under espionage, and every movement they made was looked after, lest they might commit some desperate deed. Of course there were a great many whom the police did not discover, and it is a wonder that, during the excitement incident to the arrest of so many Anarchists and the searches made of Anarchistic houses, some diabolical act was not perpetrated. Possibly they discovered that the omnipresent police were so thoroughly on the inside of their conspiracy that detection was inevitable. It is certain that they knew that I had become thoroughly posted as to the inside workings of Anarchy, and the sound fear which I was able to inspire by a bold and aggressive policy no doubt acted as a restraint upon any violent outburst of passion and revenge.

It was constant vigilance alone that averted trouble, and no Anarchist of a specially vicious disposition was permitted to feel that his movements were overlooked or unwatched. For this purpose I had Anarchists among Anarchists to inform on Anarchists, and all the meetings were thus kept under strict surveillance. Even private houses were watched. On one occasion I desired to secure certain information. One of the private detectives was accordingly detailed to watch the rear of a certain building from an alley. He was there for two days without being observed by any one, but on the third day he was noticed by a police officer. The officer asked him what he was doing in that locality, and the private responded:

"I am waiting for a friend of mine who is working in this barn, and I expect him around soon."

The officer placed no reliance on the statement, and so he hustled him out of the alley. The detective walked on a short distance, and, as soon as the officer was out of sight, retraced his steps and returned to the place, this time finding a different point for his observations. He had scarcely thought himself secure from further interruptions, when the back gate of the next yard opened, and in walked the same officer. Both were alike surprised. But this time there were no questions asked and no explanations demanded. The officer promptly seized the detective by the collar and marched him to the Chicago Avenue Station. The detective kept his identity to himself, and of course found himself speedily assigned to a cell over night. On the next morning, as I sauntered through the lock-up, I discovered my friend in durance vile, and, promptly looking up the record, found that he had been booked for disorderly conduct.



THALIA HALL.
From a Photograph.

I then returned and told him that, when brought into court, he should not say anything to the judge, but play the part of a fool and simpleton. His case came up; he was fined $5 and sent back to the lock-up. I went to him later, handed him the money, and in half an hour he paid his fine and left. The detective went back to his post, but the officer was not put on that beat again. My man worked for about two weeks and finished his job.

Of course, the detectives in the case had varied experiences. On another occasion it was desirable to know what was being done at some secret meetings held at Thalia Hall, No. 703 Milwaukee Avenue. This was after

the trial of the Anarchists had begun. I assigned a few detectives in that direction, and shortly afterwards the proceedings might as well have been open so far as the police were concerned.

My boys had a great deal of fun. They managed to discover a way by which they secured an entrance under the stage, and at the first meeting they attended they amused themselves by cutting a hole through that portion of the stage facing the audience. When they had done this, they could see all present and hear everything that was said. Many a night they held to that port-hole and enjoyed the circus on the outside. They heard many a speech of a threatening character against Judge Gary, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Bonfield and myself, and sometimes they had to listen to some rampant speaker who would depict the pleasure all Anarchists would enjoy at seeing the funerals of these officials passing through the streets. Of course, those who were the most bitter had the least courage, and so long as the auditors only listened to speeches, my boys were perfectly satisfied that no immediate danger was to be apprehended.

I finally learned that some of the Anarchists had become suspicious, and therefore ordered Officer Schuettler and the others to remain away, as they would otherwise be discovered. And they would have been. One day the Anarchists made a careful search of the building, and they found the hole through which the boys had peeped. They then decided on a plan. It was that during the next meeting, which they felt certain some of my boys would attend, a great commotion should be made in the hall. This would surely bring one of the detectives with his eye very near the hole. Then one of the Anarchists should stealthily creep up on the side, suddenly plunge a sharp iron through the hole, and kill the man within.

One officer, who proved of great assistance to me, was Charles Nordrum. He became engaged in the case shortly after the Haymarket riot, and after a time became a regular attaché of the detective department. He was born in Norway on the 9th of November, 1858, and had lived in Chicago since 1868. He joined the police force in November, 1884, and, possessing a great deal of tact and shrewdness, his services were soon enlisted in the work of hunting up the red conspirators. He worked at times with Officer Schuettler, but reported to Ebersold. Both were known to my officers, but they did not know of my private workers. Nordrum was especially detailed to look after some meetings at Thalia Hall, at the Emma Street Hall, in the rear room of Zepf's saloon, in the rear room of Greif's saloon, at No. 600 Blue Island Avenue, and at the Northwestern Hall, and he did not overlook meetings held in the cellars of some of the more prominent Anarchists on the Northwest Side and of others who were in sympathy with the Anarchists. He wormed himself into the good graces of quite a number of the reds, and was always kindly received by them. After a time the police stopped the holding of meetings in some of the halls, and then the Anar-

chist sympathizers harbored the reds in their cellars, furnishing candles for illumination and nail-kegs for seats. On the 5th of July, 1887, Nordrum was exposed at No. 599 Milwaukee Avenue, and he was at once surrounded by an infuriated mob. The Anarchists with whom he had associated attempted to kill him, but the officer, after a desperate fight, succeeded in reaching the door before any serious violence had been done him. This, of course, destroyed his further usefulness among them, but out of his knowledge of the men and their affairs two arrests were effected. He and Officer Schuettler brought in Emil Wende and Frederick Kost, members of the



UNDERGROUND CONSPIRATORS.

Terra Cotta Union. These men had been selected to buy each member of their group a 42-caliber revolver and one box of cartridges, and the weapons so secured were to have been used on the police on the day of the execution. The weapons had been purchased, and as soon as the principals had been placed under arrest, a descent was made upon the supply. All the revolvers were captured and brought to the Central Station.

Noticing how successfully they had been circumvented in all their movements, the Anarchists naturally came to the conclusion that detectives were working in their ranks either in the interest of myself or of Billy Pinkerton, and they resolved to discover, if possible, the men so engaged. One

day a very intelligent fellow called at my office and wanted to know if I desired any more men to work for me among the Anarchists. He stated that he was well acquainted with all the reds, and, if I would pay him well, he would render good service.

I called him into my private office, and I closely questioned him. I learned that he knew a great many of them, and I told him that I wanted one good man. He then considered himself engaged, and said to me:

"Now you had better tell me all the men that are working for you and show them all to me so we can work together."

I told him that if he could find out any one of my men I would pay him $20 a week, and then he might consider himself engaged. He went away, but he never came back to claim the $20.

This ruse having failed, the Anarchists devised another. One day early in August, 1886, they sent one of my countrymen, a Luxemburger, to me. This fellow began to play his cards very nicely, and sought to carve a very pretty little path into my confidence, but he had not proceeded very far before my suspicions were aroused, and he got nothing to satisfy either himself or those who sent him. While our conversation was going on one of the officers came in, and, noticing the fellow, called me into another room. The officer then stated that he had seen the man hanging around West Lake Street, had seen him drunk frequently, and had once found him in tears, saying that he had come from Paris, had seen the downfall of the Commune there, and that now that Anarchy was suppressed in Chicago all hope for liberty was gone, and he would be ready to die at his own hands after he should have first killed somebody. I returned to the office.



OFFICER NORDRUM.

"See here, old fellow," said I, "I have spies amongst the Anarchists, but I do not want spies among my own command."

The man was then asked if he could do any work, and when he said that he had not done any work in a long time, I remarked that I had a job for him. He became interested and wanted to know what kind of a job it was.

"It is under Superintendent Felton at the House of Correction, and he will assign you to work that will keep the dogs from biting you for six months. You are a vagrant, and I will bring you into court to-morrow morning and have you fined $100. That will be six months."

The man begged piteously to be spared that punishment, and I plied him with questions. He stated that, inasmuch as he was of the same

nationality as myself, the Anarchists thought he could readily get into my secrets, and they had forced him to come. I told him that my officers knew him and had him spotted, and that unless he left the city by the next day I would have him arrested and sent to the work-house. He left the station, and I have never seen him since. Since then I have received a letter from Michigan, saying that if the writer had me there I would never see Chicago again, as he would find work for me for awhile, and I am confident that it came from my old friend.

During the progress of the investigations some curious characters were encountered. Some sought me, as I have already noted, but in most instances I had to hunt them. One eccentric genius was especially noticeable. He had started out with the intention of reading himself into the Anarchist faith, and for this purpose be became a constant reader of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and its Sunday edition, the *Fackel.* For some time he wavered in his opinion, but the more he read the more he became convinced that there was something in Anarchy. At last he became so deeply imbued that he almost regarded it a sacrilege to destroy the copies he had purchased for his enlightenment. He carefully stowed the papers away in the closet in his room, and when he returned from work he would open the door and examine his collection much as a miser inspects his hoard.

May 4 finally came, and with it the event he had looked forward to so longingly. But the outcome did not suit him. He noticed that the police were getting uncomfortably close to his locality, but he did not feel any special concern until one evening a patrol wagon pulled up in front of No. 105 Wells Street, near his own domicile. He saw the officers approaching in the direction of the entrance, and, jumping from his chair near the window, shouted to his landlady:

"For heaven's sake!—the police are coming to search the house—what will I do? If they come into my room and find my papers, I will be arrested and locked up as an Anarchist. Let me burn my papers in your stove."

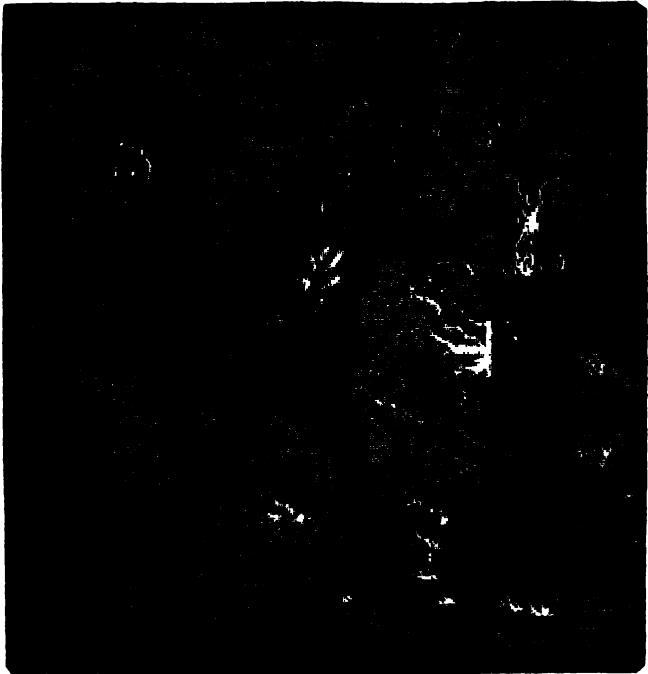
The landlady would not permit it, as she feared arrest as an accomplice. The young man almost fell on his knees in pleading with her for permission. Finding his appeals useless, he hastened to his room, lit a fire in a sheet-iron stove there, and began to burn his whole collection. His haste was so great that he crammed too many papers in at once, and the stove became overheated. The wall paper began to burn, and the Anarchist had to give his attention to moving the bed and furniture away from the walls. He did not dare to give an alarm of fire, and yet he saw that the whole room would be in flames in a few moments. He seized a pitcher of water, emptied its contents on the wall, opened the door and called for the landlady to come to his assistance. She responded, and when she saw the situation, she cried out, "Fire, fire!" He endeavored to make her desist from her cries

and urged her to bring him water. Water was brought and soused all over the stove and the walls.

By this time the house was full of smoke, and they opened the window. An officer in the wagon noticed the smoke, and shouted to some of his companions that there was a fire next door up-stairs. The young man overheard this and hastened to tell the officer that it was only smoke and that no assistance was required.

The landlady now ran away to escape possible arrest, and the young man was left alone. He again assured the officer below that the smoke had all cleared away, and he slammed down the window.

After thus escaping police investigation, the youthful Anarchist felt happy, and he had reasons to be, as he would certainly have been arrested, in view of his actions, had the officers ever entered his room. Others had been arrested under less suspicious circumstances, and it took some of them a long time to satisfactorily explain their position. The young man has since become connected with a newspaper. He may deny this in his paper, but I will never "give him away."



THE SCARED AMATEUR ANARCHIST.

While pursuing the investigations, and never losing hope of finding Parsons, I was one day informed by Officer Henry Fechter that a man who knew the foxy Anarchist had seen the fugitive at Geneva, Wis., and his arrest might be easily effected. The officer was a detail at the time at the Northwestern Railroad depot, and his informant was a reliable gentleman. I instructed the officer to report his information to Chief Ebersold, as I was helpless in the matter, having no authority to send an officer outside of the city limits. That was the last I ever heard of it. The information was evidently pigeonholed, and Parsons continued to bask in rural sunshine

and enjoy himself until the day he came into court of his own free will. This was not the only instance of supine neglect in the Chief's office and the detective department. I have already spoken of the case of Schnaubelt, the bomb-thrower, but there is still another striking illustration. It was shortly after the selection of a jury to try the Anarchists. The Bonfield brothers and myself were obliged to be in court nearly all the time, and the Anarchists on the outside, observing this, began to concoct plots for taking revenge on the city. In this emergency the Chief decided to go to California, and, in order that he might have cheerful company, he invited Lieut. Joseph Kipley, of the so-called detective department, and Capt. William Buckley, of the First Precinct.

When Mr. Grinnell heard of this contemplated trip, at a time when, for the sake of public appearance at least, the Chief ought to have remained at home, he firmly remonstrated and reminded the official of his duty. But Ebersold shook his head.

"I have got my tickets," said he; "what will I do with them?"

"Throw them into the lake," replied Mr. Grinnell.

But the Chief was obstinate, and he and his party left for the Pacific Coast. The force was then left in command of Inspector John Bonfield, who thus had double duty imposed upon him.

The moment the work of impaneling the jury had begun, the outside Anarchists began to exert themselves to put some of their own men into the jury-box. When they found that the State was too vigilant, however, they next set about to secure such witnesses as could be counted upon to swear their friends out of jail. Take the evidence of the strongest witnesses put on the stand by the defense, and the critical, unbiased examiner will readily discover that many of them were simply perjurers.

But the labors of the reds were in vain, and when they began to realize that the jury did not seem impressed with the character of their evidence, the outside barbarians grew desperate and resolved on a new line of tactics.

One day I received a note from one of my men warning me to protect the jury. The Anarchists, he said, were working out a scheme to injure some of the jurors, and if they could succeed in that, they were confident the case would have to be begun anew. If the case ever came up again, no man would care to risk his life in a trial of the conspirators, and their brothers would go free. If, however, the State should secure a full set of jurors, they would give them a dose of dynamite, and that would certainly end the case. Then they could keep on with Anarchy and make the capitalists cower before them. This plan, I was informed, had met the entire approval of the gang.

I conferred with Mr. Grinnell, and as a result we doubled the watch to protect the jury. We made it a point also to know when the jurors went out for a walk or a drive, and, without their knowledge, trustworthy men

were always with them or near them until their return. The hotel in which they were quartered was only about two hundred feet from the Criminal Court building, but whenever they came to the court in the morning, or went to their meals during recess, or left the court building after each day's adjournment, twelve detectives along the line kept vigilant watch of all suspicious characters. Besides the detectives there were fifteen officers in uniform, and during the last three days of the trial we even redoubled our vigilance. There were twenty-five officers on the street, twenty-five more in the court-room, and twenty-five men about the building. All these men



WATCHING A SUSPECT.

were in uniform, so that the "cranks" could see them, and it proved to be a very good precaution. During the night, detectives and regular patrolmen were watching inside and outside at the jurors' hotel.

On the last day of the arguments, when Mr. Grinnell was closing for the State, something very suspicious was noticed in the court-room. A man with a very mysterious air had been seen around the building for eight days preceding, and it was recalled that he came at varying hours of the day. On each occasion he held a few moments' private talk with some of those Anarchists who had displayed interest in the proceedings, after which

he always disappeared. The parties he generally talked with were Belz, who assisted in conducting the defense, Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes. He was about five feet ten inches tall, about forty years of age, weighed about 180 pounds, had a round face, short, stubby, sandy beard and mustache, a nose built on the feminine plan, large, gray, piercing eyes, and withal he was not a very prepossessing man.

During the last hour, when Mr. Grinnell was making his plea to the jury, this man entered the court-room and took a seat in the front, right in the midst of the Anarchists' families. This brought him within seven or eight feet behind the State's Attorney. He crossed his arms over his stomach, and leaned pretty well forward, keeping his hands concealed under his coat. I was surprised at the fellow's impudence, because the court-room at the time was so still that a whisper could have been distinctly heard all over the room. I sat at a table, with Mr. Walker to the left and Mr. Ingham to the right, and I called the attention of these two gentlemen to the mysterious man and his queer attitude. They watched his nervous actions, and became alarmed lest he might be there for some vicious object. The man had indeed a desperate look, but it was thought best not to interrupt the proceedings just then. Under the strict orders of Judge Gary, everybody was obliged to be seated in the court-room, and when the seats were full no more were admitted. This was another good precaution at such a trial. The police officials had thus a clear view of the whole room.

At times, whenever there happened to be some severe allusions to the defendants by Mr. Grinnell, the stranger would twist himself around uneasily, all the time, however, maintaining his peculiar attitude. Mr. Ingham remarked that he was afraid the stranger might suddenly jump on Mr. Grinnell and stab him in the back. Mr. Walker expressed a similar opinion. I said that he should get no chance to do that, as I would kill him before he could take one step toward Mr. Grinnell, and at the same time I got my trusty 38-caliber Colt's revolver in position where I could produce it the instant it was needed. We all agreed that this would be the right course to take. At one time the man looked sharply at me, and I gave him a savage look right into his eyes. From that time I kept him busy looking at me.

As soon as Mr. Grinnell had concluded the man jumped up, drew near to Belz and spoke to him. Then he turned to a woman and handed her a paper. Meanwhile I had already called a detective to watch him, and as soon as the stranger reached the corridor he was searched. Nothing dangerous was found about his person, but it was impossible to learn where he lived or what was his name. He would give no account of himself, and he was taken down stairs and kept there until all the detectives had taken a good look at him. He was then told to go and never show himself around the building again.

On the next morning a revolver was found in the building, and the opinion among those posted on the affair was that it must have belonged to the mysterious visitor. He had evidently come with a desperate determination to shoot some one, even at the sacrifice of his own life, but, seeing how slim were his chances for getting near his victim after the close watch kept upon him, he abandoned his intention and dropped his revolver to destroy any evidence against himself.

Possibly he may have been simply engaged in playing a "bluff" on his Anarchist friends, his intention being to make them believe that he had nerve enough to go right into a court-room and shoot down an official, and afterwards to excuse his failure by referring to his friends for proof that he was so closely watched that he had no opportunity to get near his victim.

Mr. Grinnell was shortly afterwards informed of the incident, and he remarked that possibly a "crank" might have been found by the Anarchists to make an assault that they themselves had not the courage to undertake.

As I have already indicated, a great many documents and letters, public and private, fell into the hands of the police during the searches made, and from the collection I give a few for the purpose of showing what kind of a dynamite office was being run by Parsons and Spies.

The following was found by Detective James Bonfield on Parsons' desk in the *Alarm* office, May 5, 1886:

Dealers in Marble and Granite Cemetery Work.—No. 193 Woodland Avenue, CLEVELAND, OHIO, April 29, 1886.

Comrade Parsons:—Providing we send you the following dispatch: "Another bouncing boy, weight 11 pounds, all are well—signal Fred Smith,"—can you send us No. 1 for the amount we sent you by telegram. Please give us your lowest estimate. Also state by what express company you will send it to us.

Parsons had nothing to do with either handling or selling dynamite, if his own statements are to be accepted. Still he and Spies and their crowd seem to have had a great many inquiries for the "good stuff" Parsons used to refer to in his speeches, and which he urged his followers to carry in their vest pockets during the day and keep under their pillows at night. Another evidence of their guilt was found on the same day by Detective Bonfield in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, on Spies' desk:

THE ÆTNA POWDER COMPANY, *Manufacturers and Dealers.* Works: Miller, Ind., Lake County.
Office: No. 98 Lake Street, Chicago.
High Explosives and Blasting Supplies.
ORDER NO.——. *Sold to Cash.* CHICAGO, October 24, 1885.

10 lbs. No. 1, 1¼, $3.50; 100 T T caps, $1.00; 100 feet double T fuse, 75 cts.—$5.25.
Paid—Ætna Powder Company, I. F.

In justice to the company it should be explained that they had no knowledge of the purposes for which the material was to be used.

I have already referred to the great courtesy shown Schnaubelt at the Central Station—how, when he was brought by Officer Palmer for the third

time before Lieut. Shea and the Chief, he was promptly ordered released, and how he finally and hastily concluded to leave the city in order to save the detective department any further trouble on his account. It subsequently transpired that the direction he took was for the great and boundless West; but in all his wanderings he always seems to have kindly remembered his friends in Chicago for permitting him to take so extended a journey. He even wrote back to some of them, and one letter, which was put in the possession of Officer Palmer, is especially worthy of publicity. It reads as follows:

PORTLAND, OREGON.

To the Chief of Police, Chicago—My Dear Old Jackass: Thanks to your pig-headed lieutenant, I am here sound and safe. Before this reaches you I have left here, and the only thing I regret is that we did not kill more of your blue-coated hounds. SCHNAUBELT.

The following, received by Parsons and Spies, are self-explanatory:

EUFAULA, April 13, 1886

Dear Comrade Parsons:—I have received your papers and am very much obliged for them. Glad that you like my article. I am writing now for *To-Day*, of London, and for the *Alarm*, and am going to write for *La Tribune du Peuple de Paris*. Situated as I am now, I can be of no good but by writing, and I intend to avail myself of it. You may be astonished if I tell you that I never use the word "Anarchy." I stick to the old word "Socialism." It can be understood and does not require any knowledge of Greek to make out its meaning. If I was to seek in the Greek language for a word to express where I stand, I would call myself an Anticrat, opposed to any kind of crazy notions, democracy as well as aristocracy. I am for individual responsibility and social action. I am for liberty, but within society, not above it, and, first of all, I am for equality of conditions. I want organization first, revolution second, social economy re-organization third, and abolition of governmental action last of all. If you could confiscate the government to-morrow, I would have no objection to use it for a while.

Anarchism has a very dangerous drift toward individualism, as you may perceive by reading *Liberty*, of Boston, and individualism is bound to generate some kind of a crazy notion and end in despotism. Beware of individualistic Anarchism and stick to the socialistic.

We are in a state of warfare with all the crazes and must use all the weapons of warfare within our reach. Our present weapons—strikes and boycotting—are dangerous, and expulsive if we were to use the ballot. The workers are the many; the masters the few. Before upsetting the government, let us try to use it. Mayors, councilmen, aldermen governors, and so forth, have a good deal to say about how the police and militia shall be used, and judges have a good deal to say when workingmen are prosecuted for claiming their rights. Could not the workers organize to conquer these offices? What do you think of that? What do you think of that? Salute and Fraternity. FREDERIC TAFFERD.

WHAT CHEER, KEOKUK COUNTY, IOWA, April 18, 1886.

A. R. Parsons, Esq.—Dear Sir: We organized a group of the Lehr und Wehr Verein in this town on the above date. The organizer was your comrade John McGinn, of Rock Spring, Wyoming. Inclosed you will find the amount for the cards—names as follows:

John H. Nicholson, miner; age,	41	Benjamin E. Williams, miner; age,	37
Arthur Cowrey, " "	42	William Jackson, " "	39
William Morgan, " "	34	John McGinn, " "	29
Isaac Little, " "	39	William H. Osborne, " "	36

John R. Thomas, miner; age, ... 33

I suppose you will need to know who is chief and secretary of the group. John McGinn is chief and John H. Nicholson is the secretary. I remain yours, in the care of John H. Nicholson, What Cheer, Keokuk County, Iowa, Box 697.

St. Louis, March 27, 1886.

Mrs. and Mr. Parsons: — We were quite sorry to learn of your sickness, which prevented you to be with us at the Commune Festival, while we were just as glad to see that Mrs. Parsons did accept our invitation. My hope and wish that you are well again for the present. The Commune Festival was well attended by a large crowd, and it was a great disappointment for the J. W. P. A. being forced to announce the absence of the English speaker. I am quite aware that it would have been a great lift for our principles if Mrs. Parsons could have been present. However, St. Louis is not Chicago, and the movement is not as well progressing as in Chicago. No wonder. I have been teached lately a lesson myself, and therefore withdraw as a member of the group. We herewith send you a little collection of picture cards, which Mary had saved up for your children. We intended to send them along with Mrs. Parsons. Mary has already two large scrap-books full of such collections. Hail for the revolution. Yours respectfully, J. M. Mentyer.

P. S.— If you have any old *Alarms* to spare, I would make good use of them at present during this railroad strike. I shall soon send some money again. I also send you the *Chronicle* so you can see what declaration the Knights of Labor have issued in answer to Monster Robber Gould.

Personal. Port Jarvis, N. Y., October 31, 1885.

My Dear Comrade: — Well, I will stay here, as I wrote you. I started out on a "tramp" to look for a job. I stayed nearly a week at New Haven and spoke there, though why Liberty should head his letter from there "Unfortunate for Herr Most," is more than I can see. I came here and looked up an old friend, John G. Mills. He proposed starting a small job book-bindery. He puts in capital and I the skill. That seems fair; while I will be sure of a mere living for the winter, there is no guarantee that capital will gain by it. So the timidity of capital must be overcome. Well, the bargain is this: When I pay back the advance capital (and until I do so I am not to draw in amount over $5.00 a week), paid it all, then I am to own half and we will start equal partners, and he furnishes more capital if necessary on half paid back. I have agreed, as I believe it is the best I can do, and it opens a good prospect. It is probable that I will not be very active in "the cause" here, as every moment will be occupied, but I am willing to go anywhere within reasonable distance this winter and give a lecture to any group for mere expenses — car-fare and board — and believe I could stir up the boys. New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York, all three join together here, and any of the three States would be convenient. I should give a lecture rather than a speech, but it would be *extempore*. Can't you drop a line to Philadelphia, or some point near? Buffalo is nearly as near.

When I feel like giving you an article I shall mail it, but, of course, you will use it or lay it over as you feel about it. I think I can put a point strongly, but do not want to crowd out anything else.

If you can use me on your paper, draw on me for all the copy you like. I like the *Alarm* and think it has improved since last spring. Any points I can get from French papers, I will give you the benefit of. I never got that card. Is it contrary to custom?

Yours truly, Lum.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Difficulties of Detection — Moving on the Enemy — A Hebrew Anarchist — Oppenheimer's Story — Dancing over Dynamite — Twenty-Five Dollars' Worth of Practical Socialism — A Woman's Work — How Mrs. Seliger Saved the North Side — A Well-merited Tribute — Seliger Saved by his Wife — The Shadow of the Hangman's Rope — A Hunt for a Witness — Shadowing a Hack — The Commune Celebration — Fixing Lingg's Guilt — Preparing the Infernal Machines — A Boy Conspirator — Lingg's Youthful Friend — Anarchy in the Blood — How John Thielen was Taken into Camp — His Curious Confession — Other Arrests.

THE preceding pages will have given to the reader facts enough to show the difficulty of the task assumed, as well as the manner in which we went about the work. One of the greatest of the obstacles to be overcome arose from the character and habits of thought of the Anarchists themselves. They heartily hated all law, and despised its constituted representatives. The conspiracy was well disciplined in itself, and it had been specially organized with a view to guarding its secrets from the outside world and protecting its members from the consequences of their crimes. Thus I soon found that it would require peculiar address, patience, secre tiveness and diligent work to lay bare the great plot to the world.

I can find no better place than this to testify to the help given me throughout the case by Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, whose work was a most important feature of the result finally brought before the Criminal Court.

The protection of society is an interest so momentous that it would be a false modesty in me to refuse, for fear that I should be charged with egotism, to analyze the processes by which the conviction of the confederates in the Haymarket murder conspiracy was bought about, and accordingly I will now say, once for all, that I believe that careful, systematic detective inquiry, conducted with some brains and a good deal of grit, can unravel any plot which the enemies of law and order and our American institutions are apt to hatch. It will require tact. It will require intelligence. It may require the hardest and most persistent work that men may do — but about the result there can be no doubt. Our government and our methods are strong enough for the protection of the people and the maintenance of law and order, no matter how dangerous may seem the forces arrayed against it.

The various steps taken may be gathered best from the memoranda made upon the arrest of each Anarchist who had been conspicuous in his order and who was supposed to know the secret workings of the "armed sections;" and, in reading the particulars, the general conclusion will become irresistible that the men who posed as the bloodthirsty bandits of Chicago became arrant, cringing cowards when they found themselves

within the clutches of the law. In the galaxy of trembling "cranks" there were a few exceptions, notably George Engel and Louis Lingg, but the demeanor of the common herd under arrest proved that their vaunted bravery had been simply so much talk "full of sound and fury."

One of the first arrests which I made was that of Julius Oppenheimer, *alias* Julius Frey. This man was a peculiar genius and was possessed by an unbounded admiration for Anarchists and all their methods. He had come to America five years before and had been brought up an Anarchist. He was a Hebrew of a very pronounced type, twenty-five years of age, a butcher by occupation, but an Anarchist in and out of season. Whenever he succeeded in securing employment he was sure speedily to lose it by his persistent teaching of Anarchy, and in some places people even went so far as to drive him out of town. If fortunate enough to get work in an adjoining town, he would tell his fellow workmen of his prior experience and curse what he termed his persecution for conscience' sake. Whenever his Anarchist beliefs had been expounded, he was promptly dismissed, and in one town he was politely informed that unless he got out in short order he was liable to find himself hanging to a tree. This sort of thing embittered him still more against society, and finally he abandoned all attempts to find work. He resolved himself into a tramp, and, in traveling from place to place, he sought to convert every other tramp he met to his revolutionary ideas.



JULIUS OPPENHEIMER'S "DOUBLE."
From a Photograph.

He soon learned that Chicago was regarded all over the country as the home of Socialism, its stronghold and citadel, and he made haste to reach it so that he too could become an agitator, with nothing to do and plenty to eat and drink. He had been in the city only a few days when he learned of the Socialistic haunt at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, and there he soon

made the acquaintance of Lingg and other, lesser lights, whose principal aim seemed to be to loaf around the saloons, guzzle beer and talk dynamite. This pleased Oppenheimer. He had traveled many weary days, but at last he had found what he had so long sought. He was received cautiously at first, but finally with open arms. One night he attended a meeting at the number given above and heard Engel speak about killing all the police in Chicago. Oppenheimer was delighted, and on the adjournment of the meeting he grew very enthusiastic, threatening to visit dire punishment on both the police and the rich. He stepped out on the sidewalk, and, just then encountering a policeman, he ejaculated:

"You old loafer, you won't live much longer!"

The words had hardly been uttered when Oppenheimer found himself prostrate in the gutter. The policeman passed on, and not one of Oppenheimer's comrades dared to come to the Anarchist's assistance or proffer sympathy. This was a treatment he had not expected, but he smothered his wrath and continued to attend all the meetings of the "revolutionary groups." He grew stronger every day in the good graces of his comrades, and at one of their meetings he was asked, along with others, to secure some of the "good stuff" and bombs. He responded and secured a substantial outfit. When the 4th of May came he happened for some reason to be some eighteen miles out of the city, but the moment he heard of the explosion he hastened back at once and hunted up his old friends to help them destroy the town.

On the evening of May 7 he was encountered by Officer Loewenstein at 58 Clybourn Avenue, in Neff's Hall, and taken to the Larrabee Street Station. He was put into a cell and kept locked up for about a week. Gradually it began to dawn upon his mind that he was in trouble, that possibly the police had secured evidence against him, and so at last he sent for me.

"I see," he said, "that it is foolish to fight against law and order, but you must excuse me for my actions. I read so much of that Most trash and other books that I was really crazy. I lost my reason and did not know what I was doing. Now I will tell all I know, but I will not testify against any of these people."

He was given no special assurances, but he unbosomed himself fully and became extremely useful in giving needed information. One day he said that if I would take him out in a carriage he would show where he had a lot of dynamite bombs planted, and added:

"Before going after the stuff, I will show you some of the worst Anarchists in the city, but in doing so I will tell you candidly my life is in danger. If these men see me they will shoot me on the spot."

He was assured that he would be fixed in such a disguise that no one would recognize him, and, consenting to go under such conditions,

Oppenheimer was rigged out like a veritable darkey. Officers Schuettler and Loewenstein were detailed to accompany him, and together they visited Sullivan, Connor, Hoyne, Mohawk and Hurlbut Streets, where many Anarchists then lived, and where Oppenheimer pointed out the houses of many notable conspirators.

Unfortunately, in one of the localities visited, colored people were very scarce, and it did not take the boys long to discover the sham, when they at once began shouting, "Here is a lost, crazy nigger," and they followed him, throwing bricks and stones. At other times the officers were obliged to hustle away with their "Hebrew negro," as they called him, as soon as possible. They got back to the station about eleven o'clock that evening, and, entering my office, Oppenheimer was permitted to view his ebony countenance in a mirror. He was startled by his make-up and declared that it was most artistically done.

"Mein Gott, if I was asleep," he exclaimed, "and wake up, and looked in the glass, I'd think I was a real nigger."

On the next day he was taken by the officers, in a carriage, to Lake View, about three miles from the city limits, to locate the bombs. It was a rainy day, and it was no easy matter for Oppenheimer to determine the right spot, although he kept a sharp look-out. He had planted them during the night, and that added to the difficulty. Finally he directed the driver to a grove used as picnic grounds, and they soon reached the spot. It now rained hard, and lightning and thunder filled the air with light and noise. Oppenheimer hesitated about alighting from the carriage.

"It is dangerous," he said, "to go near the place. The bombs I have planted here are all loaded with dynamite, and charged with poisoned iron, and this heavy thunder may explode them and kill us all."

Officer Schuettler said that he himself was familiar with the properties of dynamite, and assured him that there would not be the slightest danger. Oppenheimer then became somewhat braver. He jumped out and beckoned to his companions to follow. They proceeded to the dancing-platform, in the middle of the grove, and Oppenheimer, having removed some short boards, making an opening large enough for the admission of a man's body, asked Loewenstein to take hold of his legs, and, when he shouted, to pull him out, adding that when he had been there before he had had a hard time getting out. Oppenheimer then went in. On giving the signal, he was pulled out, with one bomb in each hand. He was thus lowered and pulled out until he had produced thirteen bombs. They were of the heavy gas-pipe make, loaded with dynamite and rusty nails, with cap attachments, and ready for use in four seconds. To show that he had exercised great care to preserve the "stuff" properly, he asked to be lowered again, and this time he brought to the surface an oil-cloth table-cover, which, he explained, he had used for wrapping up the bombs so that "they would not

spoil on him." He also fished out of the place two large navy revolvers fully loaded. Having finished, Oppenheimer gave a sigh of relief and remarked:

"Now I feel relieved. As long as I had these things I always felt that I must do some damage with them. I had them once in the city (May 5), and my mind was made up to throw some in the North Side Post-office. I also had determined to go to the *Freie Presse* office and blow up that d——d Michaelis, the editor of the paper. And then I was going to kill myself."

At about this time Oppenheimer possessed two large 44-caliber navy revolvers and seemed withal a desperate fellow. When the parties returned to the station he asked me to keep him there until all trouble was over, and for three months he became quite a character about the establishment. The defense in the Anarchist trial made several attempts to secure his release, but Oppenheimer declined to go. He was taken out frequently for regular exercise by one of the officers, but he always went in disguise.

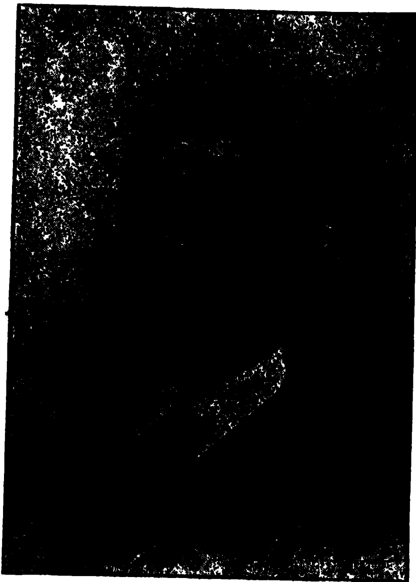
He proved such a valuable aid to the State that State's Attorney Grinnell ordered his release, but as he was nervous lest some one should shoot him on regaining his full liberty, he begged me to send him to New York City. He was accordingly furnished with money and clothing and sent away. While he was at the station he gained twenty-seven pounds and declared he had never been so well taken care of in all his life. He bade all the officers who were working up the Anarchist cases good-by and was given safe escort to the depot by Officer Stift. Some time after his arrival in New York he was discovered by an Anarchist, who telegraphed to Capt. Black that he was there if wanted, but the Captain did not seem to specially care for him.

The information he furnished the State was substantially as follows:

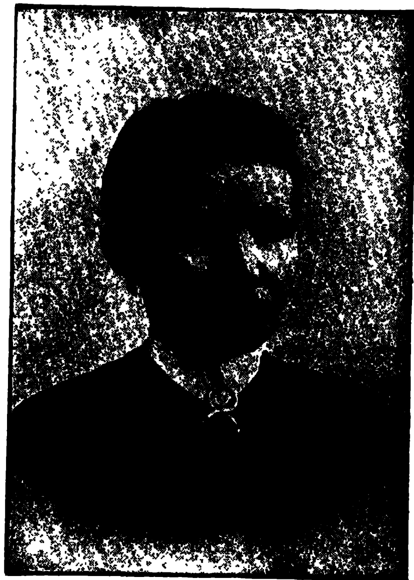
"I came to Chicago May 5, 1886, in the morning. I went to Seliger's house, 442 Sedgwick Street. I know Seliger and his wife and Louis Lingg. I am an Anarchist. I think the workingmen are not treated right in this country. I have always attended Socialistic meetings here. I have attended several meetings where the speakers would call us to arms and to all kinds of weapons, so that when the time came we could secure our rights. It was urged that we should be prepared to fight any one who would obstruct us or oppose our ideas. A meeting was held at Neff's Hall on or about last February. A man who lives on the West Side, on Milwaukee Avenue, and who keeps a toy store — I do not know his name — was there. He was accompanied by a young lady. Now that you show me this picture [Engel's] I will say he is the man, and he made a speech at that meeting. He told us to prepare ourselves, and if we were too poor and could not afford to buy arms, he could tell us about a weapon that was cheaper and better in its effect than arms. He then spoke of dynamite, but in his speech he always called it 'stuff.' He explained how to make dynamite bombs. He said: 'Take a gas-pipe, cut it in the length of six inches, put a woden plug in one end, fill it with dynamite, then plug the other end,

and drill a small hole through one of the plugs. In this hole put a cap and fuse.' Then the bomb was complete. He also told us of a place on the West Side, near a bridge, where we could go and steal all the pipe we wanted. We could then buy the 'stuff' and make the bombs ourselves. I bought seven or eight bombs some time ago from a man named Nusser or Nuffer, at 54 West Lake Street. The man used to work for Greif. I paid him twenty-five cents apiece for them. They were dynamite bombs, and I purchased them at night. I had a little book that told all about making and using dynamite bombs. I know something about the armed group. They are not known by their names. They are known by numbers, so that the police cannot find them out in case they have done anything wrong. There never would be any more than three in a job — that is, if there were any persons to be killed. Number one would find the second man, and this second man would find the third. No questions would be asked. The first man and the third man are not supposed to know each other. The first and third would know the middle man, but in case of trouble, and should there be a 'squeal,' only two parties could be given away, leaving one to get away and save himself. I have tried some of the dynamite bombs I had, and they worked splendidly. I also have a big navy revolver. Everything attempted hereafter will be done according to the instructions given in a book printed by Herr Most, of New York. Those long gas-pipe shells I see before me are like one that was shown me at Neff's Hall last winter. A man named Rau had it there and showed it to the boys. I am five years in America, and have always been a Socialist. On Wednesday morning, May 5, when I heard that there had been a bad blunder committed by our boys at the Haymarket, and read an article in the *Freie Presse* condemning us, I got very mad. I took my five dynamite bombs and started out to get revenge. My first intentionwas to blow up the North Side Post-office. The next place I decided to go to was the *Freie Presse* office to blow them up. If I found I was in danger of being captured, I made up my mind to kill myself right there and then. Lingg wanted me to cut a hole in the wall in his room to put away a lot of dynamite bombs and dynamite, but Mrs. Seliger would not let me do so. A man named Bodendick, a good Anarchist, was well known by August Spies, and considered a rank conspirator. This is the man that went to Justice White's house and demanded $25, threatening that if he did not get it he would blow up his house. White had him arrested and locked up in jail, and for this reason Spies did not want the man known as an Anarchist, but simply as a crazy man. The Socialists or Anarchists do not care much for Spies or Schwab, but we have kept them and looked upon them as a necessary evil. I know a man named Pollinger, a saloon-keeper. He was an agent here at one time to sell arms, but he did not run things right. He was crooked. The understanding we had was that, in case of a riot or revolution, every man should use his own judgment and do as he pleased, that is to say, commit murder, shoot people, burn buildings or do that for which he was best fitted, so long as it was in the interest of the Anarchistic society. The main idea inculcated in the little paper called the *Freiheit*, which I have read, is that no rights could be secured until capitalists were killed and houses were laid in ashes. If we would not take a chance on our lives, we would be slaves always. I know positively of fifty men, radical Anarchists, who stand ready to commit murder and to destroy the city by fire whenever they are called on. I know Lingg well. He is a Socialist and an Anar-

chist and a very radical revolutionist. I heard him speak at 58 Clybourn Avenue, and formed my opinion of him. He told me that Seliger was a coward. He called me a coward the morning I helped Mrs. Seliger to get the guns out of the house. That morning I was in Lingg's room when Mrs. Seliger brought in a lot of lead and said to Lingg: 'Here is your lead.' Lingg then got mad at her and said: 'You are crazy.' He became very much excited, wrapped up his gun, got ready to move, and wanted me to conceal his dynamite bombs in the hall. Mrs. Seliger would not let him do so. Then Lingg was going to carry his bombs out of the house. He finally got into quite a quarrel with her and started out to get a wagon to carry away all his things. I told him to hurry up and get all his dynamite stuff away, also the printed literature he had, as there was danger that the police would be around to search the house. He looked at me and called



WILLIAM SELIGER
From a Photograph.



MRS. WILLIAM SELIGER.
From a Photograph.

me 'a d——d fool and coward.' Then Lingg asked me to go to the West Side with him, as there was to be a meeting at 71 West Lake Street. Lingg saw my dynamite bombs. I had told him of them. I saw two round lead bombs in his room. I had them in my hands. Lingg told me to be careful and not let them drop, as they were loaded and might go off. They were dangerous, he said. I also saw four gas-pipe bombs in his room. Some of them were not finished. I remember now that Seliger, the Hermanns and Hubner were at the meeting in Neff's Hall last winter when Engel urged all men who had revolutionary ideas to pay attention and he would explain how to make dynamite bombs. I am glad I am arrested. I now can realize how near I was to ruin through those d——d fellows making revolutionary speeches and exciting the people to commit murder. The books given out by Herr Most are doing more harm among those men than

any one can imagine. I have given you facts, and they are true, every one of them. I will swear to them."

THE next arrest was that of William Seliger. When the police had learned that Seliger's residence had been used as a bomb factory, we wanted him. He was a man about forty-five years of age, a carpenter by occupation, a good mechanic, very quiet and sober, but one of the most rabid of Anarchists. He had filled various positions in the "groups," and always manifested a deep interest in their meetings. He was popular with his comrades and trusted with all their secrets. He lived at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, in a rear building up-stairs. This was a two-story frame dwelling, and a great resort for Socialists and Anarchists. Officer Whalen had searched the house, finding it a regular dynamite magazine, and, locating his man, telephoned to me that Seliger was working at Meyer's mill on the North Pier. Officer Stift and Lieut. Larsen were at once detailed, in charge of a patrol wagon, to effect the arrest, and soon the man was produced at the station — May 7. When I confronted him he stubbornly refused, according to the instructions in Most's book, to answer questions, but when he discovered the evidence I had against him, he broke down and said:

"Captain, I will tell you all, but for Heaven's sake do not arrest my poor wife. I am to blame for all you found in my house, because I kept that man Lingg in my house against her will — the poor woman! Hang me, but do not trouble her, for she is innocent, and God is her witness."

Seliger then unbosomed himself, telling of all his connection with the Anarchists since his location in Chicago, and giving valuable information on all the "groups," their leaders, their places of meeting, their purposes, their mode of operations, the character of the speeches made at meetings, and the manufacture of bombs at his house, giving the names of all calling or taking part in their manufacture. He gave the most important points the State had to work on, and every detail he furnished was fully corroborated by other parties subsequently arrested. He was in the confidence of Lingg, and was also a *particeps criminis* in the manufacture of the bombs, and gave, therefore, no hearsay statements. What was found in his house and the character of his information are fully shown in his testimony, given in a later chapter, as well as that of the officers during the memorable trial.

After telling what he knew, Seliger was released, on the 28th of May, with instructions to report every day at the Chicago Avenue Station.

Mrs. Seliger was also arrested. She was a small woman about 38 years of age. She was found at No. 32 Sigel Street on the morning of May 10. She readily consented to accompany Officer Schuettler to the station. Mrs. Seliger showed plainly that she had not been in sympathy with her husband in his revolutionary ideas, and proved a prompt and willing witness, demon-

strating before she got through that she had done incalculable service to the people of the city.

It was in her house that Lingg made his bombs, and when I questioned her she gave me a great deal of information concerning the man and his methods. All the statements she made and her testimony in court did not vary in the slightest details, even under the most rigid cross-examination. She was found to be a very industrious woman, a neat housekeeper, and she was highly esteemed by all her neighbors. She related how she had lived in misery ever since her husband began to take an active part in the Anarchist meetings, and she stated that after Lingg came to live in the house she had not seen a pleasant hour. She had often remonstrated with her husband and pleaded with him not to attend the meetings, or read any of the Anarchist papers, but to remain at home with her.

Seliger was so completely carried away by the doctrines of Johann Most, Spies and the others that he refused to listen to his wife. The moment he got into trouble, however, he became very penitent and readily accepted her advice in everything.

Mrs. Seliger's experience on the 4th day of May, when she witnessed the preparation of the bombs, she described as terrible. There she was forced to remain all day, she said, seeing eight men working on the murderous weapons, some making one kind of bombs, some another, others fitting them and loading them with dynamite, and others again putting on the caps and fuse. Throughout the whole operation she was obliged to listen to their bloodthirsty conversation, how they would blow up the police stations, patrol wagons and fire-engine houses, kill all the militia, hurl bombs into private residences, and murder every one who opposed them.

Mrs. Seliger viewed affairs differently and told the conspirators that there were more chains than mad dogs. Another thing they overlooked, she said, was their own families, and should they carry all their threats into execution their families would be made to suffer to the end of their days in misery and want. Remonstrances, however, were useless.

They worked until dark, and then they separated to meet in the evening at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. Her husband and Lingg ate supper, and then the two put a lot of the bombs into a satchel and started for the designated place. Lingg carried the satchel down stairs and was followed by Seliger.

This was a trying moment, but Mrs. Seliger proved equal to the emergency. Just as Seliger reached the third step, she grasped his arm, threw her arms about his neck, and, like a loving, devoted wife, asked him for God's sake not to become a murderer.

"If you ever loved me and ever listened to me when I spoke," she whispered fervently into his ear, "I want you to listen to me now. I don't ask you to stay at home, but I want you to go with that villain and see that he does not hurt any one. Restrain him from carrying out his murderous



A NOBLE WOMAN'S INFLUENCE. A KISS THAT PREVENTED BLOODSHED.

ideas. If you do this, I will creep on my knees after you and will be your slave all my life."

These tender words touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of Seliger, and he promised to do as she had requested, while she sealed the promise with a loving kiss. As subsequent events and his testimony in court proved, he faithfully carried out that promise, and by that injunction of his wife and that fervid kiss of a true woman, hundreds of lives and millions of property were saved.

From the time they left the house until their return, Seliger never left for a moment the side of Lingg. During the evening Lingg was continually prompted by his own treacherous heart to throw bombs, now at a passing patrol wagon, then at some residence or into a police station, and invariably Seliger had some handy reason to proffer why such an attempt would be inopportune at the moment. Lingg finally became suspicious and upbraided Seliger for being a coward. The night passed, and the only harm Lingg did was indirectly in the explosion of one of his bombs at the Haymarket, to the prospective happening of which he frequently alluded during the evening.

It is my deliberate opinion that, had it not been for this intervention of Mrs. Seliger, hundreds of people would have been killed, and probably one-half of the North Side destroyed, that eventful night.

After giving considerable information to the police Mrs. Seliger was released, but kept under strict surveillance.

Seliger faithfully carried out his instructions to report at the station daily for two weeks, and then he suddenly disappeared. Officer Schuettler was detailed to visit his home to ascertain the cause, and was there informed that Seliger had mysteriously left.

"Why," inquired Mrs. Seliger, "don't you know where he is; did you not arrest him again?"

On being answered in the negative, she stated that it had been her intention to call on me that afternoon with a view to finding out something about her husband.

It looked like a case of concealment, and Mrs. Seliger was therefore taken to the Larrabee Street Station. She immediately desired to see me, and, when I called, she informed me that three days before her husband had said: "I am going away. Don't ask me any questions. You will hear from me later," and then bade her good-by.

She was under the impression that since leaving her he had been at the Chicago Avenue Station. I thought it a ruse and subjected her to a severe examination. I asked her who had been to see them and whether they had not received money from certain lawyers or others. But Mrs. Seliger could tell no different story from that she had already given, and she finally volunteered the guess that possibly her husband had been frightened away.

"If you will only allow me to go," she earnestly pleaded, "I will neither eat, drink nor sleep until I find him."

I was now satisfied that she was in earnest, and, having confidence in her, I ordered her release. But from that moment she was watched night and day, more closely than ever. It was found that she visited many houses in various parts of the city, and when these places were immediately afterwards called upon by the detectives it was ascertained that she had invariably inquired for her husband and urged those who knew him to tell him to come home if they should happen to meet him; that she was weary of life, and if he remained away much longer she would not be responsible for any act of hers on her own life.

After several days' ineffective search, Mrs. Seliger received a letter from her husband asking her to call and see him. She hastened at once, with a throbbing heart and a light tread, to my office. I asked her if she would work under my instructions, and she promptly consented to do everything in her power to help the police. I had come to the conclusion that it would be no easy matter to find the slippery Seliger, but that, if he was not discovered that day, we might at least get on his track.

Mrs. Seliger was accordingly told to wait in the office a few minutes. Two men were sent for, men whom the woman would not know. I instructed them to slip through a side door and get a good view of her while unobserved. A carriage was then ordered, and the driver directed to take the woman to whatever place she might desire, and remain with her even all day and all night, if required. Mrs. Seliger stepped into the carriage, and the horses were soon in a sharp trot. But the conveyance was not alone. No sooner had it started than the two men I have spoken of jumped into a buggy and followed the carriage south, keeping it in good view all the time.

The first stop made was at a place on West Thirteenth Street. There Mrs. Seliger had to identify herself first, and thence she was directed to a place some four blocks away. Arriving there, she was sent on to Sixteenth Street, and again sent to Twelfth Street, near the limits. She was here subjected to a great many questions, and after she had fully proven her identity she was taken to the next house and led into a dark bed-room, where she found her husband. She remained there about three hours, and then, under direction of her husband's friends, was told to drive to several other places in order to throw any detectives that might be watching off the scent. She did so, but the two men had kept a close watch and were not to be baffled.

When the carriage had started for home, one of the officers returned to the place where she had tarried so long. He represented to the occupants that he was working for Salomon & Zeisler, attorneys for the imprisoned conspirators, to whom Seliger had written a letter, and that in accordance with the request they had decided to protect him and his friends.

"Seliger," said the officer, "is here, and I want to talk with him."

The occupants admitted that he had been there and had had a talk with his wife, but that he was at the time on his way home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Seliger called at the station the next afternoon (June 8). Both entered smiling, but it was quite apparent that Seliger was very nervous.

"Captain," said Mrs. Seliger, "we are both here."

"Yes, madam," I replied; "I am glad you are both here — on your own account."

"Captain," again spoke Mrs. Seliger, "I want my husband to testify in court against that villain Lingg. He ruined my home. He is the cause of the slaughter of all these people. He is the cause of the sufferings of the women and children whose husbands and fathers attended the Anarchist meetings. Now, Captain, you see I have been faithful to my promises. I have done as I agreed. You have my husband; he is in your power. You can do with him as you please, but for God's sake spare his life."

Mrs. Seliger had scarcely finished her appeal when she swooned away. She had for days been wrought up with intense excitement and haunted with terrible forebodings. The climax was reached when she had executed her commission, and, trying as had been the situation for nights and days, she had courageously borne up in order that she might atone the wrongs her husband had committed despite her most earnest entreaties, and to help in some way to extricate him, who had so cruelly wronged her, from the meshes into which he had madly and ignorantly rushed. Her keen judgment and innate sense of right had swept aside every consideration of the apparent security his concealment might have given him, and her whole soul was centered in his delivery to the authorities that he might not eventually be found and sent to an ignominious death on the gallows. That was her hope, and, much as she longed for his safety, she had bent her whole energies to seeing him brought out of concealment and placed where there might at least be a chance for his life. The struggle had been intense, and it culminated when she so pathetically asked that her husband's life might be spared. Her emotions then were at their highest tension, and as she recognized the fact that he was now at the complete mercy of the law, from which he had sought to escape, she could bear up no longer.

A physician was immediately sent for, and after applying restoratives it was found she was quite a sick woman. A carriage was summoned, and she was sent home.

Seliger was detained at the station until after the trial of the conspirators. Mrs. Seliger was a frequent caller after that trying day, and remained with him much of the time, cheering him and seeking in every way to lighten his burden, like a true, devoted and loving wife. In a subsequent conversation the circumstances in connection with her visit to her husband

at his place of concealment were learned. It appears that at first he emphatically declined to accompany her, and then gave his reasons. One day, while on his way to report at the station, he was met, he said, by a stranger, and threatened that if he ever went near the station again, or sent word verbally or by note or letter to me, both he and his wife would be murdered in cold blood. The threat made a marked impression on his mind. He returned home, but made no mention of it to Mrs. Seliger. He knew, he said, that the threat was meant, and, thinking to save his wife, he concluded to act on the warning and place himself in concealment without her knowledge. He left, as already stated, and decided to keep under cover to await results.

He called first at the house of a widow named Bertha Neubarth, No. 1109 Nelson Street, Lake View. This was a small cottage, with a basement used as a tailor-shop, and, thinking it a secure place, he remained there a few days. Then he went to the house of a friend, named Gustav Belz, who lived near McCormick's factory, and remained there several days. His next move was to a house on West Twelfth Street, near the city limits, and there he remained until discovered by his wife. The letter he had sent to her was mailed by a trusted friend named Malinwitz, and the purpose he had in sending it was to ascertain if matters had changed any and if I was angry over his sudden departure. On meeting his wife, the first question he asked was as to whether the police had been watching their house, and, on being answered in the affirmative, and informed that she had even been locked up again, he asked for particulars and the cause for her release.

"Capt. Schaack," she said, "let me out in order to bring you back."

"I often felt sorry," answered the husband, "for going away, but I will never go back."

His wife insisted that he must go back, and said:

"I told the Captain that I would come and see you. The Captain said that he would give you six hours to return, and that if you did not report to his office within that time, he would surely find you and prosecute you for murder. Your chances for hanging, he said, were very good, and you need look for no mercy at his hands. He also said that he had your picture ready, to send out for your arrest on sight, and that it would be useless for you to hide or run away. I saw the picture myself, and the Captain intends to publish a large reward for your arrest."

"I believe all you say," said Seliger, struggling with his feelings, "but what would you prefer, seeing me shot or killed by assassins, or hung by law?"

"All these cowards making threats," replied the wife, "will be arrested. The station-houses on the North Side are now full of the murderers. I know the Captain will take care of us, and, if you are arrested, you will

have no one to help you or do anything for you; then you are sure to hang. You had better come with me to Captain Schaack."

He consented, and she sent word that they would be at the station the next day. Seliger gave himself up, and Mrs. Seliger redeemed her promise. The sacrifice, in view of the uncertainties of the time, seemed great, but had it not been for the honesty and persistency of that true woman, Seliger to-day would lie in an unhonored grave. Both proved strong witnesses at the trial, and shortly after his release they left the city. Reports from them show that he has been cured of Johann Most's crazy notions. He now denounces Anarchy both in America and Germany, in which latter country he and his wife were born. He has applied himself to legitimate pursuits as a law-abiding citizen, and is prospering.

Seliger, during his interview with me, recounted his connection with the Anarchists as follows:

"About three years ago I noticed an article in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* that the North Side group would give lessons to all who desired, in the English language. I went to Neff's Hall and I was there told that the school was only for members, and that, if I wanted to join, I could do so. I did, and a year afterwards I was elected financial secretary. In looking over the books, I found that the group had 206 members, the most of them being in arrears, but no one ceased to be a member on account of it. I found also that there was a great deal of wrangling and trouble among the members. One faction claimed to be revolutionary, as they were at war with capital. This contention drew the lines pretty sharply, and the Socialistic movement commenced to take a sharp character. Stellmacher, I believe, was executed in Vienna. It was on Monday, if I am not mistaken, in the month of August, 1884. My group decided to commemorate the event and glorify the man. They had posters printed, and about twenty men went to work to post them, especially in the vicinity of the churches. From that day they began talking force and dynamite. At every meeting, Stellmacher's name was mentioned and his deeds glorified. Some held that Stellmacher was simply a burglar and murderer, having burglarized the premises of Banker Eifert at Vienna and killed one of his children. Rau and Lange were always quarreling over this question. Lange maintained that it was a shame that any Socialist, Communist or Anarchist should burglarize and murder under a pretext of getting money for the cause. Every member, he said, could get enough money in an honest way to swell the fund for agitation and the destruction of capital. Lange said that he was not opposed to the killing of capitalists in the right way, but he did not want to see children killed. Rau would uphold a contrary view. He held that it was all the same, capitalist or child, and said that the children of the rich would grow up only to learn how to enrich themselves at the expense of the working people. Schnaubelt favored murder and thought that it would be best for the Anarchists to form into groups of four or five with a view to killing any one who would work against the laboring people's agitation. One or two suddenly removed would not arouse suspicion.

"A cigar-maker named Hoffman became a member of the North Side group, and he was never satisfied with the rules, as he regarded them too lenient. He wanted the whole International Working People's Association

made an armed body, but Schwab and Hermann opposed it, as they said that the Lehr und Wehr Verein filled that part of the bill. Hoffman subsequently withdrew from the group and the military organization. He as well as Polling and Hermann wanted the Anarchists to give a commemorative entertainment on the anniversary of the Paris Commune, in March, 1885, and of the clubbing of the working people of Philadelphia by the police. His idea was that rifles should be discharged, and then a woman personating the goddess of liberty should throw a chain away from her body. In this way the three men believed that the agitation for securing arms could be greatly helped. The committee for the celebration of the Commune opposed this plan, especially Neebe and Rau. Neebe held that the celebration of the Commune as generally planned by the committee was for the express purpose of making money to help agitation, and the other features were not necessary. Hoffman endeavored to carry through his plan, but he was knocked out. After some further wrangling he left the group and permanently kept away. At another meeting Rau said that he desired to bring dynamite into the meetings and show how it was manufactured, but no definite action was taken.

"At the beginning of last year [1885], a man named Deters declared that he was an Anarchist and was very loud in his declarations, but he was afterwards expelled for stealing tickets from the Central Labor Union. Poch always claimed to be a Communist, and he became unpopular on account of a dereliction. Haker was also a Communist, but he was expelled on account of being in arrears $3 as a member of the Southwest group. Then Lingg became a member, and from that time served as president of that group. He was always in hot words with a man named Hartwig. During the beginning of April we got quite a number of new members, and they all became strong agitators in the cause. I knew as members of the armed sections Schlomeker, a carpenter; Stahlbaum, a carpenter, lieutenant of the first company; Petschke, secretary of the same company; Kitgus; the Riemer brothers, one a carpenter and the other a painter; Ted, a carpenter; Rau, Bak, Hirschberger, the Hermann brothers, all members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein; the Hageman brothers; the Lehman brothers; Messenbrink, a carpenter; Stak, a tinsmith; Lauke, Feltes and Kraemer, all carpenters, and Siebach and Niendorf, carpenters, living in Lake View. With these two exceptions and those of Lenhard and Krueger, who belonged to the Northwest group, all I have mentioned lived on the North Side. There were also Classner and Sisterer, who belonged to the Southwest group. I know a great many others who belonged to the armed forces, but I don't recall their names. They all carried revolvers. All I knew about bombs at that time was what I heard Lingg say, that the Northwest group and the Southwest groups and the Bohemians were well supplied with them. Among the Bohemian Socialists I only know Mikolanda and Hrusha and three more whose names I can't remember.

"At a meeting last winter [1885] of the North Side group, Neebe stated that it was time that every comrade should supply himself with arms and should lay bombs under his pillow at night and sleep over them. Every one should practice so as to know how to handle them when necessary. Every workingman, he said, who is down on capitalists, should kill every one of them, and they should not neglect the police and the militia, because they were hired and supported by the capitalists. He said that he himself would kill one of these loafers and would not turn an eye on him. One in

the audience, a barber, whose name I don't know, said that there were some among the militia and the police who would join them in case of an uprising and cited as an instance that during the riots of 1877 he had spoken to some of them and they had told him that they would not shoot at the strikers. Neebe declared that it was all the same. 'A man employed by the capitalists,' he said, 'is my enemy, even though he is my brother.' In case of an uprising, he said, every revolutionist should use force on every corner and on the sidewalks, and should throw dynamite wherever these loafers stood or walked.

"The casting of one bomb Lingg had was made of sheet-iron, and the man who manufactured it was shown to me at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Then Lingg had another casting made out of iron, which he had made at some iron foundry. I saw him have dynamite twice in a cigar-box. Before this he said to me that he had seen Spies at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and that Spies had told him that he would give him dynamite. This was about two months before the 4th of May. Friday preceding that day Lingg received a box, 1 x 2½ feet in dimensions, from the West Side, at the hands of a man whom I took to be a Bohemian. Lingg always liked the Bohemians. With a view to learning this man's address I walked over to the West Side, and I found that he had moved to No. 661 Blue Island Avenue. One evening two others came to see Haker, and Haker told them, as I entered, that I was Seliger. One of them I knew, his name being Kaiser, a carpenter, and the other was a strongly built man of medium height and bow-legged. They were a little embarrassed and said that they did not know what to say under the circumstances. I asked them if they had bombs, and Haker spoke up and said that he would not say anything about it, even to his brother, as he expected a search would be made of his house. But he said they would find nothing, and the other two confirmed his story. It was stated that every one should buy a book, which could be had at cost price, giving directions about the manufacture of dynamite, which could also be purchased very cheap. The North Side group bought one of these books. I was so informed by Thielen, who had seen it.

"A short time after this I was elected a member of the central committee, with four other delegates from the North Side group, who were Neebe, Rau, Hermann and Hubner, and as long as I was a member Neebe and Rau were continued as delegates to that committee. Spies was at the head of it. I attended seven of its meetings, and at one of our sessions, during the West Side street-car drivers' strike, Spies said that we should take part in that strike. In case the strikers should resort to force against the company and the policemen who protected it, Spies said that he had a few bombs on hand, and he would distribute some of them to people whom he knew. At the same meeting it was proposed that a meeting should be held on the lake front the following Sunday, but there was some opposition to it. Spies, however, declared that the meeting should be held and that every one should be present, well armed. Then, in case the police should interfere to disperse the gathering, they should send them home with bloody heads. The meeting was held, but there was no interference. Spies also proposed that meetings of the committee should be held every evening at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office during the strike, to hear grievances, and that, whenever necessary, special meetings should be held of the various groups. The leaders in the committee were Spies, Rau, Neebe, Hermann, a man named Walter, of the American group, and a small man from the Northwest

group with an illuminated nose, who was a very intimate friend of Spies. This man was the founder of the Freiheit group.

"Just preceding this car strike, Haker, who belonged to Carpenters' Union No. 1, was a strong advocate of the use of dynamite. At one meeting he told some of the members to wait till after adjournment, as he explained that he desired to show them something very interesting. They remained, and he produced a ball of clay, having two parts joined together and a cavity in the center. He told them that he manufactured them, and if any one desired any they could get them from him at a dollar each. I then left.

"Subsequently I called upon Secretary Lotz and asked for the book of membership of the North Side group. I found that Charles Bock was its financial secretary; Hubner, librarian; and Rau, delegate to the central committee, which position he held almost continuously. Abraham Hermann was also a delegate and agent for the sale of arms to the whole organization. The principal speakers at our meetings were Schwab, Feltes or Veltes, Neebe, Grottkau and (while living in the city) Kraemer. During 1885 an Austrian, whose name I don't remember, spoke very often, but he is now at the Jefferson Insane Asylum. Fischer is one of the founders of the North Side group and always spoke most strongly in favor of Anarchy. Rau, an employé of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, Lingg, Schnaubelt and Emil Hoffman, the cigar-maker, also spoke frequently. Hoffman claimed that he was a great friend of Most and one of the founders of *Freiheit* of London. He had lived in London several years and was an active member until he left our organization, as I have already stated. Hermann would sometimes take the places of speakers who might happen to be absent from some of the meetings. Hirschberger, of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and Menz, a carpenter, born in America, generally participated in some of the discussions.

"A man named Kiesling was a member, and after my liberation from the station I was informed by Haker, Kaiser and another man that he had helped a member to escape arrest. Commes, or Commens, had shot and wounded two Jews, and Kiesling was delegated to take him in an express wagon to Lake View, where he turned him over to some members of the Southwest Side group, who then assisted him in effecting his escape."

Seliger then gave a number of names of members who belonged to the groups he was most familiar with, as follows:

"*North Side Group.*— Asher, a mason; Turban, carpenter; Huber, carpenter; Heuman, railroad laborer; Stak, cornice-maker; Reuter; Habitzreiter, of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung;* Kasbe, shoemaker; Menge, carrier of *Arbeiter-Zeitung;* Hoelscher, carrier of same paper; Jebolinski, carpenter; Behrens, shoemaker. Members no longer with group: Wichman, a saloon-keeper, expelled from Berlin, Germany; Ammer, bookbinder; the Thiesen brothers, one a shoemaker and the other a carpenter, and Polling.

"*Northwest Side Group.*— Blume, carpenter; Elias, carpenter; Fischer, Engel, Lehnhard, Breitenfeld. Blume and Elias left because they were quarreling all the time with Fischer, and they founded the Karl Marx group.

"*Southwest Side Group.*— Scholz; Fehling, cigarmaker; Kaiser, carpenter; Haker, carpenter; Schoening."

THE next arrest was that of JOHN THIELEN. Thielen was a man about 37 year of age, born near the city of Coblentz, Germany, a carpenter by occupation, and a rabid "red," living in Chicago at No. 509 North Halsted Street. He had been an Anarchist in the old country, and there had divided his time between talking up the social revolution and running a small grocery store, until business had got so dull that he was obliged to sell out. He then fell back upon his trade for a living. Much as it went against his grain to labor, he had no alternative except to starve. It occurred to him that the stronger a Socialist he became the less hard work he would have to do, and he accordingly availed himself of every opportunity to talk on his pet hobby. At last the officials of Emperor William got after him, and, packing up a few things, he emigrated to America, reaching Chicago about five years before his arrest. He had been here only a short time when he learned that there were a number of men in the city who talked to workingmen about the shortest way to get rich without work, how to have a good time playing cards, drinking beer, attending picnics and balls, wearing good clothes, and smoking good cigars. This struck Thielen's fancy, and he concluded that at last he had found the place he had longed for during many years. He decided to identify himself with these men, and accordingly made haste to attend all their meetings. It was not long before he proved himself as good an Anarchist as the rest of the leaders. His wife also had become imbued with his doctrines, and had grown indeed more positive than her husband.



JOHN THIELEN.
From a Photograph.

They had a son, 15 years of age, a tall, slim fellow. Nothing would satisfy the mother except his induction into the order. After the stripling had become a member, she was still unsatisfied; he must join the Sharpshooters. This the boy did, and thus he fell in with the most rabid of the Anarchists—into the very crowd that gathered in secret session at 63 Emma Street on Sunday, May 2, at ten o'clock in the morning, to hear Engel unfold his murderous plan.

The youth was a close listener and an ardent admirer of the leaders. He also attended the Haymarket meeting, and went there for a purpose. It appears that the order had established, in furtherance of this conspiracy, a line of runners, composed of all the young men who were swift and light of foot, the object being to furnish means of rapid communication between a "commander" and his men. For instance, in the execution of Engel's plan, a number of Anarchists had gone to Wicker Park, some to Humboldt Park, and others to Garfield Park, on the evening of May 4. Their instruc-

tions were to stand ready to obey orders, and, on receipt of a signal, to advance into the city and shoot down all who opposed them. The "commander" attended the Haymarket meeting, accompanied by young Thielen, and it was his intention, the moment the proper signal was given, to despatch the boy on his mission. The boy was then to start on a keen run to a certain place, where he was to meet another runner; the second was to take the message to a third, and so on until the men posted at the parks were reached.

Fortunately, however, young Thielen missed his "commander" when the bomb fell and the shooting commenced at the Haymarket. The boy then lost his courage, like his superior, and applied his speed to getting home as fast as possible.

Young Thielen had been selected because of his supposed coolness. He had been a great favorite of Lingg's, and had been in that worthy's room on that very afternoon up to 7:30 in the evening. He had even helped to load dynamite bombs there. When the work had been completed, Lingg had distributed a lot of the dynamite left over to his friends present. Three boxes had been given to Thielen and the boy, and the "stuff" was subsequently found buried under their house, together with fire-arms and ammunition.

When trouble finally surrounded the Thielen household, the wife and mother showed true grit. On being shown the evidence of their complicity in a conspiracy, she neither flinched nor quivered.

"Our whole family are Anarchists," she defiantly remarked, "and what of it? Try your best, you can't scare me!"

The son was ordered by the officers to come with them to the station, and as they left the house Mrs. Thielen said to him:

"I want you to brace up and be firm, as you have been taught by your comrades. This is for a good cause. Bear it all like a man."

The boy was taken to the Larrabee Street Station and put under crossfire. He was decidedly firm at first, but after he had become involved in a number of false statements and shown that the police knew a good deal about him, he looked at every officer in the station and asked:

"If I tell all I know and tell the truth, what will you do with me?"

He was informed that such a course would be the best for him and that it might afford him a chance to get out of his troubles. This satisfied the youth, and he gave a long and strong statement, which others subsequently corroborated. He then explained that he had been misled into reading all sorts of nonsense on Anarchy. He had eagerly studied all books on the question, and, being encouraged by his parents, had taken a deep interest in all the meetings. He worked whenever he could find employment, but at all times his mind was centered in the success of the cause.

He was detained at the station only a few days, and then released on a

promise to hold himself subject to the orders of the State and testify when called on. But the State did not need his evidence, and soon thereafter I secured him employment in a factory. He is still at work and is now proving himself an exemplary youth.

The father proved a rather elusive individual after the police began searching for him. But at the time of Mrs. Seliger's arrest he ventured too near the Chicago Avenue Station. It was on the morning of May 12 that a man was noticed in the company of two women. The man remained on the outside at a good distance, but the women entered the court-room of the station and sat there for some time, watching the prisoners brought before the magistrate. The women asked no questions of any one in the room, and it was soon discovered that they had no business there. Officer Loewenstein approached them and asked if they had come to see Mrs. Seliger. One replied that they did not know her.

"But," interposed the other, with some hesitancy, "is she here?"

"I can't tell," remarked the officer. "I was going to make some inquiries, but as you do not know her, it will save me the trouble."

"Say, young man," said one of the women, who was getting interested as well as curious, "what is your business here?"

"Well, madam, I am known here as a 'straw-bailer.' I go bail for all people who pay me well, and I am all O. K. with the police. If you want anything done for Mrs. Seliger, you must be very careful here. Don't let the police know your object. As you are Germans, I will not charge you anything for my trouble, if I can do anything for you."

"Well, we will talk to you later," they said. "Can we remain here for awhile?"

"Oh, yes; I will take care of you so that no one will disturb you," replied the officer, in a patronizing tone of voice. "By the way, when I came to the station this morning, I saw you standing at the corner talking to a gentleman with black whiskers, and he is now standing across the street. If he is a friend of yours, I will call him in here."

"Oh, yes," responded the women, "he is our friend and a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Seliger. He is a good man."

"What is his name? I will call him in at once."

"His name is John Thielen. He lives at No. 509 North Halsted Street and is all right."

Officer Stift meantime had kept his eye on the individual across the street, with instructions not to arrest him so long as he hovered about the station, but, in the event of his going away any distance, to take him in charge. The man at no time went far from his post; he was too anxious to hear from the women. The moment Officer Loewenstein had secured the information about his identity, he posted across the street, and, hailing the man, said:

"John, I think you have been 'ransacking' around here long enough. Come with me; the boys want to see you."

"Who are the boys?" inquired Thielen.

"Capt. Schaack," answered the officer.

"I don't want to see him or have anything to do with him." Thielen was surprised as well as indignant.

"Well," said the offieer, "he would like to make your acquaintance."

"You tell him that he don't know me and I don't know him; so what the d——l does he want? Good-day, I am going home."

"You must come in first and give an account of yourself."

"I am a good man; I am not afraid."

He went to the station rather reluctantly, still with an air of innocence and bravery. The moment he stepped inside the office, I said to him:

"John, you are an Anarchist. You are one of the rioters. You were at the Haymarket meeting. You knew about the bombs. You are under arrest."

"I am no Anarchist," responded John, rather warmly. "I am a carpenter."

"Yes," said I, "you are both, and you live at 509 North Halsted Street. I have no time now to talk to you. Whenever you want to see me send word by the turnkey."

On the second day, John sent word that he wanted to see me. He was taken up into the office, and there he asked what benefit it would be to him if he told all he knew. He was informed that we would expect him to tell only the truth and not lie about any one or shield any one who was guilty of wrong-doing. If he did all this honestly and conscientiously the State would, no doubt, reward him for his information. Thielen assented to the proposition, but he told very little at this interview. He was brought up again the next day, and from the questions put he soon discovered that some one had been telling the truth about him.

"Now I will tell you all I know," he said, "and let it fall where it belongs. What I say I will swear to. I see every one is trying to get out. First I will tell you what I did myself, and then what the others did."

He accordingly made a long statement, but as substantially the same facts were brought out in the trial by other witnesses, he was never called on to testify. Since then Thielen has abandoned Anarchy and is a better man.

The statement Thielen made runs as follows, and it will be noticed by reference to the trial proceedings that, had he been a witness, he would have fully corroborated the testimony given by Seliger and his wife. On being shown, at the station, some round lead bombs, he said:

"I saw Louis Lingg have twenty-two pieces like these in his room. They were not all finished. I saw them when they were being cast. They

were in halves and placed in Louis Lingg's trunk. If that trouble had not occurred at McCormick's factory that Monday, they would not have been finished yet, but after that trouble with the officers he completed them. That is, he loaded them with dynamite, ready to be used. I never knew of any one or heard of anybody who could make these bombs except Lingg. I had two of these gas-pipe bombs, loaded with dynamite. I got them from Lingg, and I threw them away as soon as I got them. There were only a few left of these long ones. There were seventeen pieces loaded at Seliger's house. Bonfield had better look out for himself, as these bombs are for the most part made for him, and he will get one yet. He was shooting the people during the West Side car strike and at McCormick's. I promised to give you the round bombs that I had, but, as I said, I threw them away and out of danger. I will tell you, before all these men, that these two iron shells now lying before me at this table I got from Lingg at his house, No. 442 Sedgwick Street, on May 4, 1886. He gave them to me, and I took them along home. They were loaded, and there was a fuse in each of them. This was Tuesday night, May 4, 8 o'clock. The very same night he also gave me those two cigar-boxes here now before me, filled with dynamite. He wanted me to take them and throw them in the alley. He said they were empty, but I saw that they were filled. They were too heavy to be empty. I took them home myself, together with my boy. We buried them under our house. The last time I saw any bombs was at Florus' place, where a search was made by the police. I would have given up those bombs to you to-night if you had not found them. In these boxes is finished dynamite ready to be used. I know Seliger had charge of selling arms. We paid $7.00 for a revolver and $10.00 for a gun. I saw Lingg and Seliger at Seliger's house, Tuesday, May 4, at about 8 P.M., and 9:30 P.M. I saw them together at Larrabee Street. There were twenty-two lead bombs that I saw in Lingg's room. They were made on a Sunday afternoon. Lingg, Seliger and myself made them. They had been cast about two weeks before Tuesday, May 4. I saw in a satchel in Lingg's room about fifteen pieces of these long iron shells, on Tuesday, May 4. There were also some round lead bombs, and they were all loaded. The time I was in Lingg's room, May 4, I saw one man take along with him, when he left, three round lead bombs loaded with dynamite, and Lingg gave those bombs to the man himself. I know the man, and I, John Thielen, will get them from that man and give them to you this evening. After what happened at the Haymarket on that Tuesday evening, May 4, you could not hear of any one having bombs in their possession. I should judge that two men more received from Lingg six round bombs loaded with dynamite. In Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, on the evening of May 3, at the meeting there, Lingg said to the people present that he would furnish the dynamite bombs if any one would throw them. I told him to throw the bombs himself. Then I said to Lingg that it would cost a man his life to throw them. Lingg replied that no man could see any one throw one of them. He said if necessary he would throw some. He also stated that if any one would come to him he would show him how to make bombs with dynamite. I saw Lingg and Seliger together at Thüringer Hall — Neff's place — 58 Clybourn Avenue, on the evening of May 4. Lingg had a satchel. The satchel was placed near a little passage-way leading to the 'gents' closet.' It was a gray canvas-covered satchel about two feet long, one foot wide and one and a half feet high. Seliger, Lingg

and myself went away together to Clybourn Avenue. We then went up on Larrabee Street, at 9:30 P.M. I left Lingg and Seliger at the corner of Clybourn Avenue and Larrabee Street. The satchel was brought by Lingg to Neff's Hall that night, and any one there could help himself to bombs. Lingg said to some people: 'There are bombs in that satchel, and now help yourselves.' These words were spoken in the saloon of Neff's place to a crowd of armed men."

The above confession was given on the 14th of May. On the next day Thielen was brought face to face with Lingg — with what results the next chapter will show. On the 16th of May Thielen supplemented his first statement with additional particulars. He said:

"On Tuesday, May 4, 1886, about 9:30 P.M., myself and old man Lehman were together on the corner of North Avenue and Larrabee Street, near the police station, and afterwards we went back to Neff's Hall. Three men came into the saloon and said that there had been a terrible explosion on the West Side at the Haymarket meeting and that a great many were killed and wounded; that Fielden had made a speech, and a radical one. The police came, and a shot was fired. Some one in the crowd said: 'Now, do not spare powder or lead.' A friend of mine got shot through the cheek. The man works for Mr. Christal, corner of Lake and State Streets, in a basement — a carpenter-shop. That man stated that he was there at the meeting, standing near the speaker, and about fifteen feet away from where the bomb was thrown. The understanding with us when we left Neff's Hall on that Tuesday night, May 4, was to make a racket that would call out the police. It was a failure because the West Side police did not come out any sooner to interfere with the meeting or the mob. The grudge we had was the score of the police shooting our men at McCormick's factory. We wanted revenge. The order came from the International armed men or the group. I was at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, May 3. I there saw a circular calling for revenge. I was at the meeting Monday night at Zepf's Hall, and there an order was given for the armed men to go to 54 West Lake Street, in the basement. The password to get into that meeting was 'Y komme.' I went there to the meeting. I found George Engel there, and he made a speech. The whole plan was then unfolded by Engel. He said that there would be a meeting held on Tuesday night, May 4, at the Haymarket, and that the North Siders should stay on the North Side, and there they should wait until it had started — meaning the riot on the West Side. Engel said that some of those who had arms should come to the meeting, and those who had no arms should stay away from the meeting at the Haymarket. At the meeting in the basement a man by the name of Waller was chairman. George Engel did the speaking. There were about fifty men present belonging to the armed sections. Engel explained that the plan would have to be worked in this way: As soon as they had commenced on the West Side, then they should commence on the South Side and the North Side. Engel stated that the signal would be a fire which would be set, and seen at Wicker Park, and by the noise of the shooting. That would be the signal for commencing, and they should all attack the police stations; should throw dynamite bombs into the stations, to either kill or keep the officers in the stations, and should shoot the horses on the patrol wagons to prevent the police from helping one another. Engel is the man who pro-

posed this plan. Engel is the only man that gave us any orders. And under the orders Engel gave us that night, May 3, in that basement, 54 West Lake Street, we started out May 4 on the North Side to do harm — that is, to shoot and kill anything that opposed us. The word 'Ruhe' in the 'Briefkasten' was adopted at our meeting May 3. It was to be used as a signal word. If it should appear the next day in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, then every man was to be ready with his arms or guns; that then the riot would commence, and they should watch for the signal. 'Right and fest' were passwords for the armed men should there be any fighting at McCormick's. With the signal they should all come out with their bombs and arms, no matter whether it happened in the day or in the night. They should attack the armed officers of the law and the State militia. All of us armed men thought at one time that the police would not fight us, because they were all married men, and if they should fight us they would not do it so very hard. The plan was to call out a meeting first and have no speakers there. The police would then come and drive us away. They then should fire on the police. There were a lot of armed people at the meeting, I know. But the police did not interfere, so they got speakers at the meeting. Finally the police came out, and the mob did what they had agreed to do. Afterwards fault was found, and they said the North Siders were cowards. When Spies and others were arrested, the armed men all said that, should anything happen to those men, there would be a riot. In reference to the report about the shooting of six of our men at McCormick's factory, I will say that what I saw and read in that circular calling for revenge made me mad at the officers. At that meeting Engel called on us to take revenge on the police officers, because they had killed six of our men. There were about seventy-five of us, so far as I know, on the North Side, to do the work on Tuesday night, May 4, and Lingg was mad because there were no more men coming after bombs. At Neff's Hall Tuesday night, May 4, we all looked to Lingg as a leader of the North Siders. I know of no one else who could make bombs. Some one found fault with Lingg at Neff's Hall on Tuesday night because he came so late with his bombs. Then Lingg asked why they had not come after the bombs. They all knew, he said, where he lived. Lingg was very angry. Schablinsky lives near me, and he got bombs from him. There were about nineteen men in the vicinity of the Chicago Avenue Station on the night of May 4, to attack the station when the police should come out on the wagons to answer a call from the West Side Haymarket. The men, seeing all this, lost their courage because the police, they said, passed them so quick, and then they said to one another, 'Why should we attack and lose our own lives for the sake of others?' When the wagon was gone, they saw lots of officers coming on foot to the station. Then the men went away. The North Siders, the armed men, were to meet in Neff's Hall May 4, in the afternoon. I was at Thalia Hall, Northwest Side, where the Lehr und Wehr Verein met, on Wednesday, May 5, in the forenoon. I saw Fischer, and he said Spies and others had been arrested. I always knew that Fischer was one of the leaders in this affair — the riot. Fischer said the riot was a failure. It was botched, and nothing could be done any more. On Tuesday afternoon there was a tall young fellow at Lingg's room about six o'clock. He had a smooth face and was about six feet tall. The tall man and Lingg were working at the bombs and dynamite. The tall man, I think, worked at Brunswick & Balke's factory."

The foregoing was read to Thielen and its correctness acknowledged before Mr. Furthmann, the officers and myself, and his signature is affixed to the margin of each sheet of the paper on which it is written. Thielen's stepson, William Schubert, confirmed the statement of his father with reference to the dynamite bombs and the cigar-boxes filled with dynamite, and added:

"I went under the house and dug a hole in the ground, and father and myself put those things in the hole and then covered them up."

ABOUT the time of Thielen's arrest Officers Hoffman and Schuettler ran across FRANZ LORENZ on North Avenue near Sedgwick Street, in the very stronghold of Anarchy, and as the man seemed to be suffering from an overdose of Anarchy and liquor, they took him to the station. This was on the 10th of May. He was a German, 48 years of age, and lived with a man named Jaeger, at No. 31 Burling Street. He did not seem to be known much in Socialist circles, and no one seemed specially interested in him. He was locked up at the Larrabee Street Station, and for four days he was as stupid as an owl. He would eat and drink very little, but managed to sleep every day. On the sixth day he was taken to the Chicago Avenue Station and remained there two days longer before he recovered his normal condition. When brought into the office, he told me that he had been drinking very hard, and, being asked for the reason, he said that he had attended many Anarchist meetings, had heard all the speeches and had learned that soon they would all have plenty of money. Whenever such assurances were given, it always, he said, made him feel so good that he would go and get one more drink. Between speeches and drinks, he said, he had come near dying. He assured me that if he was released he would go right to work and give Anarchy and all meetings a wide berth. On being questioned as to his acquaintances, he said he knew "all the boys"—the leading Anarchists— and had admired them warmly.

"I heard Lingg speak," said he, "and he is a good one. I tell you he is a radical."

"I suppose," said I, "you took two drinks on his speech?"

"Yes, I took more than that," replied Lorenz. "The last time I heard Lingg speak in Zepf's Hall, I went and got drunk. On May 4, I heard all the boys speak on the wagon at the Haymarket, but I did not stay there until it was over. I went into a saloon a block away from there and got drunk in no time, and when I woke up the next morning I was in bed in one of the cheap lodging-houses."

Not knowing anything definite, he was released by the State's Attorney, and he has not since been heard from. He has probably retired to some other city to renew his drunks at Anarchist headquarters on the free beer usually provided.

CHAPTER XIV.

Completing the Case — Looking for Lingg —The Bomb-maker's Birth — Was he of Royal Blood? — A Romantic Family History — Lingg and his Mother — Captured Correspondence — A Desperate and Dangerous Character — Lingg Disappears — A Faint Trail Found — Looking for Express Wagon 1999 — The Number that Cost the Fugitive his Life — A Desperado at Bay — Schuettler's Death Grapple — Lingg in the Shackles — His Statement at the Station — The Transfer to the Jail — Lingg's Love for Children — The Identity of his Sweetheart — An Interview with Hubner — His Confession — The Meeting at Neff's Place

WITH the information already obtained we had managed to secure a pretty clear insight into the diabolical plots of the "revolutionary groups." It was apparent that Chicago had been regarded by Anarchists everywhere as the head center of Socialism in America, and that it had been decided that here should be the first test of strength in the establishment of the new social order. Any reasoning, sentient being ought to have seen the utter folly of such an undertaking in the very midst of millions of liberty-loving, law-abiding citizens, but these Anarchists, hypnotized as they were by the plausible sophisms and the inflammatory writings of unscrupulous men bent on notoriety, could view it in no other light than as a grand stride towards their goal. As boys are led astray by yellow-covered literature, these poor fools were crazed by Anarchistic vaporings. Day or night, sleeping or waking, the beauties of the new social order to be inaugurated by the revolution were continually before their minds.

It was clear that such people were capable of desperate deeds, and that it was not only necessary to bring to justice the instigators of the massacre, but to show their deluded followers the inevitable result of carrying out ideas repugnant to our free institutions and inconsistent with common sense and right.

With so many facts before us, we redoubled our efforts to capture every dangerous Anarchist leader in the city, and the next one to fall into the toils was no less a personage than the bomb-maker, Louis Lingg.

This notorious Anarchist came to Chicago when about twenty-one years of age. He had learned the carpenter's trade in Germany, and when not engaged in spreading Anarchy's doctrines, he pursued that calling to liquidate his board bills and personal expenses. He was a tall, lithe, well-built, handsome fellow, and, while not of a nervous disposition, his nature was so active and aggressive that he never appeared at rest. Sleeping or waking, Anarchy and the most effective methods of establishing it were uppermost in his thoughts. By reason of his very restlessness it was not difficult to trace him in Socialistic circles when on his tours of agitation, and it was noticeable, too, that he never remained at any one point for any regular

length of time. His make-up was a queer combination of nerve, energy and push. His mind seemed always weighted with some great burden. Perhaps there was a reason for this not alone in his radical beliefs, but in his blood and birth.

Louis Lingg was born in Schwetzingen, Germany, on the 9th day of September, 1864, and, while his childhood was spent pleasantly enough, a cloud gradually gathered which overshadowed his life and embittered him against society. His mother, at the age of eighteen or twenty, had worked as a servant, and, possessing a very handsome face, a shapely figure and attractive manners, had caught the eye of a Hessian soldier in the dragoons. This man was young, dashing and handsome, and mutual admiration soon ripened into undue intimacy. One day the soldier left town on short notice — whether because of military orders or through his own inclination is not known. It is certain, however, that she never heard of him from that day, and that a son was born to her out of wedlock. That son was Louis Lingg. The name of that dragoon has never been made public, but it is believed with reason that Lingg was born of royal blood.



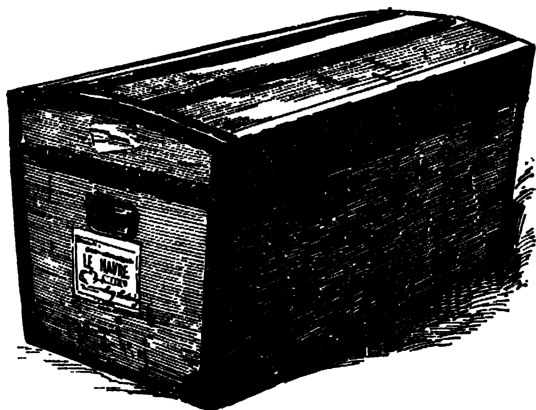
LOUIS LINGG, THE BOMB-MAKER.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

Several years after her escapade the mother wedded a lumber-worker named Link. Louis was then four years old. When young Lingg had arrived at the age of twelve, his foster-father, while engaged in his occupation of floating logs down the river Main, contracted heart disease, through over-exposure, and died. The widow was left in poor circumstances, and she was obliged to do washing and ironing in order to support herself and family, a daughter named Elise having been born since her marriage.

Louis, in the course of years, grew strong, robust and muscular. He had received a fair education, and, desiring to relieve his mother's burdens as much as possible, he learned the carpenter's trade under the tutelage of a man named Louis Wuermell in Mannheim. He remained there until May 13, 1879, and then, quitting his apprenticeship, proceeded to Kehl, on

the Rhine. There he found employment with a man named Schmidt until the fall of 1882. He next went to Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where he worked for several contractors. At this place he began to change his employment frequently, and his mother, learning of it, wrote several letters, in which she advised him against such a course and admonished him to become a good man, to save his money and keep out of bad company, so that he might become useful to himself and to society and make her proud of him. But the son did not heed this motherly advice. He fell in with free-thinkers who were set against religion in particular and against society in general, and soon began reading and absorbing Socialistic literature. It was not long before he became an avowed Socialist, attending Socialistic meetings and eagerly listening to all the speeches.

Finally young Lingg grew weary of Baden and wandered to the republic of Switzerland. Here he spent the fall of 1883 at Luzerne, working at his trade with a man named Rickley, but his roving nature soon brought him to Zurich.



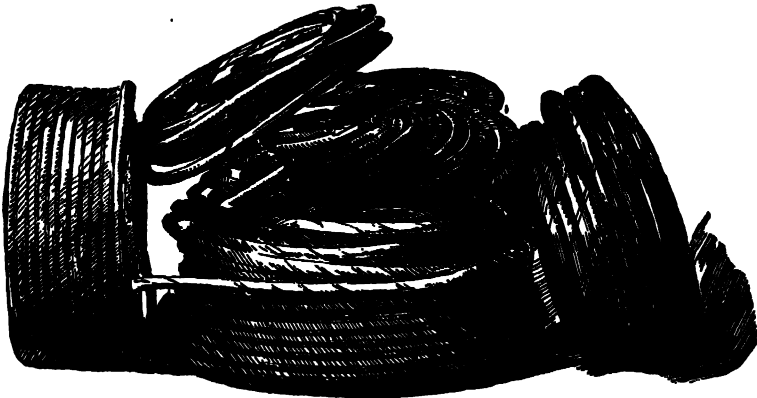
LINGG'S TRUNK.
From a Photograph.

It was there that he met the famous Anarchist Reinsdorf, and for this man he speedily formed a warm attachment. While in Zurich Lingg also affiliated with a German Socialistic society called "Eintracht," and threw his whole soul into the cause. After a time he turned up at Aarau, but here he was unable to find employment and had to write home for assistance. The mother loved her son dearly, despite his wanderings, and he did not appeal to her in vain. She wrote him enclosing a small sum of money to help him bridge over his idleness, and at the same time informed him that she had again married (August 6, 1884), her second husband's name being Christian Gaddum. This man had been a neighbor of the family at Mannheim for years. In writing to her son, Mrs. Link indicated that the marriage was not prompted by love or admiration, but came about on account of her feeble health and her desire to secure support for herself and her daughter. Louis' mother had frequently expressed a wish that he visit home, but, as the boy had now reached the age for military service under the German Government, he concluded to remain away, and in casting about for a permanent location he decided to emigrate to America. He presented the matter to his mother. At first she opposed it, but finally

gave her consent. With what money he secured from his mother and from his friends, he proceeded to Havre, France, in June, 1885, and boarded a steamer for the United States.

After the wayward boy had left home, he and his mother corresponded regularly. She always expressed deep solicitude for his welfare, and when he was in financial distress she would write him: "Dear Louis, I will share with you as long as I have a bite in the house." All her letters breathed encouragement; she sent money frequently, although at times in need herself, and concluded invariably by giving good counsel and urging Louis to write her soon and often. When Lingg had arrived in the United States the fond mother wrote him that she would soon be able to send him money enough to come home on a visit.

That Lingg had great love and affection for his mother is evidenced by



COILS OF FUSE.
Found in the secret bottom of Lingg's Trunk.
From a Photograph.

the fact that he had carefully preserved all her letters from the time of his leaving home until he died a suicide's death. From these letters it appears also that Lingg had several lady admirers at home.

There were many expressions, such as "kindest regards" or "heartiest respects," conveyed to him by his mother on behalf of this or that lady friend. Another fact made apparent by the letters was that there was some great burden on his mind. It would seem that he had plied his mother with many questions respecting his birth. That seemed a dark spot in his life. He wanted a solution as well as satisfaction. This worried the mother, but she always managed to give him some consolation, saying she "would guard against everything" and have "all things set right." In one of her letters occurs the following:

As regards your birth, it grieves me that you mention it. While you did not know it before, I will now say that you were born in Schwetzingen on the 9th day of September, 1864, at your grandfather's house, and baptized. Where your father is I don't know. My

father did not want me to marry him because he did not desire me to follow him into Hessia, and as he had no real estate he could not marry me in Schwetzingen according to our laws. He left and went, I do not know where. If you want a certificate of birth you can get it at Schwetzingen any time. If you make a proper presentation everything will be all right, but don't hold on six months.

The original of the above, which is in German and which was found in Lingg's trunk, had no signature. Another letter regarding his paternity reads as follows, showing that Lingg's mind had been sorely distressed over the matter:

MANNHEIM, June 29, 1884.

Dear Louis:—You must have waited a long time for an answer. John said to Elise that I had not yet replied to your last letter. The officials of the court you cannot push. For my part I would have been better pleased if they had hurried up, because it would have saved you a great deal of time. But now I am glad that it has finally been accomplished. After a great deal of toil, I put myself out to go to Schwetzingen and see about the certificate of your birth. I know you will be glad and satisfied to learn that you carry the name of Lingg. This is better than to have children with two different names. He had you entered as a legitimate child before we got married. I think this was the best course, so that you will not worry and reproach me. Such a certificate of birth is no disgrace, and you can show it. I felt offended that you took no notice of the "confirmation." Elise had everything nice. Her only wish was to receive some small token from Louis, which would have pleased her more than anything else. When she came from church, the first thing she asked for was as to a letter or card from you, but we had to be contented with the thought that perhaps you did not think of us. Now it is all past. . . . I was very much troubled that it has taken so long [to procure certificate], but I could not help it. I have kept my promise, and you cannot reproach me. Everything is all right, and we are all well and working. I hope to hear the same from you. It would not be so bad if you wrote oftener. I have had to do a great many things for you the last eighteen years, but with a mother you can do as you please — neglect her and never answer her letters.

The certificate sent him reads as follows:

No. 9,681. CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH.

Ludwig Link, legitimate son of Philipp Friedrich Link and of Regina Von Hoefler, was born at Schwetzingen, on the ninth (9th) day of September, 1864. This is certified according to the records of the Evangelical Congregation of Schwetzingen.

SCHWETZINGEN, May 24, 1884. [SEAL.] County Court: CLURICHT.

To the letter of Mrs. Link, given above, no signature appears, but that is not strange. What seems more singular is that whenever her letters were signed, they closed with simply "Your Mother." Another thing appears from the above, and that is that at home Louis' name was Link. Other documents, some of them legal, also found in his trunk, show that his name was formerly written Link. His name must have been changed shortly before leaving Europe or just after reaching the United States.

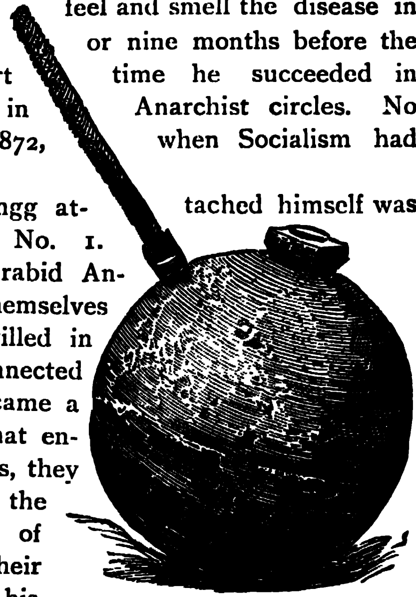
It would seem that, with such a certificate, Lingg would have been measurably happy, but the fact of his illegitimacy, despite court records, rankled in his blood. The thought of it haunted him continually, and no doubt it helped to make him in religion a free-thinker, in theory a free-lover, and in practice an implacable enemy of existing society. His moth-

er's letters showed that she wished him to be a good man, and it was no fault of her early training that he subsequently became an Anarchist. She still lives at the old place, and when Lieut. Baus, of the Chicago police force, was on a visit to Mannheim, some time ago, he called on her and found her very pleasant and affable in her manner, with a strong, robust constitution, and still a good-looking woman.

No sooner had Lingg reached Chicago than he looked up the haunts of Socialists and Anarchists. He made their acquaintance, learned the strength of the order in the city as well as in the United States, and was highly gratified. At that time the organization was not only strong in numbers, but it fairly "smelt to heaven" in its rankness of doctrine.

Lingg was not required to look around very hard for the haunts of Anarchy, for a blind man could plainly see, feel and smell the disease in the air. Lingg arrived here only eight or nine months before the eventful 4th of May, but in that short time he succeeded in making himself the most popular man in Anarchist circles. No one had created such a *furore* since 1872, when Socialism had its inception in the city.

The first organization to which Lingg attached himself was the International Carpenters' Union No. 1. Every member of this society was a rabid Anarchist. All of them had supplied themselves with arms, and a majority of them drilled in military tactics. Lingg had not been connected with the organization long before he became a recognized leader and made speeches that enthused them all. While young in years, they recognized in him a worthy leader, and the fact that he had sat at the very feet of Reinsdorf as a pupil elevated him in their estimation. This distinction, added to his personal magnetism, made him the subject for praise and comment, which pleased his vanity and spurred his ambition.

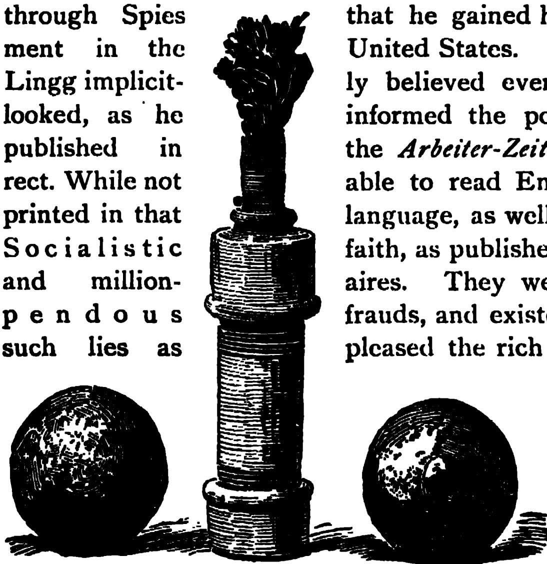


COMPOSITION BOMB.
Found in Lingg's room, ready for use.

Men longer in the service and more familiar with the local and general phases of Anarchy at times reluctantly yielded to him where points of policy were at stake. No committee was regarded as complete without him, and this brought him in contact with August Spies and Albert Parsons. He was often at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which was the headquarters of the governing body, with reports and suggestions, and by his admirable tact soon won their esteem and good graces. He there also made the acquaintance of Fielden, Fischer, Schnaubelt, Rau, Neebe, Schwab, and of some of the more noted women in the Anarchist movement.

He was frequently complimented for his work and became quite a favorite with the ladies.

When Lingg first became actively identified with the party of assassination and annihilation here, he was cautious and secretive. He knew that secrecy in the old country was not only essential to success, but absolutely requisite for self-preservation. He supposed that the same sort of tactics prevailed here, but when he saw how bold, aggressive and open were the utterances of the Anarchists in Chicago and elsewhere, he came to believe that the government and the municipal administration existed simply through their sufferance. At first, whenever Lingg was doubtful on any point, he would seek knowledge and inspiration from Spies, and it was through Spies that he gained his information of the movement in the United States. They became firm friends, and Lingg implicitly believed everything Spies told him, and looked, as he informed the police officers, upon every line published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* as absolutely true and correct. While not able to read English, he regarded all papers printed in that language, as well as in the German, not of the Socialistic faith, as published for the benefit of capitalists and millionaires. They were all, in his estimation, stupendous frauds, and existed simply because they printed such lies as pleased the rich and those in power. Being a man of sincere convictions and earnest zeal, Lingg won the confidence of his confrères and always knew just what was going to be done and how it was to be accomplished. He was a faithful ally and was invariably counted upon, to take a leading part in all the movements of the reds. How he was regarded by his fellows in this respect is shown in the fact that to him was intrusted the task of organizing the people of the Southwest Side and directing their plans against the McCormick factory.



CAST-IRON AND LARGE GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

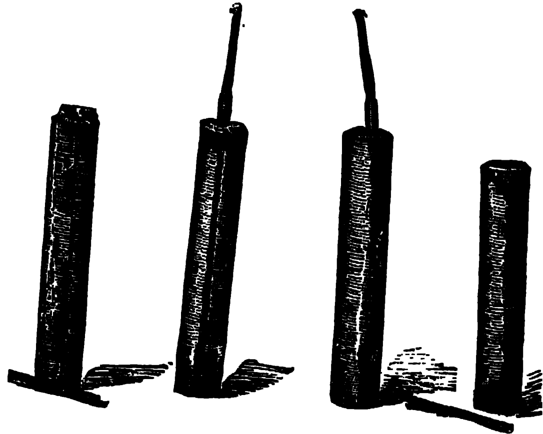
From Photographs.

The long bomb in center weighs five lbs., and was thrown at a patrol wagon on Blue Island Avenue, but failed to explode. The round bombs were lined on the inside with a coating of cement saturated with a deadly poison.

His communications, which I have given in a prior chapter, to the Bohemians and others in that locality, show that he was bent on riot and destruction, and in that mad and frenzied movement he had the hearty coöperation of the colleagues who had with him concocted it at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. They alone knew of it, and worked out the details at a meeting held near the factory on the 3d of May. Lingg, being braver

and more daring than the other leaders, was the chosen instrument to inspire the men to an attack upon the works, and he subsequently claimed that he had been clubbed by the police during the affray.

During the turbulent and momentous days preceding May 4, Lingg's comrades saddled upon him a great responsibility, but he never flinched. On the contrary, he proved the mettle of his make-up, not only volunteering to carry out certain ends he himself outlined, but cheerfully assuming every task imposed upon him and always willing to take all responsibility for the consequences. He was found on the North Side actively engaged in calling Anarchists to arms, on the Southwest Side endeavoring to form a compact body of fighters in view of the near approach of May 1; he was busy at Seliger's house constructing bombs, and at meetings giving instructions how to make infernal machines. His work was never finished, and never neglected. At one time he taught his followers how to handle the bombs so that they would not explode in their hands, and showed the time and distance for throwing the missiles with deadly effect; at another he drilled those who were to do the throwing, instructing them how to surround themselves with friends so that detection by an enemy would be impossible.



GAS-PIPE BOMBS.
Found in Lingg's Room. From a Photograph.

All these things kept him busy, but his whole soul was in the work. He was not alone a bomb-maker; he also constituted himself an agent to sell arms. He sold a great many large revolvers and rifles. This is shown by a note found in his trunk, addressed to Abraham Hermann. It reads as follows:

Friend: — I sold three revolvers during the last two days, and I will sell three more to-day (Wednesday). I sell them from $6.00 to $7.80 apiece.

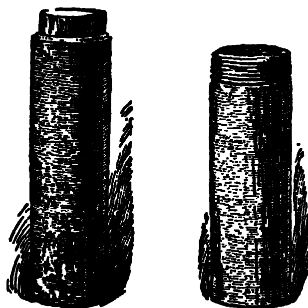
Respectfully and best regards, L. LINGG.

At this time Hermann was the general agent in this city for buying and selling arms to the Anarchists. Engel had been an agent at one time, but the men claimed that he had fleeced them, and he was dropped.

Lingg thus proved himself a very useful man to the order. He could make an effective speech; he was a good organizer; he could make bombs with dynamite whose power had been enhanced manifold through his skill;

he would carry handbills, and he would do anything to help along the cause. In truth, he was the shiftiest as well as the most dangerous Anarchist in all Chicago.

Having been a pupil of Reinsdorf, Lingg was an opponent of all peaceable agitation. He believed in organizing armed forces and conquering everything by main force. He had no love at all for those who talked peaceable agitation; he called them fools and cranks. Of this class were the old-time Socialists, and he looked upon them with haughty disdain. He found better material to work on for helping him in the revolution he proposed, and, although he molded many an Anarchist out of the softer clay of humanity, still he was not satisfied, but complained continually that they did not move fast enough, did not take hold with celerity and failed to develop such heroic qualities as he wished to see. The restless spirit within him, his implacable hatred of society, tinged with the bitterness of his doubtful birth, and his strong impulses manifested themselves in all his acts and utterances. An illustration of these traits is the impatience he exhibited over the failure of trusted men to come early to the house of Seliger to secure bombs on the evening of May 4, and his departure with the bombs to Neff's Hall to have them speedily distributed. Another example is found in the bitter reproaches he heaped on those who had failed to carry out their part after the inauguration of the Haymarket riot. His hopes, his ambitions, had been set on the successful consummation of that plot. It was to have overthrown all government and all law, which he declared were good enough for old women to prevent them from quarreling, but needless for men of intelligence and independence.



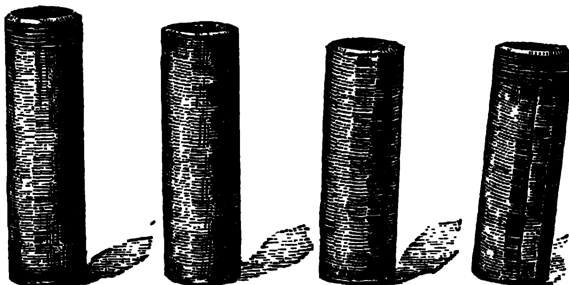
Gas-Pipe Bombs, Without Fuse.
Found in Lingg's Room.

For four weeks prior to the 4th of May he was out of work, but he was by no means idle. He worked early and late attending meetings and making bombs, so that, the moment the signal for the general revolution was given, every member of the armed sections might be supplied with the destructive agent. He wanted the whole city blown up, every capitalist wiped off the face of the earth; and he and his trusted comrades, Sunday after Sunday, in anticipation of the uprising, practiced in the suburbs with rifles and 44-caliber revolvers. Lingg became the most expert of them all and was looked upon by his associates as a crack shot.

Lingg's money and time were freely given to the purchase of arms and to the manufacture of dynamite bombs. His room at Seliger's became a veritable arsenal, and, the more deadly "stuff" he brought into the house, the more pleased he became, and the more bitter grew the enmity of Mrs.

Seliger toward him. How careful and elaborate were his preparations for the coming day is not only shown by the deadly implements found in his room, but is evidenced in the statements of his trusted lieutenants. These statements—made to me by men anxious to save themselves, prostrate suppliants for mercy, whose every material revelation was corroborative of the others, although given independently and under different circumstances and without knowledge of what others had said—unmistakably pointed to a most gigantic conspiracy. Read any of these statements, and no doubt can exist that, had it not been for the hand of Providence on the night of May 4, thousands of people would have been killed and vast districts of the city laid waste. Lingg expected it as certainly as he believed in his own existence at the time, and his intimate comrades bent all their energy in the direction of carrying out the villainous plot.

But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and the Haymarket riot proved a most bitter disappointment. Lingg was fairly beside himself with chagrin and mortification. The one consuming desire of his life had utterly and signally failed of realization. He clearly foresaw dire trouble in consequence of the attempt, and his mind was bewildered with perplexities as to his future movements. On the night of May 4, about 11:30 o'clock, when the full truth of the failure of the riot had flashed upon him, he stood in front of No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, not knowing exactly whither to turn for refuge from possible arrest, and, while in this dilemma, he broached the subject to Seliger, finally asking to be permitted to remain at the house over night until next morning, when he promised he would move away. He was without a cent in his pocket, having squandered all his money in the manufacture of bombs, confident of plenty when he and his fellows had secured control of the city. Seliger, knowing his condition, finally consented.



UNFINISHED GAS-PIPE BOMBS.
Found in Lingg's Dinner-Box. From a Photograph.

The next morning came, but Lingg manifested no disposition to carry out his promise

"I would move from here now," said he, very adroitly, "but if I do so it would create suspicion."

Seliger saw the force of the argument, and, being implicated also in the manufacture of bombs, shrewdly concluded to let him remain until matters quieted down. Lingg accordingly remained until the 7th of May. On this date officers began to appear in the vicinity, looking into the haunts and

resorts of Anarchists. This startled Lingg, and, lest they might pounce down upon his room, he decided to speedily vacate the premises. He did move, but with such haste that he left his implements of destruction and nearly all his personal effects behind him. When the house was finally searched the "bird had flown."

I sent out eight good detectives, and kept them working night and day looking for the bomb-maker, but no one could furnish a clue. It was learned that Lingg had a sweetheart, and her movements were closely watched. The houses of his known friends were also watched, and all his acquaintances shadowed. Anarchists who had hopes of saving their own necks if he could be found were pressed into the service, and decoy letters were sent out. Money was even held out as an inducement to divulge his hiding-place, but all to no purpose.

These expedients were kept up until the 13th of May, when I sent for Mrs. Seliger to ascertain where Lingg had last been employed and secure the addresses of all his friends. Nearly all the places she mentioned had been visited, but she spoke of one place that seemed to me to hold out some promise of a successful result. Mrs. Seliger stated that there was a place near the river, where there was a bridge that she had beard spoken of, and that Lingg had said to her husband that he would call on a friend of his near that place, on Canal Street. This place I at once recognized as being only a few blocks from the shop where Lingg had worked. Mrs. Seliger further stated that her husband had told her that this shop was only a few blocks from a Catholic church. All this I regarded as a good clue, and Officers Loewenstein and Schuettler were promptly detailed to follow it up—first going, however, to a planing-mill on Twelfth and South Clark Streets to ascertain if Lingg had ever worked there.

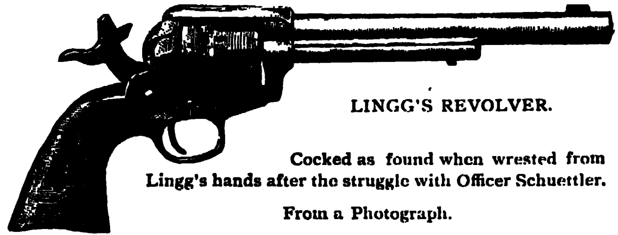
The officers carried out these instructions, and a few hours later they returned to the office, their faces wreathed in smiles. They informed me that they had secured a clue, that only a few days before Lingg had sent there for his tool chest, and that they had learned of a man who had noticed the number of the express wagon that had carted it away. But this man, they said, they would be unable to see until the next day.

Bright and early the next morning the officers started out with new instructions and visited the house of the person who had so singularly taken note of the express number. They found him, and he gave them all the information he possessed. About eleven o'clock the officers found the residence of the expressman, whose name was Charles Keperson and whose wagon was numbered 1,999. He lived at No. 1095 Robey Street. The officers rapped on the door, and a little girl about ten years of age answered. On being asked after her father she informed them that he was not at home. They inquired if her father had not brought in a trunk. She replied that her father had brought no trunk into their house, but he had hauled a tool

chest from down town, which he had taken to a house on an adjoining street. She pointed out a little cottage at No. 80 Ambrose Street, and on being asked if she had seen her father take it there she answered:

"Oh, yes, it was a gray-colored box, and I heard my father say it belonged to Louis Lingg."

The officers went over to the cottage and learned that a family named Klein lived there. Schuettler knocked on the door, and Mrs. Klein responded. He asked if Louis was at home. She replied that he was not and that he had gone out with some gentlemen about nine o'clock. She inquired what he desired to see Louis for, and Schuettler told her that he owed Louis $3 and had come to pay him. He further informed her that they were good friends, both carpenters, and belonged to the same union. She inquired after his name, and Schuettler responded that it was "Franz Lorenz." Lorenz was a well known Anarchist, and it was thought the name would prove effective in winning the woman's confidence. She said that her father lived only a short distance from the house, and she would step over and ask him if he knew where Louis had gone. This conversation had taken place in a rear room of the house. The woman excused herself, and ostensibly started for the house of her father. She passed into the front room and slammed the outer door.



LINGG'S REVOLVER.

Cocked as found when wrested from Lingg's hands after the struggle with Officer Schuettler.

From a Photograph.

Loewenstein stepped out of the back room to see if she had really gone, but he saw no Mrs. Klein. At the same time he noticed Lingg's chest standing on the rear porch, covered with a piece of carpet. Loewenstein returned, and he had hardly joined Schuettler when Mrs. Klein stepped in. She said she had seen her father, but that he did not know where Louis had gone. The officers were suspicious, of course, but they said nothing, simply withdrawing with the assurance that they would call again and see Lingg some other time.

After leaving, the officers walked for two blocks and talked over the mysterious actions of Mrs. Klein. They concluded to go back and search the house. They secured entrance from the rear, and, while Loewenstein guarded the front door, Schuettler entered the rear room. There he found a man smoothly shaven. Lingg had been described as having chin whiskers. Schuettler stepped up to the man, however, and asked his name. In an instant Lingg — for it was none other — whipped out a 44-caliber revolver, which he had had concealed in front inside his trousers, and, with the glare of a tiger held at bay, he turned on the officer. Schuettler saw the movement, and, quick as a flash, sprang on Lingg and seized the weapon.

They clinched, and while the one was struggling to save himself and secure his prisoner, the other was bent upon killing the officer and effecting his own escape. Both were strong, muscular and active, and the cottage shook from foundation to rafters as the bodies of the contestants swayed in the equal contest. Lingg quivered with rage and aroused himself to his utmost to vanquish the foe. He realized that the result meant life or death. At one moment his revolver was pressed close to the officer's breast; and with a superhuman effort the Anarchist tried to send a bullet on its fatal mission. But Schuettler had a firm grasp of the cylinder and wrenched the weapon aside. In another second, while the mastery was still undecided, Lingg, by a quick movement of his hand, brought the revolver square into the officer's face. At that moment, however, Schuettler managed to get Lingg's thumb between his teeth. The Anarchist made a sudden dash to release his thumb and succeeded in breaking loose.

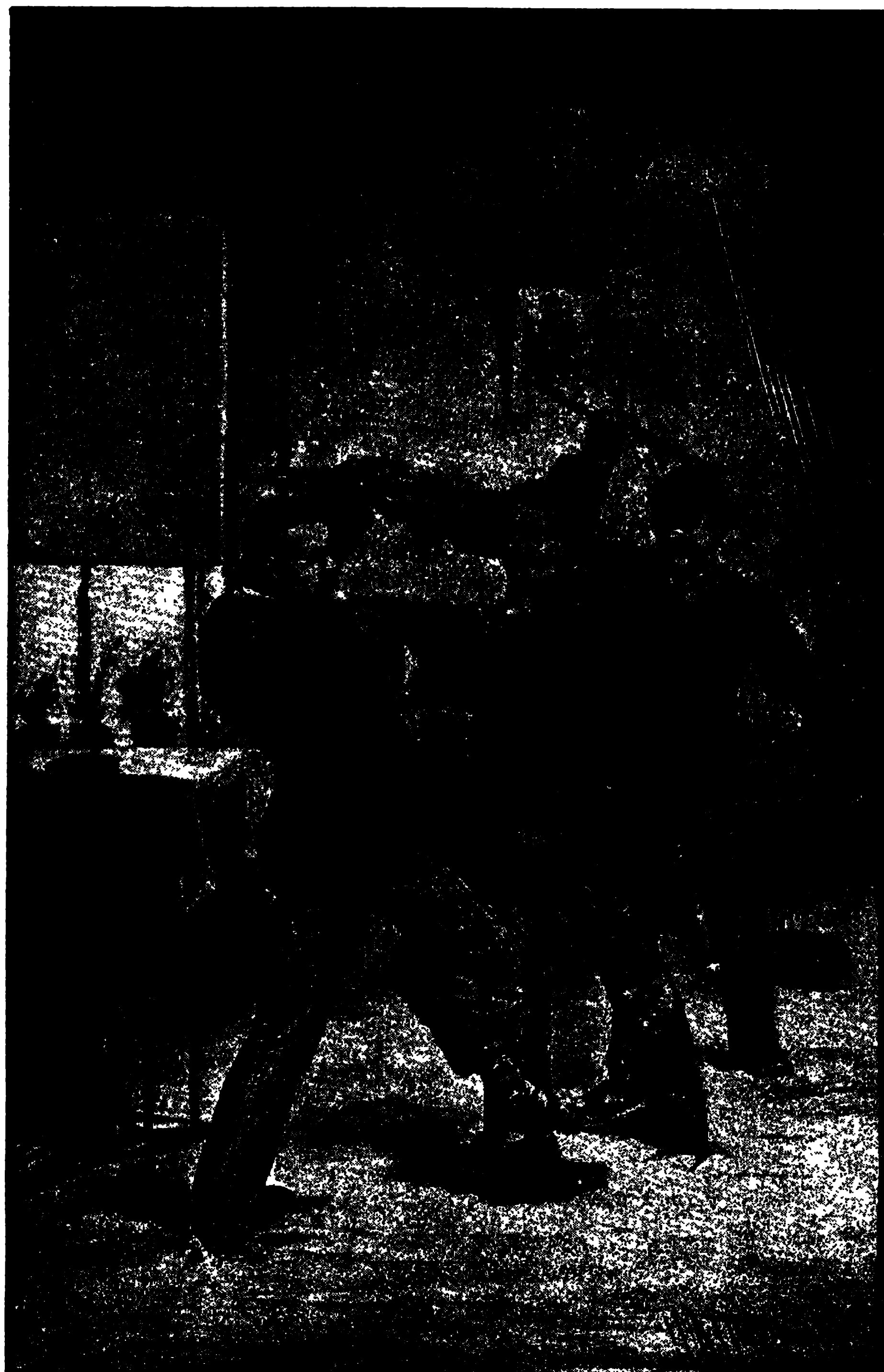
All this took place in less time than it takes to tell it. The moment Lingg was foot-loose, Schuettler found time to shout for his companion, who had stood on the outside in front of the house, all unconscious of the short but desperate struggle within. Loewenstein did not stop a moment to determine what was wanted, but sprang into the room. He entered just at the moment when Schuettler had bounded after Lingg on his release and found him holding Lingg tightly by the throat with one hand and the revolver with the other. Loewenstein saw the situation at a glance, and, raising his loaded cane, brought it down on the Anarchist's head. This stunned Lingg, and he was overpowered. The revolver was wrenched from his hand and placed on a table, and the officers adjusted the handcuffs. These had no sooner been placed in position than Lingg made a sudden dash for his revolver. But the detectives were too quick for him.

Lingg's teeth gnashed with rage, and his eyes fairly bulged from their sockets with savage scorn. The arch-Anarchist looked the picture of desperation. He had been vanquished, however, and he saw that further resistance was useless.

Mrs. Klein had meanwhile been an excited spectator, but before she could collect her thoughts and decide what course to take under the circumstances, Lingg was in the power of the law. Seeing this, she hurried out. It was not long before the whole neighborhood heard of what had happened, and, as the officers started to take their prisoner to the Hinman Street Station, a true-hearted Irish-American came up, accosted them and said:

"My dear boys, your lives are in danger here. Nearly every one who lives about here is an Anarchist. Wait for a minute, and I will give you protection."

He disappeared, but meanwhile the street had become crowded with an excited populace. He soon returned with a double-barreled shot-gun, ready for action in case of emergency. No sooner had he placed himself at the



A DESPERATE STRUGGLE. Louis Lingg's Arrest.

disposal of the officers than a loyal Bohemian-American came running across the street, and said :

"Officers, I will also protect you against this mob."

He had in his hand a large navy revolver, and he showed that he was ready to assist the officers, even at the cost of his own life.

Schuettler and Loewenstein, under this volunteer escort, marched Lingg to the Hinman Street Station, reaching there about twelve o'clock. Sergeant Enwright was in charge of the station that day, and, lest any attempt at rescue might be made, he called in all his officers and gave them instructions as to what should be done to protect the station. He also ordered out the patrol wagon, and detailed five officers to accompany Schuettler and Loewenstein to the Klein residence to investigate the premises. They made a thorough search, but could discover nothing except a lot of cartridges. They also investigated the houses at Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 on the same street, all occupied by Anarchists, but they found nothing. The presence of the police, however, speedily cleared the street, and all the low-browed, shaggy-haired followers of the red flag hunted their holes. Schuettler and Loewenstein then sent for the Chicago Avenue patrol wagon and transferred Lingg to new quarters at that station. On the way Lingg continually ground his teeth, and, looking savagely at Schuettler and turning slightly towards Loewenstein, hissed out :

"If I had only got half a chance at that fellow, he would be a dead man now."

The officers of the Hinman Street Station did not relax their vigilance over Ambrose Street, and one day some molds made of clay were found in the alley in the rear of the Klein residence, proving that Lingg had not abandoned hope, but was getting ready to prepare a new supply of bombs for a future attack.

When Lingg had been ushered into the office of the East Chicago Avenue Station, the shackles were removed from his wrists, and he was given a chair. He became quiet in his new surroundings, and grudgingly answered a few simple questions. His thumb giving him considerable pain, some liniment was procured from a neighboring drug store, and the wound dressed. He was then assigned to an apartment below, and left to his own thoughts.

In the afternoon he was brought up to the office.

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Lingg," curtly replied the prisoner.

"Ah, yes ; but how do you spell it?"

"L-i-n-gg," came the spelling.

"Yes ; but give us your full name."

"It is Louis or Ludwig Lingg. I am twenty-one years and eight months old."

He was asked a great many questions. Some he refused to answer, and

others he answered promptly and with pleasure, especially when they touched on killing capitalists and capitalistic editors, as he called them. He had no use, he said, for these people, and thought that if they could be taken away suddenly the world would be satisfied and happy. He remarked that he did not blame the police very much, because they were workingmen themselves, but there was one officer, he said, that he perfectly despised. It was John Bonfield. If he could have blown him to atoms, he thought, he might become reconciled to a great many things as they then existed. He finally gave to me and to Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, in the presence of Officers Stift, Rehm, Loewenstein, Schuettler and Hoffman, a brief account of himself and his movements, but he said that he would rather die than give information against any one. He did not deny what others had stated about him, but further he would not go. He was informed by Mr. Furthmann how strict the law was against conspiracies, but the only answer he vouchsafed was that the laws would not remain in force much longer; that the working people would make laws to suit themselves, and they would not allow any higher power to dictate to them. For



IRON BOLT FOUND IN LINGG'S TRUNK. From a Photograph.

Designed, according to Lingg's own statement, to connect the halves of a composition bomb weighing twelve pounds. "The Haymarket bomb," said he, "killed six. The one which I was going to make with that bolt would kill six dozen." Four such bolts were found.

his own part, he could work and was willing to work, he said, but he wanted his share of the profits. He thought the police had made fools of themselves in the movement the Anarchists had inaugurated. If they had only known enough, he said, to have held back, the capitalists would have been forced to submit; but now the police had spoiled their own chances for gain for years to come. They would be sorry for it, he added. If the Anarchists had won in Chicago, he further stated, all the other large cities would have fallen into line, and wretchedness and poverty would have been banished forever.

After Lingg had been taken away from the Ambrose Street house, Gustav and Kate Klein became anxious about their friend. They traced him to the Chicago Avenue Station and called there later in the day, after his arrest. When they reached the office I questioned them, although they were not under arrest, and they answered without hesitancy. They stated that Lingg had come to their house on the 7th of May, and had remained indoors nearly all the time up to his arrest that day—May 14. He had only been out twice to secure books from some neighbors, and he had felt measurably safe in the locality. This section, it was found, as already

stated, was a hotbed of Anarchy, and as the neighbors knew the man, they were anxious to protect him. It had even been whispered in the locality that he was the one who had thrown the bomb at the Haymarket, but, knowing that he was a man not to be trifled with, and out of sympathy for the cause, none would betray him. He could not have selected a better place for concealment. Mr. Klein had known him for some time and had noticed a great change in him since the Haymarket bloodshed.

"He was always cheerful," he said, "up to that time, but since then he acted very strangely. He would not converse with any one, but always sought to be alone. Whenever any one came near the house he was uneasy."

"I noticed that too," interposed Mrs. Klein. "He always used to fool and play with me before the Haymarket event, and was good company, but since then he was a changed man altogether."

Mrs. Klein described the scene of Lingg's arrest, and told how at first she had regarded it simply as fun between two friends, and how frightened she had become when she discovered that it was a serious affair. She also described the terrible look which came over Lingg's face when he found himself powerless to fire the revolver.

I subsequently thought it best to bring Lingg face to face with one of his former comrades, who had furnished information about him, and this was accordingly done. The moment he was brought into the presence of the informer his face assumed a terrible scowl, but he remained obstinately silent.

One day Lingg was again brought into the office, and I questioned him as to the real strength of the Anarchists in the city and country.

He smiled and said:

"Don't you know that yet? This I cannot answer, but I will tell you that you only know the noisy fellows. The real Anarchists in this city or country you do not know yet, because they are not ready to take hold, but you will be taken by surprise unless you die soon. I only hope that I will live long enough to see this hidden power show its strength."

During the time Lingg remained at the station his hand was regularly attended to, he was treated very kindly, had plenty to eat, and was made as comfortable as possible. All these attentions somewhat mollified his bitterness against us.

Some time after the other interviews, I visited him and asked him if he entertained any hostility towards the police. He replied that during the McCormick factory riot he had been clubbed by an officer, but he did not care so much for that. He could forget it all, but he did not like Bonfield. If it had not been for Bonfield, he said, the street-car men, in their strike in the summer of 1885, would have had things all their own way, and that would have changed everything all over the city in a business way.

"If I could only kill Bonfield," he vehemently declared, "I would be ready to die within five minutes afterwards."

Lingg was a singular Anarchist. In every act and word he showed no care for himself, but he always expressed sympathy for men who had families and who were in trouble. He showed that he was a man with a will, and that if he set his mind to the accomplishment of an end he would bend all his energies to attain it.

There was another peculiarity about Lingg which distinguished him from the rest of his associates. Although he drank beer, he never drank to excess, and he frowned upon the use of bad or indecent language. He was an admirer of the fair sex, and they reciprocated his admiration, his manly form, handsome face and pleasing manners captivating all.

On the 27th of May, Lingg and Engel were taken in a patrol wagon to the Harrison Street Station, where the "art gallery" of the Police Department was kept, to have their photographs taken. On the way, Loewenstein remarked to Lingg:

"Louis, you want to look your prettiest, so that you will make a good picture."

"What difference does it make whether a dead man's picture looks good or bad," was the reply, uttered in a most serious manner and in a strong tone of voice.

From the gallery the Anarchists were driven to the County Jail, and that was the last time they ever saw the streets of Chicago or breathed the air outside of prison walls.

From the day Lingg entered the jail he became surly and ugly to all the officers, but he implicitly obeyed all prison rules. He held himself aloof from everybody except his fellow Anarchists, and would have nothing to say to any one except his friends or his sweetheart.

Lingg was very fond of children, and when those of Neebe, Schwab or others called at the jail he would play with them and seemed to extract much amusement from their little pranks and antics.

Mrs. Klein often visited him and always brought a baby, in which Lingg seemed to take a special interest. Lingg and Mrs. Klein conversed freely together, and he seemed to enjoy her visits greatly. Whenever she called she brought him fruit of the season and choice edibles with which to vary his prison fare.

Lingg and his associates proved quite a drawing card, and Anarchists from all parts of the country called at the jail. But while his fellows appeared pleased to hold receptions, so to speak, Lingg did not desire the company of strangers. He gave his time only to the few ladies who called on him and to his nearest friends. He disliked being gaped at by curiosity-seekers, and when he had no good friend to keep him company he traveled the corridors of the jail beyond the reach of public gaze. He also whiled

time away by cutting pretty little carvings out of cigar-boxes with his jack-knife, and in this he displayed considerable ingenuity. Tiring of this diversion, he would pick up a book or a paper; but, however monotonous prison life at times became, he never thrust himself before the visitors' cage to pose before the idle throng. Many callers came to sympathize with Lingg as well as to admire his handsome physique, and, as he would not allow his hair to be cut after his incarceration, his flowing, curly locks added to his picturesque appearance.

But there was one visitor he always welcomed. It was his sweetheart, whose acquaintance he had made before his arrest, and who became a regular caller. She invariably wore a pleasant smile, breathed soft, loving words into his ears through the wire screen that separated the visitors' cage from the jail corridor, and contributed much toward keeping him cheerful. This girl had lived at one time with a family on West Lake Street, in the heart of an Anarchist camp, but, for some reason, while her lover was at the Chicago Avenue Station she never paid him a visit. The second day after he had been locked up at the County Jail she promptly made her appearance, however, and became a regular visitor. She simply passed with the jail officials at first as "Lingg's girl," but one day some one called her Ida Miller, and thereafter she was recognized under that name. She was generally accompanied by young Miss Engel, the daughter of Anarchist Engel, and during the last four months of her lover's incarceration she could be seen every afternoon entering the jail. She was always readily admitted until the day the bombs were found in Lingg's cell. After that neither she nor Mr. and Mrs. Klein were admitted. While it has never been satisfactorily proven who it was that introduced the bombs into the jail, it is likely that they were smuggled into Lingg's hands by his sweetheart. She enjoyed Lingg's fullest confidence, and regarded his every wish.



LINGG'S SWEETHEART.
From a Photograph.

It is not known whether Miller is the real name of the girl, but it is supposed to be Elise Friedel. She is a German, and was twenty-two years of age at the time, her birthplace being Mannheim, which was also Lingg's native town. She was robust in appearance, with fair complexion, and dark hair. She had quite a penchant for beer, and could sit in a crowd of her Anarchist friends and drink "schnitts" with the proficiency of a vet-

eran. She always entertained hope of executive clemency, but when Lingg died at his own hands she somewhat surprisingly failed to evince great sorrow. Perhaps the consciousness of having aided him in escaping the gallows had prepared her for the worst.

Lingg's terrible death did not perceptibly change her demeanor. She was seen at several dances shortly afterwards, and seemed to enjoy herself as much as anybody. She even danced with detectives, unconscious of their calling, and, in jesting with them, her laugh was as hearty and ringing as though she were bent on capturing a new beau.

During all the long, weary days Lingg remained in jail his demeanor was the same as during the trial—cool, collected and unconcerned. No special trouble apparently burdened his mind. His constant companions—whenever they were permitted to be together—were Engel and Fischer. They appeared to believe that their fellow prisoners and co-conspirators would turn on them to save their own lives.

The statement Lingg made, on the 14th of May, omitting the part pertaining to his occupation, age and residence, was as follows:

"Whenever I did any work at home [Seliger's house] I did it as carefully as possible, so that no one could see me. I did make dynamite bombs out of gas-pipe, and I generally found the gas-pipe on the street. Finding them two or three feet long, I would cut them into pieces. After cutting them about six inches long I would fill them with dynamite and attach a fuse to each. I then would call them bombs."

"Who showed or taught you how to make those bombs?"

"No one. I learned it from books."

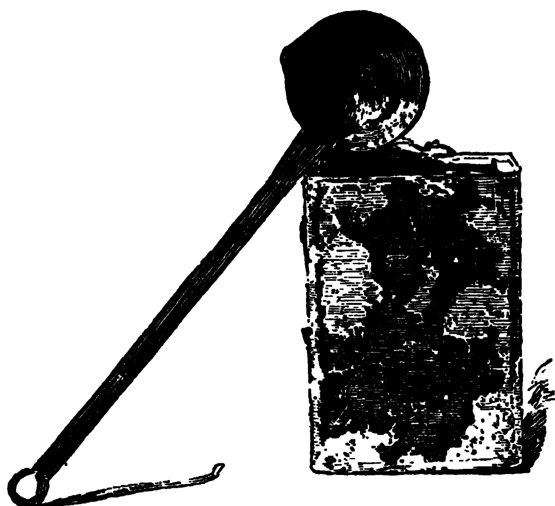
"What books?"

"I read it in a book published by Herr Most of New York. It explains how to make dynamite and other articles used in war. I once had four bombs in my dinner-box—two were loaded and two empty. I bought two pounds of the stuff on Lake Street, near Dearborn. I also bought one coil of fuse and one box of caps at the same place, and that is all I bought. I paid 65 cents for the box of caps, 60 cents for two pounds of dynamite, and 50 cents for the coil of fuse."

"Did you work all the material into the bombs?"

"No, there is some of it left in my trunk. I do not deny making bombs. I made them for the purpose of being used in a war or a revolution during these workingmen's troubles. The bombs found in my room I intended to use myself. I have been at August Spies' office several times, and I have known him for some time. I always received the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and I like to read it. I made some of those round lead bombs. I made the molds myself and cast the bombs. The iron bolts I used to connect and hold them together I bought in a hardware store. I bought five small ones and two big ones. I could only use the molds to cast bombs with a few times; then they would be useless. At the time I bought the dynamite I was alone. On Tuesday night, May 4, Seliger and I were on Larrabee Street, between Clybourn Avenue and the city limits, and we remained there until about ten o'clock. We then went home and had several glasses of beer. We did not meet any one we knew. We were on Larrabee

Street all the time. When we came home Mrs. Seliger was abed. I was at the meeting held in the hall at No. 71 West Lake Street, Monday night, May 3. I saw there the circular which called the workingmen to arms and to seek revenge on the police because they had killed six of our brothers at McCormick's factory on that day. I also attended a meeting the same night, at No. 54 West Lake Street, which was held by the armed sections. I was out to Lake View and tried one of my dynamite bombs to find out what strength it had. I put the bomb in a tree between two limbs. I lit the fuse; the bomb exploded and split the tree, damaging it considerably. I had my hair cut, and mustache and whiskers shaven off, about May 8th or 9th. I want to say right here to you men that I did make dynamite bombs and intended to use them. I am down on capital and capitalists. I knew that if we sought our rights—I mean the workingmen—they would turn out the police and militia against us with their Gatling guns and cannon. We knew that we could not defend ourselves with our revolvers, and therefore turned to the adoption of dynamite. For one, I was not going to get hurt. I made bombs of lead and bombs of metal, and I made them with the two materials mixed. I tried both the lead and gas-pipe bombs, and I found that they could do good service. If you cut the fuse ten inches long and light it you can run away forty steps before the explosion takes place. The armed men of the so-called International Group of the North Side always met at Greif's Hall, No. 54 West Lake Street. We used to go to the Shooting Park in Lake View and shoot at targets on Sundays. I have been there about ten times. I admit that the two Lehmans came to see me at my room at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, and I will confess that on Tuesday, May 4, six men came to my room to see me."



CAN OF ENGLISH DYNAMITE AND LADLE.
Used by Lingg in Casting Bombs. From a Photograph

At this interview there were present, besides myself, Furthmann, Stift, Rehm, Loewenstein, Schuettler and Hoffman. On the 17th of May, Lingg again remarked to Officer Schuettler that he regretted that he had not had a chance to kill him.

On the 24th of May Lingg and Hubner were brought together, and Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann asked the latter if he knew the bomb-maker.

"Oh, yes, I was at his room on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, helping him to make dynamite bombs, and what I stated in my affidavit is true."

Lingg scowled furiously, and emphatically denied the statement. All

he could be made to say in explanation of the affair, however, was that he "had been a Socialist all his life and ever since he could think."

Ernst Hubner was arrested by Officers Schuettler and Whalen on the morning of May 18, at six o'clock, while he was on his way to his work. He is a German by birth and a carpenter by trade, and worked for a man by the name of Schombel, on the corner of Clybourn Avenue and Larrabee Street. He was about forty years of age, married, wore very shabby clothes, and lived, at the time of his arrest, at No. 11 Mohawk Street, in three small and dirty rooms. His house was searched, and the officers found one breech-loading rifle, one large 44-caliber Remington revolver and half a pailful of ammunition for both guns. While they were searching the house, Mrs. Hubner, a sickly, delicate woman, said to Officer Schuettler:

"My dear man, if my husband had gone more to his shop and to work instead of running to meetings, you would not find my house in this shape. I am all broken up. I am sick, and now he is arrested. I suppose this is the last of our family."

The search still going on, Mrs. Hubner crossed the room to a closet, saying to Schuettler:

"Here, officers, take this devil's print out of my house. This is what my husband prayed with night and day, and what got him into trouble. If you don't want to take it, I will throw it into the stove. I don't want any more families made miserable by it."

The officer opened the bundle, and the first thing he saw was a picture of the burly face of John Most. This led to the exchange of a few pleasantries between the officers.

"I have got him," shouted Schuettler.

When Officer Whalen got a glimpse of the portrait, which was printed on the cover of a pamphlet, and not knowing what the title on the cover had reference to, as it was printed in German, or whom the picture represented, he facetiously remarked:

"I see the face of a Scotch terrier."

"You fool," replied Schuettler, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is Johann Most."

"Well," retorted Whalen, "if that is the great Anarchist, he ought to have two more legs. He'd make a fine ratter."

In the bundle were found a number of Communistic, Socialistic and Anarchistic documents, and a complete collection of hand-bills of all the meetings that had been held for years past. Hubner had been an active worker at all times. He would post bills, carry hand-bills and do any kind of work for the "good of the cause." No meetings were ever held too far from his home. He was well known in all the "groups" and to all the leaders. He attended all the picnics and parades. Nothing

delighted him more than to carry the big banner belonging to the International Carpenters' Union No. 1. How he strutted and flaunted that banner as he passed churches, police stations and the residences of the wealthy. Next to Most's book, that banner was his principal source of inspiration. He would even neglect his meals for the sake of bearing aloft that crimson standard. Whether this was the cause of his emaciated look at the time of his arrest is problematical, but certain it is his appearance, when brought before me, indicated want and starvation, and his voice was weak and husky.

"From what I can hear about you," I said, "it appears that you are one of the 'boys.'"

"Oh, well," drawled Hubner, "you may hear a great deal."

"Yes," I replied, "I hear so much it keeps me busy thinking."

"Have you been thinking any of me?" queried Hubner.

"I have, and I think you are the worst I have heard of yet."

"Ah, but you have got others far more dangerous than I am."

"If you want to give credit to any one else, name the parties."

Hubner finally stated that only on the evening previous, at a meeting of the Carpenters' Union, a member had said that their attorneys, Messrs. Salomon & Zeisler, held that there was no law to convict any one, and that they would secure the release of the "boys" as fast as the police locked them up. They advised all to "keep their mouths shut," and that, in the event of an arrest, the police could not hold them longer than two days.

"Do you want to try that and see how it works?" I asked.

"That's what I want," responded Hubner, bent on an experiment.

"Well, I guarantee you," said I smilingly, "that you will remain here with us as long as we like your company. When we get tired of you we will send you to the big jail. Officer, take this man and tell the lockup-keeper that he will probably stay with us a week."

Hubner was escorted down stairs, given a good cell and allowed to metaphorically wrap "that banner" around him as he lay down to dream of Anarchy. Things got monotonous, however. The very next day he sent word that he desired to see me. He was brought up and made a long statement. He assured me that every word was true, that he would face any of those mentioned and defy them to contradict his assertions. He told the day and date of almost every transaction. He said he would swear to everything he had stated.

"I don't believe in a God," he added, "but when I swear, I understand that if I should tell a lie or an untruth I can be punished for it. I am disgusted with the way things are now. There are no more brave men."

After a few days he was released by order of the State's Attorney. Before leaving, he promised that he would testify in court in accordance with his statement, and afterwards, for a time, he was on hand whenever sent for.

The parties arrested were required to report regularly. At the commencement of the trial, they were all kept in a large room in the station, where ten officers guarded them night and day. They were taken out for exercise every evening, but were not allowed to talk to any one. Their wives had the privilege of seeing them, but an officer was always present to hear what was said.

Hubner after a time showed signs of weakening. He had been seen by the attorneys for the defense and changed his mind. He also began talking to others, urging them not to testify. He finally said he would not take the stand, and, as he was not wanted to testify, he was again released. After the trial he went back to his comrades, attended some of their meetings and talked for the cause. When the time approached for the execution, he suddenly left the city, and subsequently sent for his family. He has returned to Chicago, however, and is working on Division and Clark Streets, in a little carpenter-shop.

The following is his statement, to the correctness of which he would have testified had he not been a poltroon and a simpleton. It fully bears out the truth of the witnesses who appeared for the State during the trial as to the conspiracy and the parties thereto:

"I know Gottfried Waller. I belong to the armed men. I know George Engel. At one time he published a paper called the *Anarchist*. I know Louis Lingg. I was a Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, Monday afternoon about five o'clock. I left there at nine o'clock and got home at eleven the same night. I read and saw a circular that called for revenge and to arm ourselves. I saw August Spies in the hall, and he told us that the police had been shooting our workingmen at McCormick's, and we should be ready with our arms. Then Rau came into the meeting, very much excited and said that a number of our people had been shot at McCormick's by the police. He called us to arms. Then Rau and Spies left the hall together. Both were much excited. The speech and talking of Spies in the hall happened in this way. Spies would catch a man alone and talk about the shooting, or when he saw a crowd of four or five standing together he would talk to them to excite them and urge them on. The effect of his talking to us brought our temper to such heat that I and others were ready to take revenge on the police officers and the law. And we would have done almost anything to get revenge. If Spies and Rau had there and then started out and we had had our arms with us, we would have followed them to do harm at once."

Such was the confession the brave Hubner first made to the police. On the 18th of May he made a second statement, as follows, adding a few further details as to the conspiracy:

"On Tuesday, May 4, about 4 P.M., I went to the house of William Seliger, at 442 Sedgwick Street, and there I found William Seliger and Louis Lingg. I had been in Seliger's house the day before, and I took along with me when I left three bombs—that is, three empty shells. Lingg also gave me the dynamite with which to fill them. Not knowing how, I

was afraid to fill them, and I brought them back to Lingg to fill them for me. When I got there, Seliger and Lingg were working, filling bombs or shells with dynamite. I went to work and helped them and got the bombs ready for use. They had some of them filled when I got there, but in all they filled and finished twenty round lead or metal bombs and about fifteen or eighteen long ones — that is, I mean to say, made of gas-pipe, about six inches or more long. I saw there a lot more of dynamite and fuse. As I went away from there — Seliger's house — that evening, I took along with me four long bombs, but before I left we had all the bombs finished, ready for use. I saw about six men at 5 P.M. in Seliger's house, and when any one came Lingg always went to the door and waited upon them. That evening, May 4, at eight o'clock, I went to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, and when I had been there only a few minutes I saw Lingg, Seliger and a little stout man, who carried a heavy satchel with a gray cloth cover. They came in together in Neff's Hall and placed the satchel in a little hallway leading to a 'gents' closet.' I was sent to Neff's Hall to see and report if there were many of our armed men in the hall who were waiting for bombs. As I had not been there long enough to find out and report back, Lingg and Seliger got tired of waiting at 442 Sedgwick Street and brought the satchel filled with bombs to Neff's Hall themselves. When Lingg saw me he came up to me and found fault with me for not reporting back sooner. He said there might have been lots of people there who failed to get bombs or shells. After that I went to supper, since Lingg was in the hall to look after things himself. The men I saw there were Hageman and Hermann. On Monday night, May 3, I was at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, up to ten o'clock, and afterwards I also went into the saloon. There were about forty men sitting and standing around the bar-room. Some one called out that the so-called armed sections should go down into the basement, as there would be a meeting for them. Then forty of us went down, and we decided to hold a meeting there. This was about nine o'clock in the evening. Gottfried Waller was chosen president. George Engel was one of the speakers and originator of the plan then and there given to us to shoot and kill people and destroy property. He told us what to do and began in this way. He asked us if we knew about his plan. The majority said 'no.' Then he began to tell us that his plan was to call a meeting for the next evening at the Haymarket, and there draw out as many police as possible, so that the outside parts of the city would not be strongly protected by the police. The signal for action would be given, and they should set fire to buildings in several places and in all parts of the city. One building at Wicker Park was mentioned, and as soon as they saw it on fire, then they should attack the police stations, throw dynamite bombs into the stations, kill the police officers and destroy the stations. In case a patrol wagon came, they should throw a bomb among the policemen, and if that did not stop them, then they should kill the horses attached to the wagons with their revolvers or guns. After that they should destroy all the property they could. The circular that called for revenge and to arms I saw at the Monday night meeting in the basement, 54 West Lake Street, where Engel spoke and gave us the plan of revolution. The lying of Engel about the killing of six of our brothers at McCormick's factory started me so that I was ready to do anything desperate. The speech of Engel in the basement that evening worked on me so that I went to Seliger's house on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, and helped to finish the bombs,

as I stated before. George Engel told those that had no arms to stay at home away from the Haymarket meeting, and that men who had arms but no courage should also stay at home. In that meeting there were present Adolph Fischer, Gottfried Waller, George Engel, Breitenfeld, Schnaubelt, John Thielen, Abraham Hermann, Herman Hageman, the two Lehmans and Hubner. Waller told us to go ahead and do our work, that he would be with us. The meeting lasted from nine o'clock to eleven. Fischer and others agreed to have the circular printed calling the meeting at the Haymarket for Tuesday night, May 4. After all the plans had been explained to us Fischer said 'That is the one'— meaning the murderous plan —'that we



MUNTZENBERG PEDDLING BOMBS AND BOOKS.

adopted in our group meetin_ Every division group were to make their own arrangen The North Side armed men should meet Tuesday evening, May 4 at the foot of Webster Avenue and Lincoln Park, at the Schiller monument. I went there. I could not find enough of our people there, as the night was dark and those present were scattered. I got tired of waiting for others. The four bombs I had with me that night I took to the North Avenue Pier and threw them into the lake. Then I went home and went to bed. This was about ten o'clock. I did not hear anything of the shooting or the explosion of the bomb or the killing of the policemen at the Haymarket until the next morning when I got up. I went home so early on that evening because I had a headache from the smell of the dyna-

mite used in filling the bombs. We filled thirty-five in all. The word 'Ruhe' was intended as the signal word. If it should appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* May 4, in the 'Briefkasten,' then that would be a notification to be ready for the revolution. We were to watch also for the fire and shooting signals as well as the appearance of that word in the paper. We were then all to get ready. I only know of Lingg as a manufacturer of bombs. The plan was presented to the men to go and blow up the Chicago Avenue Station. Also many others were to blow up the Larrabee Street Station and the Webster Avenue Station. The work I did on the bombs was drilling holes in them. This statement I make of my own free will and accord in the presence of the officers named, and it is true and correct. And I furthermore will say that I will not take any bribe to change my statement or make denials; neither will I leave the city or the State as long as this case is pending in court, unless I have the consent of Capt. Schaack; that I always will be ready to give testimony for the people, whenever I am called on in this case, and that I will never make a second statement, that is to say, to a notary public or a justice of the peace, in writing or verbally; that I will only make a statement under oath for the grand jury of the Criminal Court, or Capt. M. J. Schaack."

Here follow the signature, etc., and the notarial acknowledgment.

On the 24th of May, Hubner, among other things, stated that he knew Herman Muntzenberg.

"I met him," he said, "as I was carrying around hand-bills for the meeting called May 4 at the Haymarket. Muntzenberg went with me to Seliger's house that afternoon. We saw Lingg and Seliger making the dynamite bombs, and we helped them to make them. Muntzenberg and I spent about three hours in Seliger's house that afternoon. Muntzenberg was there when it was stated that the dynamite bombs should be carried down to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, that night. Muntzenberg and I, by order of Lingg, went down to Neff's Hall to see how things looked there and report back to him. That is why Muntzenberg went to meet Lingg and Seliger to help them to carry the bombs to Neff's place."

Since the trial I have learned that Hubner knew a great deal more than he divulged in his confession, and that he was one of the parties chosen to aid in blowing up the Webster Avenue Station.

CHAPTER XV.

Engel in the Toils — His Character and Rough Eloquence — Facing his Accusers — Waller's Confession — The Work of the Lehr und Wehr Verein — A Dangerous Organization — The Romance of Conspiracy — Organization of the Armed Sections — Plans and Purposes — Rifles Bought in St. Louis — The Picnics at Sheffield — A Dynamite Drill — The Attack on McCormick's — A Frightened Anarchist — Lehman in the Calaboose — Information from many Quarters — The Cost of Revolvers — Lorenz Hermann's Story — Some Expert Lying.

ENOUGH was at this time known to make George Engel a mark for speedy police attention. It had been established beyond a doubt that he was one of the central figures in the conspiracy, and it was not long before a warrant was secured charging him with murder. I detailed Officers Stift and Whalen to serve the document, and they found him at his home, No. 286 Milwaukee Avenue. He was a man about fifty years old, stoutly built, round-shouldered, weighing about 170 pounds, and about five feet eight inches in height. He was married and had a daughter about sixteen years of age. He was by trade a painter, but he and his wife conducted a toy-store at the place where they lived. In addition to toys, they sold cigars and tobacco. The building he lived in was a two-story frame, and his support came principally from his business. He always claimed to be a very good friend of policemen, many of whom he said he knew, and they all, he claimed, liked him. He was very radical in his ideas, however, and at all times took an active interest in Anarchist meetings. In fact, he was one of the most rabid of them all. He was a successful organizer and a hard, persistent worker for the cause. He was one of the most positive, determined speakers in the German language in Chicago. He could hold a house all night, and his auditors were always charmed with his ingenious argument, his powerful invective and his captivating sophistry. He was well read on all topics bearing upon Anarchy, had a wonderful memory, and he could always promptly give a plausible "reason for the faith that was in him." His speeches were always plain, and, although he talked rapidly, he spoke with a directness and force that took complete possession of the illiterate and unthinking rabble. He could work up his auditors to the point of desperation, and with a word he could have sent them out to pillage and murder. It was his brain alone that evolved the gigantic plan of murdering hundreds of people and laying waste thousands of dollars' worth of property in Chicago, and the fact that he found so many willing to execute his purpose fully proved his power and influence over his Anarchist followers. Like all rabid Anarchists, he had no use for clergymen or the church, Sisters of Charity or anything else that had a tinge of religion in it. He called them all hypocrites and frauds. He was a great admirer of Louise Michel, the

French Anarchist, because of her fearlessness and courage, and he never failed to bestow words of praise on Most, whose work he fairly worshiped. The organs of the Anarchists in Chicago he did not think radical enough, and so he ventured to publish a paper of his own called the *Anarchist*, which, however, did not survive long. He was known as an honest man in all his dealings with his fellow-men, earnest in his convictions, but withal a most dangerous leader and most unrelenting in his hatred of existing society, and thoroughly unscrupulous in the methods to be used to bring about a change.

Engel was always cool and collected, rarely exhibiting signs of excitement. This fact was brought out most strikingly when the officers found him at his home, on the 18th of May, at five o'clock, and informed him that they had a warrant for his arrest on the charge of murder. He was painting in his house at the time, and, turning to the officers with a smile on his face, he nonchalantly remarked:



GEORGE ENGEL.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

"Well, this is very strange."

The officers then told him that I desired to see him immediately, and he responded that if that was the case he supposed he must go with them.

When he arrived at the station he was informed again of the nature of the charge against him, and the floor, so to speak, was accorded him for any explanations he might desire to make.

"I am the most innocent man in the world," he began, in a slow, deliberate voice. "I could not hurt a child or see any one hurt."

Engel was then subjected to some close questioning, and all he could be made to say was this:

"On Monday, May 3, I was working for a friend of mine named Koch. I was doing some painting for him that evening between the hours of eight and nine o'clock. I then went to a meeting at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street. The meeting was held in the basement. I don't know Mr. Waller. I do not belong to the Northwest Side group. I don't belong to any armed men. I don't know of any plan or conspiracy. I did not give any plan at that meeting. I was there at the meeting only a little while. I did not speak there, nor had I anything to say to any one. I did not, and was not authorized by any one to give a plan."

He thus flatly contradicted every charge and seemed determined to put a bold front upon the situation. Confronted by the facts, he never winced, but kept up a bold exterior. He was then locked up at the station. Subsequently his wife called and met him in my office.

"Papa, see what trouble you have got yourself into," she sadly remarked.

"Mamma," he responded, "I cannot help it. What is in me must come out."

"Why," I interposed, "don't you stop that nonsense?"

"I know," replied Engel, "I have promised my wife so many times that I would stop it. But I cannot do it. I cannot help it that I am possessed of some eloquence and enthusiasm. It is a curse to some people to be possessed of this knowledge. I cannot help it that I am gifted in that way. I am not the first man that has been locked up for this cause, but I will bear it like a man. Louise Michel is a great woman. She has been locked up and suffered for principle. I am willing to do the same."


MISS MARY ENGEL.
From a Photograph.

When Engel was asked where he had been on Tuesday evening, May 4, he responded: "At home all night, lying on a lounge."

Two days after Engel's arrest I secured a statement—in addition to that of Hubner—from Gottfried Waller, implicating the nervy Anarchist in the conspiracy in connection with "the plan."

I therefore thought it best to have Engel face his accuser, Waller, and, on the evening of May 24, at 9:30 o'clock, the two men were brought together in my office. Mr. Furthmann, who was present, with the officers, asked Engel, the moment he was brought in, if he knew the party before him. Engel, without the slightest hesitancy or tremor, answered in the negative. He was next asked if he had not attended the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, and Engel stated that he had come in late during the proceedings.

Waller then reiterated his charge, that Engel was not only a speaker on that occasion, but the man who had submitted a plan for murder and destruction.

"In fact," said Waller, "you were the only man who urged a revolution and spoke about your plan."

When questioned as to what he had to say to this, Engel retorted that "it was not true," as he had not been authorized by any one to propose a plan. Inasmuch as the accusation of Waller failed to make any perceptible impression on Engel's mind, I decided to see how the presence of another accuser would affect his deportment and answers. Accordingly Ernst Hubner was asked if he would face Engel, and, an answer being given firmly in the affirmative, Engel was again brought back into the office. There were present at this, as well as at the former interview, Furthmann, Whalen, Stift, Schuettler, Hoffman, Loewenstein and Rehm. The moment Engel was brought up by an officer, Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann asked Hubner if he was acquainted with Engel. Hubner replied, "Yes, I know him."

Addressing Engel, I said:

"This is Ernst Hubner. He says that he knows you, and he also has made a statement against you."

Engel replied that he did not know the man, whereupon Hubner reiterated his acquaintanceship, and added:

"Your name is Engel, and you keep a toy-store on Milwaukee Avenue. You made speeches at 58 Clybourn Avenue. I saw and heard you several times. I saw you in a meeting May 3, 9 P.M., at 54 West Lake Street."

"Engel," I interrupted, "listen, and I will read you what Hubner said about you."

Engel assented, and the statement of Hubner, as already given, was read.

"It is false," replied Engel; "but if that good man says I did say so, then you can believe him. I do not care."

"Where did you see Engel last?" inquired Furthmann of Hubner.

"I saw him at the meeting held at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, where I heard him speak about the revenge circular and his plan, which he said had been adopted by the Northwest Side group. He spoke of the plan as I have heretofore explained in my affidavit to the officers."

"You still say that that affidavit is true in every respect?"

"I do," emphatically replied Hubner.

"It is not so, and it is not true," stoutly replied Engel.

"Well," said I, "there are other people, and we will have more, who will prove that you did make a revolutionary speech and submitted a plan calling on your people to get ready with their arms and do violence. If other witnesses are produced, will you still have the same answer to give?"

"It would not be true; it is not so," reiterated Engel.

"But," I added, "suppose I produce twenty more men who will accuse

you the same as Waller and Hubner have accused you, what then would you have to say?"

"My answer," responded Engel, "would be that I have never spoken as charged against me. It is not true."

Engel had evidently made up his mind to deny everything, and, knowing his character for stubbornness, I made no further efforts to secure a statement from him. A man who could originate such a cold-blooded scheme as he had proposed—and part of it was actually carried out in bloodshed—was evidently not the kind to yield, and I allowed him to ruminate over his predicament in a cell below until the 27th of May, when he was sent to the County Jail. As will subsequently appear, he never showed signs of weakness during his incarceration from the time he was taken from his house that night until he dropped from the gallows, dying the hardest of them all. A half dozen such men at a critical time could upset a whole city, and it was fortunate for Chicago that there were not more like him during the troublous days of 1886.



GOTTFRIED WALLER.
From a Photograph.

SOME two days before Engel was brought in, GOTTFRIED WALLER was arrested by Officer Whalen. It appeared that he had been selling revolvers to workingmen, and after being taken to the station, on the 14th of May, he was released on bail. His importance then as a conspicuous figure in the Monday night meeting, when the murderous "plan" was adopted, was not clearly apparent, but he was kept under surveillance and his antecedents carefully inquired into. Thielen, in his confession on the very day Waller was arrested, referred to him as having presided at that meeting, and, in describing a man who called at Lingg's room on Tuesday afternoon, May 4, said he "believed he worked at Brunswick & Balke's factory." Hubner, in his affidavit on the 18th of May, stated that Waller had presided on the occasion referred to, and had even urged them to go ahead and do their work, and he would be with them—meaning their work of destruction. On these and other facts a warrant was secured for his arrest for murder, and on the 20th of May he was again taken into custody by Officers Whalen and Stift. He was a Swiss by birth, a cabinet-maker by occupation, and worked at the Brunswick, Balke & Collender billiard factory. His age at the time of his

arrest was thirty-six years, and he was a married man with one child. At the time of his first arrest he was living at No. 590 Milwaukee Avenue, and at his second arrest he was found at No. 105 North Wells Street. He had been only three years in America, and had scarcely settled in Chicago before he began attending the Anarchist meetings. He always frequented the gatherings where Swiss people assembled, and on a search being made of their meeting-place, 105 North Wells Street, on the 7th of May, the police found twelve guns. It had been the headquarters for the most dangerous element in the order, and on Waller's visiting the place after the trial of the Anarchists a serious attempt was made on his life. He was called a spy, and was pursued until he found safety under the shadow of the Chicago Avenue Station. Several parties were afterwards arrested for this assault. They subsequently threw a piece of iron through the window of the house where Waller was stopping, but this was the last futile exhibition of their rage.

In view of his testimony, which appears further on in the review of the trial, Waller was given an unconditional release, and he has since conducted himself as a peaceable citizen.

After his confession bearing directly on the principal parties in the conspiracy, Waller wrote out his experience with the Lehr und Wehr Verein in particular and his connection with Anarchy in general. His story is as follows:

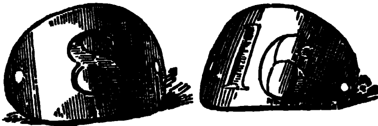
"On the 25th of January, 1884, I arrived in Chicago from Easton, Pa. I lived sixteen months on Grove Avenue, Humboldt. I was never a Socialist or Anarchist. I understood very little of the former and nothing at all of the latter. After residing for a while at the place mentioned, I moved to Milwaukee Avenue, near No. 636, Thalia Hall, on that street. Here I noticed people uniformed and armed about twice a week. They would enter this hall, and, by making inquiries, I was informed that these people belonged to the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and that they were a sort of 'Schuetzen Verein,' which practiced twice a week in the North Chicago Schuetzen Park (Sharpshooters' Park). Their principles were kept secret. As I was an expert sharpshooter and had a passion for military exercises, I accepted an invitation from their commander to participate in their practices. We met on the following Sunday at Thalia Hall, at five o'clock in the morning, and continued for some time. We dispersed by each going in different directions toward the park, so as not to arouse any suspicion. On account of cold weather only fourteen of us came together. It was no fun to walk knee-deep in the snow; still we were feeling good since we were going to practice shooting. After several rounds of drinks, which were called for in payment of the stand we used on such occasions, we erected two targets and commenced practicing. I soon noticed that the company consisted of good marksmen, and that day I was pronounced the best marksman among them. After that I wanted to become a member of the Verein, as I had been asked several times by some of them to join. I called at Thalia Hall one Monday evening and was taken to the cellar, which I entered through a secret door by means of a



UNDERGROUND RIFLE PRACTICE. A Meeting of the Lehr und Wehr Verein.

ladder. Here I saw thirty to thirty-five men practicing shooting at a target. The cellar was not well lighted except at the north end, where the targets stood. The people and all the surroundings looked quite adventurous to me. One of the members then approached me and asked if I was a Socialist. I answered, 'Yes,' in an off-hand way. The first sergeant of the company, August Krueger, told me beforehand to do this. I paid my initiation fee, got a red card numbered 19, by which number I was afterwards known, and I was then a member. All the members were very cautious before me on account of my not being well known to them. We practiced every Monday and Wednesday, drilling and shooting. I paid a great deal of attention to these exercises. I never missed a meeting, and consequently I soon gained the confidence of all the members.

"At the first general meeting, which was held every last Tuesday of each month, at No. 54 West Lake Street, I was enlightened, and how I was enlightened will appear as I proceed with my statement. I now desire first to speak of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. This society consists of four companies from various parts of the city, and forms a revolutionary military organization. The first company belongs to the North Side; second company, the Northwest Side; third company, the Southwest Side, and the fourth company was formed by the commander at Pullman. The first company was the strongest and consisted of about one hundred and twenty members. The second consisted of thirty-five members; the third about eighty; and the fourth, forty members. Consequently the battalion consisted of two hundred and seventy-five members. You could rely upon one hundred and eighty men; the others were more or less indifferent and passive. All the members were armed with Springfield rifles, 48-caliber, and with Remington revolvers, 44-caliber. Every member was well supplied with ammunition at his house, which was always purchased by the quartermaster of the company. The uniform consisted of a blouse, with white buttons, and with shoulder-straps for the officers, black leather belts with brass buckles inscribed L. W. V., dark pantaloons and black slouch hats. Every company had a captain, lieutenant and first sergeant. Besides these the company had the following officers: A corresponding secretary, financial secretary, treasurer, quartermaster, and a Lehr und Wehr auditor. The commander received a monthly salary of $15.00, and the financial secretary $4.00. The commander was Gustav Breitenfeld. Captain of the first company, Abraham Hermann; second company, Bernhard Schrader; third company, H. Betzel, and fourth company, Paul Pull. Under command of these people, the companies were drilled and instructed. The corresponding secretary attended to all the correspondence, domestic and foreign, which was not a very easy job, because we corresponded with the Internationale of the whole country. The financial secretary collected the dues, and turned them all over to myself as treasurer. The quartermaster, A. Hermann, had to supply arms and ammunition. The Lehr und Wehr auditor had to investigate all complaints and to impose all fines and collect the same.. The meeting-place of the first company was at Mueller's Hall, on North Avenue and Sedgwick Street, in basement; of the second company, at Thalia Hall, on Milwaukee Avenue; of the third company, at



NUMBERED PLATES
From Lehr und Wehr Verein Rifles.
From a Photograph.

Vorwaerts Turn Hall, on West Twelfth Street, and of the fourth company, at Rosenheim, in Pullman. Another curiously mixed company also belonged to the Verein. It was commanded by Captain Betzel, of the third company, and it had nothing to do with us in a business way.

"The whole battalion assembled once every month on pleasant days on the prairie behind the ice-houses of Schofield & Co., on the West Side, and practiced skirmish drills. The commands were given in English, and no one knew the members by name—only by numbers.

"This brings me to the first general meeting of the Verein at No. 54 West Lake Street that I attended. Before the opening of the meeting, every one who entered the hall was examined so that none but members might get in. The meetings would be called to order by the secretary, and then a chairman and a doorkeeper would be chosen. August Krause, of the second company, was generally called upon to officiate as chairman. First of all the correspondence would be read, and at one meeting a letter was read from Most, of New York, which pertained to arms. In the first meeting Commander Breitenfeld was ordered to proceed to Pullman every Sunday to work for the cause, and for his services he received a remuneration of $3 for each trip. The new company in that town finally reported a large increase of fine material with strong Anarchistic doctrines. The quartermaster, who then was Lehnert, was ordered to purchase forty rifles and four boxes of ammunition, each containing 4,000 rounds. The treasurer delivered to him $250, and afterwards we duly received the rifles from a firm in St. Louis. After all business had been transacted one of the eager members delivered a speech touching the best means of bringing on the social revolution. He proved very violent in his sentiments, and all present agreed with him that this revolution could only be accomplished with fire, powder, lead and dynamite. For a public attack on the streets of Chicago the speaker considered us too weak. As to the 'property beasts,' as he called the small owners of buildings, he regarded them as our biggest enemies, as they would attack us from their windows and defeat us, and consequently our only hope for a victory lay in the torch and dynamite. When Chicago would be surrounded by fire and destroyed, these 'beasts,' he said, would be obliged to take refuge on the prairies, and there it would be very easy for us to master them by our unmerciful proceedings. If this was done, other cities, like New York, St. Louis, Pittsburg, etc., would follow our example. Then all eyes would be centered on the Anarchists of Chicago, and therefore we would proclaim the Commune.

"All these utterances were accepted with great applause, and every one wanted to commence immediately. I thought differently. I remembered the revolution of 1848 in Germany and that of 1871 in Paris and its consequences.

"Krause, after this speech, took the floor and spoke in favor of the revolution. He stated that they ought to invite the Anarchists of other cities to join them here, and then we could commence the work of destruction. Then other members gave their views, and the meeting adjourned with an injunction that every one should be silent with reference to our proceedings.

"This brings me to the revolutionary party. This organization consists of the following sections and groups: The Lehr und Wehr Verein, commander Breitenfeld; Northwest Side group, commanders Engel, Fischer and Grumm; North Side group, commanders Neebe, Lingg and Hermann; American group, commanders Spies, Parsons and Fielden; Karl Marx

Group, commander Schilling; the Ereiheit group; the armed sections of the International Carpenters' Union and the Metal-workers' Union. The whole party is under the leadership of a general committee. This committee is composed of Spies, Schwab, Parsons, Neebe, Rau, Hirschberger, Deusch and Belz. The committee held their meetings in one of the rooms of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and received weekly reports from the delegates of the various groups. A part of the monthly dues was delivered to the general committee, and all expenses for traveling at the instance of the agitation committee (Parsons and Schwab) and for arms were paid by the quartermaster.

"On one occasion I attended a general meeting of the revolutionary party at No. 54 West Lake Street, at which the whole party of armed sections were represented. After all precautions had been taken as to safety, August Spies took the chair and Neebe acted as secretary. We had to produce our cards of membership on entering, and every group was called by name, and each representative had to rise in his seat for close inspection. The first business was a complaint from the Northwest group and the Lehr und Wehr Verein that the funds had been mismanaged and thrown away. Both organizations declared that they would withdraw their delegates and, after that, act independently. Spies became as furious as a snake when trodden upon, and he got up and told them that they might leave immediately. This started a war of words. Some retorted that the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was not radical enough, and it must be made different from that moment. The members of the general committee were called impostors and loafers. The Lehr und Wehr Verein had paid some $75 for the purchase of arms, but they had neither seen the arms nor the money. Engel and the Northwest Side group were brought into the wrangle, and he was called a traitor. They said that Engel would bring the whole party to ruin, likewise the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, but they (Engel and the paper) did not care so long as it enriched themselves. Finally the Northwest group withdrew, and some of the members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein shortly afterwards followed suit. From this time on there were constant disputes.

"Engel and Grunewald collected money for a new paper and started the *Anarchist*, a paper like Most's *Freiheit* in New York. Shortly after these societies had left the hall, the fight was taken up again by some of the females who were present,— Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Bolling, Mrs. Schwab and Mrs. Holmes,— and it was continued until Spies was declared out of order. Hirschberger then reported the result of the sale of revolutionary literature, such as the works of Louise Michel, Most's 'Revolutionary Warfare,' etc., and he stated that it had exceeded his expectations. After this they discussed picnics, and a number desired them to be held outside of the city. Sheffield was suggested, because by going there they would bring in more money, and when there they could speak more freely their Anarchist sentiments. It was finally decided to hold a meeting of the workingmen on Market Square on Thanksgiving day, and Parsons was ordered to make the necessary arrangements. Spies called attention to the importance of every one attending that meeting, and urged that they should not come without a bomb or a revolver. The bombs, he said, they could purchase at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, four for $1. The time was near, he said, when the long-looked-for revolution would take place, and so they should avail themselves of every opportunity. He wanted all Anarchists to work against the eight-hour movement, because if it should prove successful our movement

would receive a set-back for several years. Our cause would not be hastened by it. He complained about our small gain in numbers and attributed it to the poor agitation of some of the members. After this I left the hall.

"On the day before Thanksgiving we drilled in Thalia Hall. At the end of the exercise we were all requested to attend the meeting the following day, and Lehnert distributed some bombs in the shape of gas-pipe. He stated that he could only get four, but that on the next day at one o'clock every member could have one by calling at the hall. The next day most of the members put in an appearance. Members of the Northwest Side group also called. Adolph Fischer was there with a basketful of bombs like the one I saw the day before, which was the first time I had ever seen a bomb, and he told us distinctly to use them in case the Market Square meeting was dispersed. He cut a piece of fuse about the length of one on a bomb, put it on the table and lighted it with a cigar. He showed the way it worked and posted us as to the time it would have to burn before a bomb to which it might be attached should be thrown. He also showed us the way we should throw a bomb, and after this exhibition we all proceeded to the meeting.

"On arriving at Market Square, I noticed a stage made out of barrels, with a red flag attached to it, and this was our meeting-place. Parsons mounted the platform and addressed the assemblage, which consisted of about a thousand people. It was a fortunate thing that the crowd was no larger, else the bloody bath of May 4 would have taken place that day, in view of all the preparations and the hostile feeling among us. The Northwest Side group was fully armed, and the preparations were alike complete among all the the other sections. Schwab, Fielden and Neebe were present, but none of them spoke. After they had waved the red flag the meeting adjourned. Bad, cold weather contributed to the small attendance.

"After reading in the newspapers that on a certain Monday some of McCormick's strikers would resume work, the armed groups were called to a meeting at Goercke's Hall, on Twentieth Street and Blue Island Avenue. Reinhold Krueger and Tannenberg represented the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, and I joined them on the way to the place of meeting. Arriving there, I found most of the different sections represented, and the meeting opened. Gustav Belz, of the Metal-workers' Union, and employed at McCormick's, was chairman, and after some discussion we concluded to stop the reopening of the factory by force. On account of the short time for a proper notification to our members, we decided to have our well-known signal, 'Y, come Monday' (which would mean that all was ripe for action, and our men should came to our regular meeting place, 54 West Lake Street), in the 'Briefkasten' of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and it was accordingly done. We also at the meeting conferred with respect to having some of our men mix up with the 'scabs' by going to work with them in the factory, and then, when the moment for action arrived, they should set the factory on fire in several places. Those who were to do this were not to act, however, until they learned the result of the meeting that was to be held under the call of our signal, 'Y.' During the same day, after the meeting, Belz and Tannenberg carried several bombs out to the Black Road. What happened the following Monday at the factory everybody knows. Strikers and others assembled by thousands The great bell at the factory rang, and the 'scabs' went to work. During the day disturbances followed and many arrests were made of people who were found to have concealed weapons, and who were afterwards fined $10 in the Police Court.

"But a change took place the following Tuesday. In accordance with the signal published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, about 180 of our people gathered at No. 54 West Lake Street. Most of them carried their arms and some carried bombs. I saw Suess, and some others unknown to me, have bombs of the round pattern. These men even had their rifles with them, and every one knew what was up. The several sections formed in platoons. Belz was elected chairman, and they consulted as to what should be done. First they regretted that the strikers had not reached McCormick's that Monday morning, before the arrival of the police, in time to secure possession of the place, and then Betzel of the third company spoke and insisted that they should go around there during the night, secure good positions and then attack the patrol wagons as they passed on the following morning. He said he would give strict instructions to his company to obey his command, and then, when the police came to take their positions, they should be met with a good reception from well-aimed rifles. About fifty members wanted this plan carried out, but I noticed that most of them carried their hearts in their pants, and had very little courage. Excuses after excuses were made. Suess gave his bomb to a comrade and told him that when he thought of his wife and home he had doubts about going into an uncertain adventure. Balthasar Rau also protested against the plan. Some one suggested that they should stay there, in the hall, all night. Belz declared that he was of the same opinion about remaining; but, he said, he had a better plan to reach Mr. McCormick. It was very easy, he said, to attack this money baron in his own house. He described the house and rooms, and the location of the windows, and said that they should throw one of these 'play balls' in through the window of the room where McCormick would be sitting, and send him flying to heaven. This course should be taken by some one of those present, of his own accord, so that no second or third party would know the perpetrator. There seemed to be no response to this, and, noticing the want of enthusiasm, he grasped his rifle and made a motion to break it in two, calling them all at the same time cowards. He then left the hall. I was surprised at this, because among those assembled there were some of the worst Anarchists in the city, notably Lingg, Engel, Fischer and Grunewald. McCormick, however, is alive to-day. Rau notified those present that if any one wanted any bombs they should follow him to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and he would supply them. The meeting then adjourned.

"After the experience I had thus had with the party, I was sorry that I ever joined. I found that what good humor I had formerly possessed had been completely wiped out by my associations with the revolutionary party. I wanted now to join some good society, and I thought of some good excuse for leaving the party. My opportunity came. My comrades wanted me to buy a supply of ammunition, as the 1st of May was near at hand, but I found that there was not money enough in the treasury. The financial secretary had been very slow in delivering to me all the money he had collected, and I discovered that his love for the shining dollars was so great that he would let some of them fall through his fingers. I found out his dishonesty, and I brought it to light. On this account we became enemies, and sometimes he would rather have seen me dead than McCormick. One evening I stood in front of the bar at Thalia Hall with him just before target practice. I was talking about something not in his favor. We finally came to hot words and then to blows. I let him have a few right-handers,

and he drew his revolver and fired one shot, the ball passing close to my right ear and striking the wall. The proprietor of the saloon took the revolver away from him, and he attacked me again with a rawhide [a billy], which he always carried. He struck me over the head, and I grabbed a chair and gave it to him savagely. He skipped out. Shortly after this I sent the money-box with Schrader to the Verein along with my written resignation. In that I explained that I did not want to associate with murderers and manslayers. It was accepted, and I was again a free man, rejecting every inducement except one to join their ranks again. This exception grew out of my own foolishness and happened when I attended the ill-fated meeting of May 2d.

"This meeting on May 2d was held on Emma Street. During the day, which was a pleasant one, I went out early for a walk. While I was absent some one called at my house and told my wife that I was wanted at No. 63 Emma Street that evening at ten o'clock. I returned home about 10:30 o'clock the same morning, and as I did not know the hall, nor knew the person who had notified my wife, I proceeded to the number given. This visit was a most unfortunate one for me. Entering the hall, I noticed the Northwest Side group and the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I was just on the point of leaving, when Schrader called me back, and, not liking to act like a coward, I remained. A person named Kistner acted as chairman. They wanted to admit a member who had been proposed by two members as true and faithful, but Engel objected, and the man had to leave the hall. They then proceeded to business, having first ascertained that the twenty or twenty-five persons present were in perfect security. Engel took the floor and sailed into the capitalists and the police. He said that they should, when an opportunity presented itself, imitate the Anarchist leaders when, at the Bohemian Turner Hall masquerade ball, they



"LIBERTY HALL,"
No. 63 Emma Street, where the Conspiracy "Plan" was first proposed by Engel. From a Photograph.

had thrown pepper in the eyes of policemen who were present to make an attack on the turners, and he explained how that assault on their part had come very near costing him his life. But he had done it for the good of the cause. He then spoke of the labor troubles and said that now was the time to produce the revolution. It was unwise to let it pass. Then he proceeded to outline a plan for it, saying that, if any one had a better one to suggest, to say so."

Waller gives the details of the plan just as he gave it in court, and continues:

"I could not advise any one to speak against the motion for the adoption of the plan, as he would have been dealt with accordingly. Breitenfeld stated subsequently at Thalia Hall that he would do everything in his power to carry out this plan and that he would not work for the next few days, and that on the day given he would be at No. 54 West Lake Street to make all the arrangements.

"What happened on Monday at McCormick's is known. Spies hurried to write the 'Revenge' circular, stating that six men had been killed, and put it into circulation. That day I was at No. 105 Wells Street, where the workingmen employed in Brunswick & Balke's factory held their meetings. I got home about six o'clock and had my supper, but I did not know then as to the conflict with the police at McCormick's. I did not feel like going to the meeting called for that evening at No. 54 West Lake Street. I had hardly been home thirty minutes when Clermont, of the second company, entered my room and asked:

"'Did you hear the news?'

"'What?' I asked.

"'From McCormick's,' he replied.

"'What then?' I asked.

"'Ten men were killed by the police, and more than twenty wounded,' he said. 'Now we must commence.'

"I did not believe it at first, but when he showed me the 'Revenge' circular my blood shot up into my head and I went with him to the meeting. As we passed Engel's house we met him and Fischer, and they joined us. On the way to the meeting, Engel said that if any one wanted to see him they should take the rear door and enter, as he thought the detectives were watching his house. Having arrived at the hall, Breitenfeld called the revolutionary men down to the cellar, and to my surprise I was elected chairman."

Waller then details the business that was there transacted, the story being identical with that he gave on the witness-stand, and alludes to his visit to Engel's house on his way to the Haymarket meeting on the evening of May 4. He had been previously asked by A. Krueger, Kraemer, and two others, who called at his own house while he was eating his supper, to go with them to Wicker Park, as they wanted to be at their post in response to the signal "Ruhe," but he declined to go with them. Waller continues:

"I went to Engel's. He was not at home, and we waited in a room behind the store. There were two others there, one a member of the

Northwest Side group, and the other I did not know. The first one went away to get some pepper, as he said, and returned again in a few minutes. . . . He said he was only waiting for the pills, meaning the bombs. I waited about five minutes, and during the time a young girl about ten or twelve years old put in an appearance, carrying a heavy parcel, which she handed to the man who had gone out for the pepper and who was waiting for 'pills.' I took the man to be her father. He disappeared behind a screen, and I walked out."

Waller next gives the circumstances in connection with the Haymarket meeting precisely as he gave them in court, and reverts back to the meeting of Monday night at No. 54 Lake Street, referring to a speech made on that occasion by Clermont. That man, Waller says, spoke substantially as follows: "I expect to see about 20,000 or 25,000 people at the Haymarket. The speeches should be very threatening and fierce so that the police will be compelled to disperse the meeting. Then, when the police become engaged, we can carry out our purpose." Before this meeting came to order, Greif, the proprietor of the place, was around lighting the lamps, and while doing so he remarked, says Waller: "This is just the place for you conspirators."

Among those expecting to do deeds of violence on the night of the Haymarket, at Wicker Park, was "Big" Krueger, and Waller mentions the fact that he met him the next day at noon.

"Krueger showed me a revolver," says Waller, "and I told him that he had better leave it at home. He replied that he would not do it, as he intended to kill every one who came across his path, and he left. A few hours after he shot at a policeman and lost his life."

Officer Madden was the officer thus assailed, and he immediately turned around and shot the Anarchist down in his tracks.

In concluding his statement Waller refers to his arrest and says:

"On the way to the station I made up my mind not to say a word. Arriving there, Capt. Schaack got to talking to me and put several questions to me in the presence of several detectives. I noticed that telling lies would not do me any good, and the friendly and courteous treatment of the Captain made such an impression on my mind that I told, by and by, everything with a throbbing heart. I promised to repeat my statements before court, and I did so."

OTTO LEHMAN was well known to the police by reputation through frequent mention of his name by fellow Anarchists, but he managed for some time to keep himself out of the way of a personal acquaintanceship with the force. He never did cherish admiration for policemen, and his dislike grew even more intense after he had learned that he was wanted. The sight of a blue-coat would drive him fairly wild, and the only way he could assuage his wrath was to take to his heels and run until his surcharged feelings had oozed out at the ends of his toes. He was a brave, defiant man in the presence of his comrades, and with his military bearing he

seemed the very personification of courage. He had a great penchant for lager beer, and, while emptying glass after glass, he talked Anarchy to the great delight of his hearers. He was an enthusiastic attendant at all meetings of the fraternity, and always wanted the speakers to make their harangues strong and incendiary. If one of them failed to threaten capitalists with dynamite and guns, he lost interest in the proceedings. In that case he would tilt his chair back and take a nap. The moment some one rasped the air with stinging words against capitalists and the police, Lehman would be on his feet and applaud vociferously. He would then adjourn to a saloon, fill himself up with lager and go home to dream of happy days when everybody was to be rich without labor. Some nights he would jump up in bed half asleep,—this is the story of his fellow roomers,—and shout: "Down with them; shoot them! Don't give them any quarter! The world now is ours."



OTTO LEHMAN.
From a Photograph.

His bed-companion, aroused by the demonstration, would take him by the collar and pull him down, after which he would sleep quite contentedly. This sort of exhibition was repeated after every meeting at which some new infernal machine had been spoken of, or some new torture for capitalists suggested. Such speeches made him strong in the faith, and so enthusiastic was he always that he managed to become quite a favorite with his fellows. In return for their admiration, he would spend his last cent in buying beer. His boarding-house was at No. 189 Hudson Avenue.

Although this is only a two-story building, there were living in it at the time no less than eight families. That there were no more is no fault of the house. And such families! Every one of them, from the youngest who could talk, to the oldest who could bear arms, was a turbulent Anarchist. Lehman was always happy in such surroundings. Had he only had his wife and children there, his joy would have been as nearly complete as possible until all capitalists had been exterminated. Unfortunately his family were in Germany. He had left them there three years before. At that time he would have been pleased to bring them along with him had it not been for his haste to get out of Emperor William's dominions to escape the law of the land.

In his new surroundings in America Lehman only waited for the day when millionaires would either "bite the dust" or capitulate by handing over their wealth to the Anarchists. He never for a moment doubted that

that day was almost at hand. Even after the Haymarket riot he had hope, but it vanished completely the moment he was within the grasp of the law. Of course, he did everything to save himself for another revolution by keeping away from the "hated police." Had it not been for his standing in Germany he would have returned there and waited until the excitement in Chicago had died out, and his comrades had fixed up another plan. He would have even gone to Canada, but he had never heard of it as a refuge for Anarchists. For a time he succeeded remarkably well in dodging us, as we had only a meager description of his appearance; but on the 20th of May he was seen by Officers Schuettler and Hoffman on the North Side. They did not know him at the time. Lehman, however, apears to have been suspicious of their movements, as there had recently been many inquiries for him in the locality. The moment Hoffman caught a glimpse of the slippery Anarchist, he remarked to his comrade:

"I'll bet that is one of the cut-throats. We'll take him in on general principles, and we can soon find out where he belongs."

The officers gradually approached him, but Lehman, suspecting their intentions, at once started on the run. He had run only half a block when he was captured, put in irons and taken to the station. On his arrival, I asked him his name.

"I'll tell you my name, and that is all," replied Lehman, in a surly mood and with an air of bravado. "I am not ashamed of my name, no matter if I am poor. I am as good a man as Grant. Now, don't trouble me any more. I am closed, and you cannot open me with a crow-bar. Look at me and tell the newspapers you have seen me. I am ready to be locked up."

"Otto," said I, "you have a brother named August, and he has a son by the name of Paul. That boy is a very good runner, and at the Haymarket, May 4, he was going to run and carry the news to outside men. The boy did run, but not with news for the waiting men. He kept running until he got out of town, and I know where he is. You will have him with you in a few days. So good-by, Otto; I will see you about the first of June. Officers, lock him up."

Otto was accordingly escorted down stairs. He had no sooner been placed in a cell than the officers learned the location of his boarding-house at the number given. They at once repaired to the place and gave it a thorough overhauling. They learned that immediately after the Haymarket, and especially since officers had been frequently noticed in the locality, many of the occupants had disappeared in a great hurry, some even forgetting the clean linen that hung in their back yards, and others neglecting to square their board bills.

The officers searched the premises and found several loaded dynamite bombs, some showing conclusively that they had come from Lingg's factory.

It was subsequently learned that Lingg had furnished them to Lehman — one on the evening of May 4, at 58 Clybourn Avenue, and another shortly after, on the same street, near Larrabee. The bombs were all ready for use, and contained Lingg's extra strong explosive, almost doubly as powerful as the ordinary commercial dynamite.

Two days after his arrest, about eleven o'clock, Lehman was not in a very happy frame of mind. His dreams had not been pleasant, and the possibility of hanging haunted him continually. He told the janitor that he wanted to see the Captain. I sent back word that I could not see him until the next day. Again in the afternoon he sent the janitor to say that he must see me at once, and that he would not speak so defiantly as he had done before. Otto was thereupon brought up. As he came in, he took off his hat and apologized for his rude behavior. After inviting the Anarchist to take a seat, I remarked:

"You know what you are arrested for?"

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"Have you made up your mind, then, as to what you wish to say?"

He answered in the affirmative.

"Will you tell me all you know of the Anarchists ever since you became one of them?"

Assent being given, I continued: "Now, you must understand I know a great deal of this work myself."

Otto said he so understood.

"Well, I don't want you to lie to me, and I don't want you to lie about anybody else to benefit yourself. All you tell me must be true, and if I find that you conceal anything, I will consider you a liar and have nothing more to do with you."

"Oh, yes," meekly and penitently replied Lehman, "I do agree with you on that point, and you will find me right. I will swear to all I say, and if I lie you can hang me in this station. But, Captain, I want something for telling the truth."

"Well," I replied, "I will have the State's Attorney or his representative here, and if he tells you to speak and promises to reward you, you can depend upon his word."

In the presence of Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, Otto at once unburdened his mind and related his knowledge of Anarchy in Chicago. He also testified to a fact, made apparent in my interviews with other prisoners, that he, like others, had been carried away by "the d——d Anarchist literature," as he expressed it, and that he now fully realized the utter folly of his past course. He had been told, he said, just as others had been told, by those who had lived in America for a long time, that this was a free country, and there was no law to stop them. "You can see for yourself," they used to say to him, "they are all afraid of us. Nobody interferes with us. We have everything all our own way."

"That sort of talk," said Lehman, "made me as bad as the rest of them."

He had fully believed, as his friends had informed him, that it was legal to talk dynamite, and that they could form plans for murder with impunity and without molestation. Mr. Furthmann read and explained the law to him, when he said:

"I am glad now that I have been arrested."

And he demonstrated the sincerity of his statement by furnishing strong evidence against all the Anarchist leaders that he knew. He was kept in confinement until after the trial and then released by order of the State's Attorney. He was forty years of age, a carpenter by occupation, and ever since his release he has attended to work and means to live until a good age to make amends for his past life.

The statement he gave me was as follows:

"I belong to the armed section of the International Carpenters' group. Whenever we had a meeting, the armed section remained five minutes later. To my group belonged myself, my brother, William Hageman, who lives on Rees Street, over Lehman's grocery store, also Hageman's brother, who was boarding at the same place, Ernst Niendorf; on Groger Street, Waller, William Seliger, John Thielen and Louis Lingg, all of the North Side group; also Abraham Hermann, Lorenz Hermann, Ernst Hubner, Charley Bock and his brother, William Lange, Michael Schwab, Balthasar Rau, Rudolph Schnaubelt, Fischer and Huber. I attended a meeting, May 3, at 71 West Lake Street, at nine o'clock. I heard Louis Lingg speak there, also Schwab. I saw the circular there which called for revenge and to arms. Waller, or Zoller, opened the meeting as chairman. Lingg said at the meeting that they must arm themselves and attend the meeting at the Haymarket to get revenge for those workingmen who were killed at McCormick's factory that day by the police. I also heard Schwab urge them to arm themselves and seek revenge on the police. I heard one man call out that all armed men present should go to Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street, that a meeting would be held there in the basement. I went there, as also did my brother Gustav, the two Hagemans, Louis Lingg, Schnaubelt, Breitenfeld, John Thielen and Hubner. The meeting occurred at 54 West Lake Street. I was there during the whole session. My brother was on the outside watching. I heard the speaker say that there would be a meeting at the Haymarket and that they expected a big crowd there, which would give them a chance to use their arms. He also said that the police would no doubt come there to disperse them. If they refused to go, the police would shoot, and they would have a good chance to shoot at them. The speakers at that meeting would be Spies, Fielden and Parsons. The North Side armed group would meet at Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, on Tuesday night, and they were to be ready with their arms and wait for orders. The Northwest Side group would also be ready and wait for orders. As soon as there was trouble at the Haymarket, they would be at Wicker Park ready for action. I heard the word 'Ruhe' spoken of at that meeting in the basement. If that word appeared in the paper — the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* — the next day, it would mean a revolution, and the attack on the police would be made that night. 'Y, komme,' was a sign pub-

lished in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, meaning that there would be a meeting of the armed men. When I saw that revenge circular at No. 71 West Lake Street, it excited me very much and brought me to the meeting at 54 West Lake Street. I saw Adolph Fischer at that meeting. He made an address to us calling us to arms and urged that we should take revenge on the capitalists and the officers who had killed our brother workingmen on that day at McCormick's. This man Fischer, whose picture has just been shown me by the Captain, is the person who said he would see that circulars were printed for the Haymarket meeting next day. The word 'Ruhe' was our signal word, adopted by the meeting that night at 54 West Lake Street, to attack the police. I heard some one say at the meeting that we should also attack the police station-houses and the police who might be within. They should make dynamite bombs and have them ready to throw into the stations. Lingg said: 'I will have the dynamite and bombs ready to be used when called for.' I did not hear of any one else saying or offering to furnish dynamite bombs. I was about fifteen feet away from Lingg when he made the remark. Then I left the meeting and the hall. The unanimous understanding among us all was that all who desired bombs must go to Lingg and get them. And we did not look to any one else for them. It was further stated at the meeting that, in case we should see a patrol wagon on the night of the attack, we should destroy the wagon, the horses and the officers, so that they could not render assistance to the officers at the Haymarket. On Tuesday evening, May 4, at nine o'clock, I went to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue, and there I met both Hermanns, Rau, the Hagemans, Bock, Seliger and Lingg. Lingg gave me some of those long dynamite bombs and said: 'Here, you take this and use it.' He then started away. I heard that night — Tuesday — at eleven o'clock, at Ernst Grau's saloon, that there had been some shooting that night, that a bomb had been thrown and that many were killed and wounded at the Haymarket. A tall man came into Neff's Hall that night, May 4, at eleven o'clock, and told us about the shooting, the explosion of the bomb and the killing of the people. His clothes were all covered with mud, and he appeared greatly excited. He said: 'You are having a good time here drinking beer. See how I look. I was over to the Haymarket and lost my revolvers.' His name is August. He is the man — about thirty years of age, five feet ten inches tall, smooth face or a slight mustache, and is a bricklayer by occupation. [This was August Groge.] The dynamite bomb I had was made with a gas-pipe. My statement I will swear to at any time I am called upon."

The bomb he speaks of was among those found by Officer Hoffman at No. 189 Hudson Avenue.

Gustav Lehman was arrested on the same day — May 20 — with his brother Otto, only a little earlier in the morning. He was working as a carpenter, on a new building at the southwest corner of Sedgwick and Starr Streets, when Officers Schuettler and Hoffman accosted him, and his home at the time was at No. 41 Fremont Street, in the basement of a small building. He had a poor, sickly wife and six children. His wife, — who subsequently died in the County Hospital, in July, 1888, — when she was notified of his arrest, said:

"Well, I am very sorry for my dear husband, but now my words are coming true. He would take the last cent out of the house and run to meetings every night. Instead of leaving the money at home to buy clothing with for the children and medicine for myself, he would spend the last cent in saloons. At times when I heard him and others talk about capitalists, about an equal division of everything, I thought it all very foolish, and I would tell my husband so. The only answer he would give me was:

"'Oh, you old women don't know anything. You come to our meetings, and there you will be enlightened and learn how we are going to have things before long.'

"I often told him, 'You will have things so that you all will be locked up and beg for mercy and be glad to go to work and let other people alone.' One day he didn't work; he wanted to go to a meeting on the West Side. I reasoned with him and asked him to stay at home. I was afraid they would all be arrested for their foolish undertakings. Gustav got mad at me and said:

"'Now is our time or never. Before one month is over we will have things our own way. We have already got the capitalists, the militia and the police trembling in their boots. We are prepared, and, as soon as we strike the first blow, they will run away. Those that don't run we will kill. We don't expect to give them quarter.'"



GUSTAV LEHMAN.
From a Photograph.

The poor woman had clearly foreseen the outcome, and with rare judgment and fine instinct, in spite of her lowly station in life, she had sought early and late to instill into her husband's mind some practical ideas of life. Within the limited lines of her observation she had grasped the problem of social existence, its struggles, its sufferings and its rewards, and she intuitively knew that such changes as her husband and others of his ilk desired could never be brought about by revolution in a free country. She loved her husband tenderly, and would have made any sacrifice for him. But he, rather than forego attendance at a single meeting, preferred that wife and children should suffer want. He kept his family in constant suspense and ranted like a madman.

Lehman was a man about forty-five years of age, weighed two hundred pounds, and, although he had only the use of one eye, he was a good mechanic.

When he was brought to the station he was asked his name.

"I don't give any name," he answered, somewhat indignantly.

"Why not?" asked I, in a pacific tone of voice.

"Because," was the gruff answer, "I don't want anything to do with you."

"Oh, you don't. I am pleased to make your acquaintance. We don't find such a great man as you are every day. Officer, take this man to a safe place down stairs and leave him there until we want him again."

"Well, you don't scare me any," thundered the burly Lehman.

"Well, now, we don't want to scare you," retorted I pleasantly, "but I thought you needed rest. You won't feel so tired when you see us again. You will find more of your friends down stairs. If you talk to any one, you will be taken away from here and sent to the Desplaines Street Station."

At the last remark Lehman winced perceptibly. The name of the Desplaines Street Station grated harshly on his ear, and he evidently felt that I had some surprise in store for him. He could have lightly passed by any other thrusts, but this nettled him. It was made for a purpose. I knew that all Anarchists had an intense hatred for that station, and greater than their hatred of the place was their anger against Bonfield, who had charge of it. They would rather suffer torments anywhere else than be cast into a cell in that place.

But Lehman shortly recovered his equanimity, and, assuming a stolid indifference to his surroundings, remarked:

"If you think you can make me 'squeal,' you are badly mistaken."

"Oh, no; we don't want you to 'squeal,'" said I. "We are rather afraid you will beg to be allowed to come here and sit on your knees to tell us all you know about making bombs and dynamite --- all about your meetings — how often you have presided at meetings and how much dynamite you got from Lingg; and to tell us all about your brother, and where your son is hiding now, and where you placed the bombs that you carried around in your pocket on May 4; how bad a headache you had after filling the bombs with dynamite at Seliger's house. You see, August, we simply want to call your attention to all these little things — that's all."

This charge proved a little too strong for the doughty Lehman. He had kept up his courage well, but the rapidity of the assault, the dark secrets hinted at and the insinuations made had taxed his powers of resistance almost beyond endurance. His facial muscles twitched, and for a moment he wrestled with himself. He asked for a glass of water, and, quaffing its contents to the last drop, he rallied and straightened himself as if determined to hold out in spite of his nerves. Recovering his breath and struggling with his emotions, he said:

"If you have the power to hang me, do so. I have belonged to the cause so long that I will die before I reveal anything."

That was sufficient. Lehman was taken down stairs and locked up. The very next morning he sent the janitor to my office with a request to see me. I told the janitor that I was very busy and could not be interrupted unless Lehman had something very important to communicate. To this Lehman replied that he had discovered that there were other men locked up down stairs, and he was satisfied that if they had a chance they would "squeal." Would I accord him an interview? He was brought up, and, in the presence of Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann and the officers, proceeded to unfold a very remarkable tale. He began very cautiously, evidently following the instructions laid down in John Most's book for Anarchists in trouble, but, as the questions were plied upon him, he soon discovered that he was in a very "tight box." He finally asked if there was any prospect of his being hung. He was informed that he must tell all he knew, and all must be true; that we did not want him to try to lie himself out of his trouble or tell a falsehood against an innocent man. Probably he would be called on to testify in court, and, of course, if he was a witness for the State, he would not be hanged.

"I do trust you men," he said, and revealed all the secrets that he knew, without reserve as to his own deeds and the experiences he had had with the other Anarchists. His statement gave the officers important points.

After the trial, Lehman declared he had no more use for Anarchy. He became a good husband and a kind father. In 1889 he married again, and, strange to say, Officer Nordrum acted as "best man" at the ceremony. The nature of Gustav's testimony appears in the evidence he gave at the trial.

ABRAHAM HERMANN was a man of different temperament; but, after his arrest, he showed a somewhat similar disposition as to secretiveness and stubbornness. He was arrested on the evening of May 10 at eight o'clock. He lived at No. 25 Clybourn Avenue. He was about thirty-four years of age, medium build, and weighed about 185 pounds. He was of dark complexion, wore a full black beard, had sharp, piercing eyes, and from thinking much on Anarchy, had come to present a sickly appearance. He did not look at all vicious, however, and was very quiet in his manner. He was a good machinist and fully conversant with the German language. In conversation he was slow and deliberate, evidently thinking twice before speaking.

At the time Abraham was taken in charge, his brother Lorenz was also arrested. Abraham's house had been searched a week before, and two rifles had been found and taken to the station. When the officers met the brothers, they were told to come to the station to identify their property, and when they set foot inside my office they were notified that they were under arrest. They manifested no surprise. Abraham was asked if he had anything to say. He wanted to know what about, and when informed that

we wanted information about Anarchy, he slowly replied that he "did not know any Anarchists."

"You can probably tell us something about how to drill Anarchists and how much profit you made on the rifles, or the 44-caliber Remington revolvers; or perhaps tell us how many men you had in your command on the night of the 4th of May around this station, and tell us about the



ZEPF'S HALL. From a Photograph.

trouble you had with Lingg in Neff's Hall at eleven o'clock, May 4th, after the explosion of the bomb at the Haymarket."

I could have put a few more queries, but I stopped to watch the effect. Abraham's eyes bulged out for a moment in surprise, but not a word did he have to say. He was at once locked up, and for nearly three days betrayed no signs of weakening. On the third day he showed a little anxiety and expressed a desire to see me. He was brought up, but, getting into a comfortable room, where the light of day made all surroundings cheerful, he became rather buoyant and seemed loth to depress the spirits of others by unfolding harrowing tales of Anarchistic plots. I tried to engage him in conversation, but the answers came in monosyllables and with a sort of

guttural emphasis. The situation was becoming very tiresome. I thought Abraham had suddenly been seized with the lockjaw, but determined to fathom the man's mind. I urged him not to be guided by Most's book,—we understood that,—but to speak out if he had any information to give. If he had nothing to impart, to say so. He promptly saw that the situation was growing critical, and that, if he still refrained from speaking, possibly his last chance for saving himself might be gone. He relaxed the muscles of his face, opened his lips and prepared to talk. It was a great effort, but he evidently realized that something must be done.

"Well," he finally drawled out, "I don't know what to tell you. It seems to me you people know about everything and have things down as correctly as I can give them to you. And you know all about me, too. I say this for myself: I don't know anything about the laws of the country. I have been told by people that ought to know better, that for what we were doing there was no law. I now see my mistake."

Hermann then gave information on himself and others, and stated that he had never liked Lingg. Lingg, he remarked, was the most rabid Anarchist he had ever seen, and he almost believed that the man had a dynamite bomb in his head. He himself had never had anything to say in favor of the use of dynamite. He was a military man, and believed in the use of rifles. He had held that all the Anarchists should be well drilled and that no man should carry arms unless he knew how to use them. He was opposed to throwing stones or fighting in the streets. He believed in swords and good riflemen, and he was one of that class. His idea was never to undertake anything until fully prepared, and when they were prepared to let their work show the result.

During the interview he was very cautious in his statements, but he did not spare the leaders. At the same time he would not implicate any one of no special consequence in the order. His statement, however, was as sweeping as it was surprising. He was implicity believed by the officers, as candor and earnestness were manifest in his disclosures.

Hermann was indicted by the grand jury, but after he had been in custody for awhile he was released by order of the State's Attorney. At the beginning of the trial he was brought in again and confined until its termination. He was then given his liberty. He has since become an industrious man, and has only had two or three relapses by attending some of the open, public meetings. He now declares, however, that he is through with Anarchy.

What he had to say to Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, myself and the officers was this:

"I have belonged to the North Side armed group since 1883. The members of the group are as follows: Schwab, Rau, Huber, Neebe, the two Lehmans, Thielen, Lingg, Hubner, Seliger, Lange, Schnaubelt, Lorenz Hermann, Abraham Hermann, the two Hagemans, Heyman, Niendorf and

Charley Bock. We were about forty men strong on the North Side. I do not know anything about the word 'Ruhe.' On Monday, May 3, at 9 P.M., I attended a meeting of the metal-workers at Seamen's Hall, on Randolph, near Jefferson Street. I saw August Spies. He was passing and handing out some of the circulars that called for revenge upon the law and the police. Spies was at the meeting when I got there, and he had a handful of those circulars. I saw Spies busying himself around the meeting talking to the people. The secretary of this meeting was a man named Hahneman. Lange was president. I belong to the North Side branch of the same union. But this was a general meeting. I only knew a few of the members present. The president of the meeting works for a firm on Wabash Avenue — a brass-finisher named Andrew or Andre. When I left this meeting at ten o'clock I went to 54 West Lake Street. As I came into the saloon some one said that there was a meeting down stairs. I went down. Waller was president of that meeting. I also saw Fischer there. I know Schnaubelt. He was there. When the question came up about printing the circulars for the Haymarket meeting, Fischer said that he would see to it. Some one suggested that letters should be sent to the armed people or members in surrounding cities near Chicago, asking them to attend to the police and militia there, so that they could not come to the assistance of the officers or police of this city. On my opposition the proposition was dropped. I saw Hubner and Lingg at that meeting. As I came in some one said, 'Lingg is going to attend to that.' I understood it to mean furnishing the dynamite bombs. I saw the meeting was intended for mischief, and I left the place. At a meeting May 4, at 8:30 P.M., in the hall in the rear of Neff's saloon, 58 Clybourn Avenue, I heard that the plan of operation decided upon was the same as given to the armed men at 54 West Lake Street. So far as I remember the plan, it was something like this: Some of the armed men were to go to the police stations, and, if the police were called out, to throw dynamite bombs among them, set the houses on fire and keep the police on the North Side. As far as I know, the Northwest Side group had a similar plan. Lingg was not there at this time. All members present were anxious to see him come, waiting for bombs. I was in the hall about an hour. I went back again the same evening — May 4 — about eleven o'clock. The first I heard of any trouble was about 10:30. A man whose name is Anton Hirschberger came into the saloon and told us that there had been a riot at the Haymarket. At the same time a tall man came in and said he had been at the riot, that a lot of bullets flew around them, a bomb had exploded, and that either some one had stolen his revolver or he had lost it. Then Neff said he was going to close up his place, the hour being eleven o'clock. On Wednesday, May 5, I met Lingg and Seliger at that place. I was surprised at meeting Lingg there, because I thought then that he ought to have been locked up. Lingg spoke to me and said, 'You are nice cowards.' I replied that he had better keep his mouth shut, as he was the cause of the whole affair. Hubner and I were there to attend a meeting of our people to be held on the quiet in Lincoln Park. We were to meet at the park because we expected it would not be safe to hold it anywhere else. What led me to think that Lingg ought to have been locked up was because he was always advocating the use of dynamite and bombs. That a bomb had been thrown was a fact, and I thought Lingg ought to have been arrested for it."

On May 31, Hermann made another statement, as follows:

"I know August Spies. He is the editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of this city. I knew him to write several articles on revolution. I was elected as an agent at a general meeting to procure and sell arms. This was in October last—1885. Balthasar Rau was chairman of that meeting. We had several men as a committee. They were called the Bureau of Information. It was composed of Parsons, from the English section; Charles Bock, German, also assistant secretary to Rau; Hirschberger, French, and Mikolanda, Bohemian. Every Anarchist looked to that bureau for information. I used to get my guns from New York, from a man named Seeger. He lives on Third Avenue. He was the middleman between me and the factory where the arms were made. I got twenty-five revolvers last February. They were shipped direct to me at No. 25 Clybourn Avenue. I sold them all at cost price to members. That was $6.50. The last two revolvers I sold May 3, 1886—one to a man named Asher, and the other to August, a bricklayer. Before that I sold one revolver to Schnaubelt, one to Lingg and one to Seliger. It was Schnaubelt who proposed at the meeting held at 54 West Lake Street, May 3, to notify outside cities, but I told him it was all nonsense. About two weeks before this meeting I met Breitenfeld in a saloon, and said that I had often heard this letter 'Y,' and I was bound to find out its meaning when it appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung.* Breitenfeld said that it meant a meeting of the armed men, and told me to wait and he would get me into the meeting. I waited for a long time—about an hour. Then he came out, and I was admitted with him. I was in the meeting with him for an hour, and then it adjourned. I have known Lingg for six months. At the meeting at 54 West Lake Street on the evening of May 3, it was supposed then that the police would interfere at the Haymarket, and then there would be a chance for a riot. Four members of the North Side group were detailed at that meeting as spies. If the riot should be a failure and we should get beaten by the police, our gathering-places after that would be at Center Park, Humboldt Park, St.



TIMMERHOF HALL,
No. 703 Milwaukee Avenue. From a Photograph.

Michael's Church, Lincoln Park and Wicker Park. The signal of attack after the riot had commenced was to be an illumination of the heavens by red fires. Some one asked for dynamite, and he was answered that Lingg would furnish the stuff. The different spies detailed at that meeting were to hold a meeting the next day, each division for itself, and afterwards in a body at Zepf's Hall, to perfect all arrangements for the riot. I accused Lingg of making dynamite bombs, and told him that if any trouble grew out of it, it would be on his account. He called me a coward. I knew that Lingg was in trouble in Philadelphia shortly before he left there."

Lorenz Hermann was twenty-six years of age, of slim build, with a very sallow face, and apparently a consumptive. His occupation was that of a brass-molder, and he was a good workman. On his arrival at the station he expressed great surprise at the impudence of the officers in compelling him to come against his will. He was asked his name, and he gave it. When requested to spell it, he said he did not know how; all he knew was that it was Lorenz Hermann. Being questioned with reference to Anarchy, he replied that he did not know anything about it, and when accused of having taken part in the revolutionary plot, he said he had not taken as great a part in it as his brother had. He soon discovered that the police had a great deal of information about his brother, and then he changed his tactics by trying to smooth things over for Abraham.

"My brother," he said, "is married and has a family. I am single. I want to see my brother out of this trouble; no matter about me."

"Well, then," I interposed, "why not tell us something?"

"Me?" asked Lorenz. "I don't know anything to tell."

He had evidently changed his mind on the spur of the moment, and he grew exceedingly reticent.

"Well," said I, "I will tell you something then. I will call your attention to May 4, between the hours of 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. You were around this station with about nineteen other men, and among them was your brother. You were to throw bombs into the patrol wagon in case the police were called out to go to the West Side to assist the police at the Haymarket, but you remained a little too long in a saloon on Clark Street. When you came out and reached the corner of Superior Street and La Salle Avenue, you saw three patrol wagons loaded with police going south on LaSalle Avenue, but you were not near enough to throw a bomb. This made you very angry. Then some of you went to Moody's church and remained there for some time. When you finally saw so many policemen coming to the station you all got scared and went to the hall at 58 Clybourn Avenue. Oh, by the way, which route did you take on leaving the station? Did you go to the Haymarket or to Neff's Hall?"

"I was at the Haymarket," replied Lorenz.

"Is it not true — all that I told you about the station?"

"Yes, that is true," responded Lorenz. "Some one told me about it."

"Who told you?"

"I don't know."

"You lie," said I. "You must tell us who; that is the man we are after."

Seeing that he was gradually being cornered by his evasive replies, he put on a bold front to the whole matter and answered:

"Well, I was there myself. I did not stay very long, and from there I went to the Haymarket. I think Hageman and I went together."

Further questioning only brought out sullen responses, with very meager information, but, after being allowed to think the matter over, he finally concluded to make a clean breast of it. He was kept busy with explanations for some time, and he gave me some very pointed information. He was indicted by the grand jury and afterwards released by order of the State's Attorney. Lorenz has never been heard of since, but it is supposed he is now leading a quiet life and proving himself a better man.

His statement, among other things corroborative of what others had divulged, contains the following:

"At a meeting held at 58 Clybourn Avenue, I heard Engel say that if they wanted to make bombs they could find plenty of gas-pipe on the West Side, in the city yards, near the Chicago Avenue bridge, and then if they wanted to learn how to make them they could come to him. All that was necessary was to cut the pipes up into lengths of six or eight inches, fill them with dynamite and put a wooden plug at each end. He had with him at the time his daughter, who was about fifteen or sixteen years of age. I saw Hirschberger, Hageman and Charles Bock at eleven o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, May 4, in Neff's place, at 58 Clybourn Avenue. Hirschberger told those present about the riot on the West Side. I was at the Haymarket meeting in the company of Hageman, the carpenter. Two men stood close together near me, and they looked suspicious. I was there at the time the police came up. I got frightened and ran away. I ran without stopping till I reached Neff's place, on the North Side. I found my brother there, and I told him about the throwing of the bomb, its explosion and what happened. I did not want to get mixed up in the affair, and that is the reason I declined to speak at first. I belonged to the armed men of the North Side. The revolvers and guns my brother sold he got from a factory in New York. He sold about twelve guns to the Socialists. He sold a box full of revolvers, about twenty in a box, for $6.90 a piece. For seven months my brother acted as agent, under appointment, to procure and sell guns and revolvers."

CHAPTER XVI.

Pushing the Anarchists — A Scene on a Street-car — How Herman Muntzenberg Gave Himself Away — The Secret Signal — "D——n the Informers" — A Satchelful of Bombs — More about Engel's Murderous Plan — Drilling the Lehr und Wehr Verein — Breitenfeld's Cowardice — An Anarchist Judas — The Hagemans — Dynamite in Gas-pipe — An Admirer of Lingg — A Scheme to Remove the Author — The Hospitalities of the Police Station — Mr. Jebolinski's Indignation — A Bogus Milkman — An Unwilling Visitor — Mistaken for a Detective — An Eccentric Prisoner — Division of Labor at the Dynamite Factory — Clermont's Dilemma — The Arrangements for the Haymarket.

THE Anarchists, both in and out of prison, had begun to discover about this time that there was a law in the land, and that its majesty would be vindicated. They were confronted with stubborn, serious facts, and they realized that they were in a world of perplexities. They had been circumvented at every step in their efforts at concealment, and their plot had been revealed in its most essential parts. Their leaders had been gathered in, and their comrades were being arrested every day. Cunning and shrewd as they supposed themselves to be, they had discovered that society was equal to the task of probing their secrets. At first they had assumed an air of bravado and indifference, but, seeing how easily their bluff could be called and how closely we had the record of each, they realized that evasion or silence was not calculated either to keep their necks out of the halter or to save them from the penitentiary. Those arrested nearly all turned craven cowards, and this situation of affairs did not contribute to the comfort of those still outside, who were in momentary dread of apprehension. Arrest followed arrest, and Mr. Furthmann and I were kept exceedingly busy in directing the taking of confessions and assimilating the material for future use. Still the good work went on.

The first victim, after the Hermann brothers, to fall under police control was Herman Muntzenberg. He was arrested on the evening of May 20, at eight o'clock, and the circumstances attending his arrest were somewhat peculiar. On the evening in question, Officers Schuettler and Hoffman were transferring the Hermann brothers from the Larrabee Street Station to the Chicago Avenue Station. They boarded an open street-car with their prisoners, whom they placed on a rear seat facing front, stationing themselves immediately behind on the platform. In the middle of the car, facing to the rear, sat a stranger. Presently the officers noticed that the man was making signs to the Hermanns. In response, Lorenz Hermann placed his right hand over his mouth. This was followed by another sign from the stranger. Officer Schuettler recognized the fact that the man was a friend of the Hermanns, and he requested the prisoners not to divulge the officers' identity. The stranger seemed to be in doubt about some-

thing, left his seat, and, placing himself at the side of Abraham Hermann, started a conversation. He appeared to be an old acquaintance. This was sufficient for the officers. When the car reached the corner of Wells Street and Chicago Avenue, the stranger was about to leave. He was quietly told by the officers not to trouble himself just then to get off the car, but to keep his seat a little while longer. Naturally the man was surprised at this request of men whom he did not know, and indignantly declined to ride any farther. The officers promptly told him to consider himself under arrest and not to move if he valued his life. They had in the meantime recognized the man as the little fellow who had carried the satchel filled with dynamite bombs to Neff's Hall, along with Lingg. It was Herman Muntzenberg.



HERMAN MUNTZENBERG.
From a Photograph.

The three prisoners were taken to the station, and Muntzenberg was locked up by himself over night. The next day he was brought into my office. The density of his ignorance respecting Anarchy or Anarchists was astonishing. Like the rest, he absolutely knew nothing. Some days afterwards, however, he took a different view of things. A confession was looked for, and he was given an opportunity.

"I see everybody is in trouble," Muntzenberg began dolefully. "I am in for it myself. I cannot help anybody; nobody can help me."

He hesitated, as if trying to decide what he should do, but finally, nerving himself, he continued:

"I will bear my own trouble. I will hurt no one else."

"Ah," said I, "there is Hermann, for instance; there are other people also who have given you away. They have all professed to be your friends in times past, and now they are trying to save their own necks and hang you. So you want to remain silent under their charges? Have you nothing to tell on the others?"

"That would do me no good," answered Muntzenberg.

"Then," said I, "what have you to say about yourself?"

"You don't know the least thing about me," defiantly remarked the little man.

"Probably you had such a bad headache from the smell of dynamite that you can't remember anything."

"Who told you I had a headache?" broke in Muntzenberg, now intensely interested.

"Were you not afraid," I continued, not heeding the interruption, "that you would fall into the basement when you sat on the iron railing at the corner of North Avenue and Larrabee Street, near the police station, or did you feel confident that the bombs you had in your pocket would hold you in your place? Another thing—you are not in the habit of smoking cigars. Did they make you sick?"

Muntzenberg had remained somewhat passive up to this last shot, but he suddenly showed there was a good deal of vitality in him. His eyes flashed with excitement, and he was all attention.

"By the way," I went on, "how much weight can you carry?"

"What do you mean?" interposed the anxious listener.

"I mean how much did that gray satchel weigh that you carried to 58 Clybourn Avenue May 4, about eight o'clock?"

"D——n the informers," ejaculated the now irate little Anarchist. "Give me an hour to think matters over and call me again."

He was sent back to his cell, and on the expiration of two hours he was brought back. He entered the office very meekly, and at once said:

"Captain, I see it is no use for me to be stubborn. Will you treat me like the others, if I tell all I have seen and what I have done myself?"

"I promise you the same right and privilege."

Muntzenberg made his statement and was released by order of the State's Attorney. He was a German, twenty-eight years old, five feet seven inches tall, stoutly built, with large head and eyes, and followed the trade of a blacksmith. At the time of his arrest he lived at No. 95 North Wells Street. On his release he promised to testify whenever wanted, but about the middle of the trial he took a leave of absence and has never been seen since. Once it was reported that he was dead, but the report could not be verified. Muntzenberg was a warm admirer of Lingg, Spies and Engel, and a persistent worker for their cause. He often lost several days' work in a week to saunter out into the country, selling Most's books and telling people to arm themselves. He earned good wages when he worked, and spent it all for Anarchy. Like others, he acknowledged that he had been led astray by incendiary literature. His statement was as follows:

"On May 4, about eight o'clock, I was sent to meet two men who carried a satchel filled with dynamite shells or bombs. I met them about a block from Thüringer Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue. I told them that I had been asked to meet them and help carry the satchel. They said, 'All right.' I took it from them, put it on my shoulder and carried it to the hall. The satchel weighed about thirty pounds. In the afternoon of that day, about four o'clock, I came to the North Side and went to Hubner's house, No. 11 Mohawk Street. He was not at home. I went out to look for him. I have known him for some time. I found him. The second time I wanted to see him I went to his house and found him at home in his room making transparencies for that night's meeting at the Haymarket. He took lunch then, and after that we went to Seliger's house, No. 442 Sedgwick Street.

Reaching there, Hubner told Lingg and Seliger that I was his friend and all right. In the room of Lingg I saw two guns and two revolvers. Seliger was filling the bombs with dynamite. Lingg was cutting the fuse. One of them asked me if I had any sores on my hand. I said no. 'Then,' they said, 'you can help us.' My task was to fill in with dynamite the long gas-pipe shells. I filled six or eight shells or bombs. My head commenced to ache from the smell of the dynamite, so that I could not work any longer. Hubner also worked, putting caps on the fuse. I saw three or four men in the house at the time. I saw about ten round lead bombs on the bed, all empty. After they were finished they were put under the bed. I noticed about sixteen of the long gas-pipe shells or bombs about the room. At dark Hubner and I went to Neff's Hall. Before leaving I saw one of the two, Lingg or Seliger, bring in a satchel and empty it of dirty clothes. As we were approaching the hall, Hubner asked me to see if they were coming. I went to see, and met them in the alley near the street. Both were carrying the satchel, each having hold of the ends of the handles on the satchel. I asked if I should help them. They answered yes. As they were tall men, I could not carry it with either one, and so I put it on my shoulder and carried it myself. I took it into the rear hall back of the saloon. After a little while one of them asked me where I had placed the satchel. I told him. He said that was not the right place and asked me to bring it back. So I went after it and put it into the narrow hall-way. The satchel was two feet long, eighteen inches high and sixteen inches wide. It was covered with gray canvas. It weighed about thirty pounds. When I left Seliger's house at dark, I took along with me three long bombs. I did so because one of the men there told me to do so. I knew they were bombs in the satchel when I carried them. Some one passed us on the street as we were going to the hall. Lingg said: 'Those are heavy tools,' meaning the contents of the satchel, to throw the party we met off his guard. I threw the three bombs I had into the lake on my way to Pullman, because I learned they were dangerous and I did not want them any longer. I saw at Neff's Hall that night, May 4, a crowd of men together for a while, and then they began to part. They went away in groups of five or six. They all went on Clybourn Avenue to Larrabee Street. As we got to Larrabee Street, they all separated and spread on Larrabee Street. I went up to North Avenue and Larrabee Street to the police station with a strange man. I remained there for some time. I saw Seliger and Lingg near the station, going north on Larrabee Street. When I was at Seliger's house one of the five men present said to me to throw bombs into the police station to kill the police, and if any patrol wagons escaped and came out to throw bombs into the wagons among the officers and shoot the horses. This was for the purpose of preventing them from giving assistance to each other. I smoked a cigar that night so that I would have a fire ready to light the bombs with and throw them if necessary. I only smoke cigars on Sundays, and, as I am not accustomed to smoke much, the cigar made me sick. I sat for some time on an iron railing on Larrabee Street, opposite the police station, on the southeast corner. I sat there about fifteen minutes. The wagon failed to come out, and, as I felt sick and could not do much anyway, I went home. Lingg and Seliger walked ahead of me. I saw them last when they crossed North Avenue, going north on Larrabee Street. The next evening I went to No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. I met Hubner, and he said that on the night of the shoot-

ing he was at Lincoln Park. I recognize this picture now shown me as being that of Seliger. I saw him making dynamite bombs at 442 Sedgwick Street on the afternoon of May 4 in company with Lingg. The man I have seen locked up in this station I saw working and making dynamite bombs in company with Seliger, and his name is Louis Lingg. When I was at Seliger's house, Hubner told me to go to Lincoln Park, and there I would get my instructions."

The next Anarchist brought into the station was August Gragge. He was a German, twenty-eight years of age, straight and stoutly built, a bricklayer by trade, and lived at No. 880 North Halsted Street. He was arrested on the 24th of May. I gave him an evening's audience shortly after. It was apparent from his demeanor that he was a young man easily led astray by men of force and decision of character; therefore it was no wonder that he had become an extreme Anarchist, especially since he had been thrown a great deal into the company of some of the rankest leaders in the order and had attended meetings where gore and plunder formed the chief topics of discussion. When the authorities took him in hand, he soon modified his opinions. He stated that, like a great many others, he had been misled to believe that Anarchist doctrines were right and that no law existed to interfere with them; but after the law had been read to him, he acknowledged that he had pursued a wrong course. He had been a man of sober habits, and on being questioned he told a very straightforward story. After giving such information as he possessed he was released by the State's Attorney, and he promised to mend his ways.

The statement he made to me was as follows:

"A man by the name of Lange and another, August Asher, coaxed me into the armed group. Charles Bock was our secretary four or five weeks ago. I heard Rau and Lingg speak in Neff's Hall. Lingg spoke about dynamite and called on us to arm ourselves. They also wanted us to buy revolvers. I bought one — a big one — for $4. I paid $2 down. Asher and I went to the meeting at the Haymarket on the evening of May 4. I saw the circular that called that meeting. We had our big revolvers with us when we went there. When the shooting commenced we ran. I fell down, and about forty men ran over me and kept me down. I then lost my revolver. We had a meeting on Monday night, May 3, at Neff's Hall. Abraham Hermann had three or four revolvers for sale. Asher always kept the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and at times I would read it. The first man I heard speak at the Haymarket was August Spies, then Parsons, and Fielden next I saw Schnaubelt standing on the wagon with Spies. On account of its looking like rain it was decided to go to Zepf's Hall. Parsons, however, told the people to remain, as he only had a few more words. The police finally came. Some of the people started to go away, but some one in a loud voice urged them to remain. Then firing commenced. I heard the explosion of the bomb. As I stated, I fell down. As soon as I could get up I started to run for the North Side. I went to Neff's Hall. I found there several that I knew. I told them I had lost my revolver and then explained what had happened at the Haymarket. I carried my revolver in

my hip pocket, and it dropped out as I fell. The revolver was loaded. I know Lingg. I have heard him speak at least four or five times. He would always call on the people to arm themselves. He also said that they were too slow in getting arms and that the time would come for their use and they ought to be ready."

GUSTAV BREITENFELD was next arrested. He was a German, aged thirty, a brush-maker by trade, and lived in the lower flat of a two-story house at No. 18 Samuel Street. On May 4 he was commander of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, and he had previously taken an active part at all Anarchist meetings. He was regarded as a star Anarchist on the Northwest Side, and frequently visited the house of George Engel.

Gustav was an Anarchist jumping-jack. All that the leaders had to do was to pull the strings, and he responded. He served on all committees, and whenever in doubt as to any course of procedure he went to Engel for advice. He lacked judgment and brains, and he sought to make up the deficiency by consulting the leaders. But withal he was a dangerous man. He was quick-tempered, but a coward when he thought he was not likely to get the best of the situation.

On the night of May 4 he had his company ready near the city limits to murder people and set fire to buildings, only awaiting orders to set about the work of general destruction. They expected to see the police flee from the Haymarket, but as the reds did the running on that occasion, the combination failed. Their "signal" committees were scattered and their comrades became demoralized at the unexpected charge of the police.

Breitenfeld and his company heard the shooting at their place of *rendezvous*, and, failing to receive the signal to begin the attack, he went to Engel's house to ascertain what was wrong. Learning of the drubbing his comrades had received at the Haymarket, he was not anxious to take similar "medicine," and he skulked away like a whipped cur. A house had been chosen near the limits for the incendiary torches of his company, and it would have been in flames on their first advance if they had received the signal. But the company were dismissed, and all hurried home to escape danger. For two weeks they were in mortal dread of the police.

If, however, these misguided men had been started that night, with all things in their favor, there is no telling what fearful havoc they would have created. The company was composed of men desperate enough, under proper encouragement, to have murdered people asleep or awake They would have held high carnival if the Haymarket meeting had come out according to expectations, and the able-bodied and the helpless would have suffered alike at their hands. Their plan was to shoot or stab everybody who opposed their onward march into the city, and, crazed with success, they would have hesitated at nothing.

Breitenfeld knew all the villainous arrangements, and he was therefore a

man the police sought after. He was found on the 25th of May, at about seven o'clock, by Officers Stift and Schuettler, and brought to the Chicago Avenue Station. When I had the honor of meeting him, he at once assumed military airs, but he soon found himself reduced to the ranks. As he was one of the few who understood English, the law on conspiracies was read to him. Then he was informed that he had been indicted, and was told what could be proved against him. He became terribly excited, could hardly speak, but finally managed to say:

"Gentlemen, you have got the wrong man. You want to get my brother. I am not that Breitenfeld. I am a good, peaceable man."

He was informed that lies were at a discount in the station just then, and that if he desired to speak and tell the truth an opportunity would be given him. If not, we would tolerate no nonsense. He refrained from speaking, and was sent below.

The next day he sent word that he wanted to see me. He was brought up; and on being seated before Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann and all the officers, he said:

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. I told you a lie. I am the man you want. I have a wife and family, and I love them. I beg of you now, if you let me speak, I will tell the truth and everything I know."

"Tell all you know," said I, "and remember that I will know when you tell a falsehood."

"I know you have everything by this time. If I tell you all and become a witness against these other fellows, will you let me go?"

"If you tell all and the truth, I will see the State's Attorney for you and ask him to take you as a witness."

Breitenfeld thereupon made a statement, and a few days later he was released. When subsequently called on to testify, he refused to do so. He had told others that the State could not convict anybody, and he would not help the prosecution. He was, therefore, let alone. He is still under indictment. With the lesson he had received it was thought he would reform. In this we were mistaken. He has since attended a number of meetings, and at the funeral of Mrs. Neebe turned out with his company. He is the same unrepentant Anarchist that he was before his trouble, but he is being carefully watched wherever he goes.

This is what he swore to at the station in the presence of Mr. Furthmann, myself and the officers:

"My name is Gustav Breitenfeld. I am thirty years old. I am married and I reside at No. 18 Samuel Street. I am a brush-maker. I am captain of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. We have twenty men in our company. I know Fischer and Schrade. Schrade is drill-sergeant of my company. On Sunday, May 2, I was at Pullman. I heard of the riot plan on Monday afternoon, May 3. I know George Engel, Deitz and Fischer. They are the principal leaders in the North-

west Side group and of the armed men. Heier is the name of the man who keeps Thalia Hall on Milwaukee Avenue. I know Kraemer; he lives in the rear of Engel's house. I think I saw Kraemer at the meeting held on the evening of May 3, at 54 West Lake Street. I know Schmidt, the carrier of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. At that meeting I saw Krueger, Schrade, Gruenwald, Clermont, Kraemer, Deitz, Engel, Fischer, Schnaubelt and Waller. Waller was the chairman of the meeting. The first thing I heard they were denouncing the police force for killing the workingmen at McCormick's factory. I saw the revenge circular, which called the people to arms. I heard Engel say that when the word 'Ruhe' should appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, every one should go to his meeting-place selected by them and be ready for action. I heard some one say that as soon as they saw the heavens illuminated with red fires, then was the time to commence the revolution. Engel and Fischer volunteered to carry the news form the Haymarket to the armed men stationed at Wicker Park. Engel volunteered to act as a spy. I know Engel to have sold arms. At the meeting of May 3, I heard some one asking for dynamite bombs. I heard Engel respond that the dynamite bombs were ready and in good hands. Fischer agreed to have the circulars, calling the Haymarket meeting, printed. It was said that there would be from 20,000 to 30,000 people at that meeting, and that the police would interfere. Then would be a good time to attack them and get revenge on them for the killing of six of their comrades. The word 'Ruhe' would signify that they should get ready and be on the lookout. Engel said that they should look for it in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on May 4, and they were all to go to their respective places, as agreed upon, with their arms or guns. The Haymarket meeting was decided upon as a trap to catch the police. Engel, Kraemer and Krueger went to the meeting to see if there was a big crowd there, and when they got back home Engel said there were only 250 men present. I went to see Engel on the morning of May 4 at his house. He told me he had been at the meeting and there were present the number I have given. I attended the meeting of the Northwest Side group that decided to call the meeting for the evening of May 3, at 54 West Lake Street. I heard, at the last-named place, several say that the dynamite bombs were in good hands. I met Waller at Thalia Hall on May 4, about eleven o'clock in the evening, and he remarked that they had had a very hot time of it at the Haymarket. I saw Fischer on Wednesday, May 5, at Thalia Hall, and he then told me that Spies had been arrested about four o'clock that morning. Spies is the only one I know of the Spies family. I have known him five years."

WILLIAM HAGEMAN was the next to inspect our plain and unpretentious office. He came in on his dignity and carried an air about him that plainly exhibited his complete contempt for the police He was a German, about thirty years old, round-shouldered, a stair-builder by occupation, was married and had one child. He lived at the time of his arrest on the lower floor of a house at No. 49 Reese Street, and he could always be found whenever Anarchist plots were to be executed. His brother was, like himself, a rampant Anarchist, but with cunning enough to escape arrest. William was found by Officers Schuettler and Hoffman, about seven o'clock on the

morning of May 26. He did not long remain in ignorance of the cause of his arrest, and then he wanted me to understand:

"My brother is no Anarchist. If any one does any squealing on him, don't pay any attention to it, because it all means me. I am the fellow. The people often get us mixed."

"You are the worst Anarchist of the two," I remarked.

Hageman wanted to know how I had come to that conclusion.

"We know all about you," said I.

"If you know it, be sure and don't forget it," was the reply. "I am sure you won't learn anything from me."

"All right. But just as sure as you are sitting there, I will find out all your performances, and every one you associated with during the last two years, before you leave this station. And you will tell it to me yourself."

"Never; I will die first. I will kill myself first. I will stand any torture you may inflict on me, but I will never tell on my comrades or any one that worked for our cause."

"You probably don't remember the job you pledged yourself to undertake on the night of May 4. It was not a very small one either, but, of course, your nerves not being very strong that evening, you came here to a neighboring saloon several times to brace up, and your friends, lying in the rear of this station, felt very much the same way as you did. So you spelled one another and strengthened your nerves. Say, William, who said that the bombs were not good? You remember the third window in the station on the east side of the building and the little quarrel about the bombs—whether a round lead bomb should be thrown or a long gas-pipe bomb. Do you remember the two policemen that crossed the alley and stood still for a moment in the middle of that alley when you fellows thought you were discovered—how you all got into the dark side of the alley and ran? Now, remember, when you get ready to talk, I will tell my side of the story, and should you get stuck, you see I can help you out a great deal. You might recall what little you know of the Haymarket, how you were surprised that only one bomb was thrown and how the fellows detailed for that duty did not attend to their business. Here, officers, show this gentleman the suite of rooms which he is to occupy for the next four weeks. If you desire anything extra that is not on our bill of fare, just touch the button, and you will be waited on promptly. Any inattention on the part of the waiters must be reported to this office. If you should conclude to make a long stay with us, you had better provide yourself with a good supply of tobacco. You understand that when a man is at sea he finds that there are a good many things he needs that would come in handy."

He did not like his apartments—singular to relate. There was no fire escape, the linen on the bed was not changed every day, and the noise of his neighbors kept him awake of nights. He had struck the wrong

hotel, but his apartments had been engaged for him and paid for by the tax-payers, and he could not gracefully withdraw.

Hageman first got tired, then angry, and finally desperate. He realized that he was in trouble and made up his mind to take me into his confidence. He reached this conclusion on the afternoon of May 27, and sent the janitor to the office with a message that he desired to see me. He was informed in return that he could not see me unless he meant to talk business. Hageman responded that he was ready to talk on any subject upon which he might be questioned, and he was accordingly brought into the office, into the presence of Mr. Furthmann, myself and the detectives.

"Well," said I, "I understand that you want to see me."

"Yes, I do," was the response, "but not in the presence of all these fellows."

"Why not?"

"Because my business is with you alone."

"Well, you see, William, I am only one, and as what you tell here, which must be the truth, will have to be given by you in the Criminal Court, and as I may probably get killed before that time, there would be no one to testify to your statement if given to me alone."

"Oh, that is the way you want to catch me!"

"There is no catch about it. If you don't want to make a statement in the presence of all these men, I don't want to hear anything from you."

"Will you answer me one question?" asked Hageman, getting a little apprehensive that he might lose his only chance. "It is, has any one out of the many people locked up here squealed?"

"Well," I answered, "most of them have already done so, and the others are fairly breaking their necks to follow suit."

"This is a very unpleasant thing to do."

"Yes, that is true."

"Can I get out by telling you all I know, and can you keep me from testifying in court? You know this will kill a man forever."

"Yes, but a great many policemen were killed, and they simply obeyed orders. If you think you are better than a policeman, you had better go down stairs again and await your trial in the Criminal Court."

"Now, see here, Captain, I would never tell on anybody, but I have got a wife and little baby at home. It almost sets me crazy thinking of them, and for their sake I will tell all."

Hageman did as he promised, but in the interview that ensued it became apparent that he was a double-faced man, and that, when it came to his family, he did not care a fig whether he landed the other fellows on the gallows or in the penitentiary. He had been a brave, boasting Anarchist. He had been accustomed to talk with his associates over foaming "schooners" of beer, and the more beer there was the greater his talk about killing

people and overthrowing capital. He was a great reader of Anarchistic papers and literature, and the more fiery and unbridled the sentiment, the better he was pleased. He took a hand in every movement, attended all the meetings and picnics of the reds, and made himself quite a useful member of the order. He continually boasted of the bombs that he had hid away for use, and promised to let capitalists hear from him. The bombs he had were found to be of the round lead and gas-pipe patterns, and some of them he had received from Fischer a long time before May 4. He had been posted as to the manufacture of bombs by Lingg, and was a warm friend of Engel, whose talk about bombs suited him exactly. Hageman could not listen patiently to any discussion from which dynamite was left out, and in any peaceful gathering he was sure to become a disturber. If there was no dispute, he would start one himself, and, if necessary, back up his argument with blows. Whenever a dance or benefit was held to replenish the treasury for the purchase of dynamite, he was promptly on hand and exerted himself to the utmost to swell the receipts. Being such an active member, it was natural that he knew a great deal about his order, and he helped the State very materially with the points he furnished.

He was kept in custody until after the trial, and with the experience he had in prison one would think that he would cut loose altogether from Anarchy. Not so, however. While nearly all the others repented of their error, Hageman had no sooner regained his liberty than he became as radical as ever. He even threatened several times to kill State's Attorney Grinnell, Judge Gary, myself and others. After the trial, I had a detective at every meeting of the Anarchists, and the reports brought me were that Hageman and Bernhard Schrade were the most violent and determined men in the union.

Hageman would boastingly say, "I never squealed to that man Schaack. If they had all done as I did, they would know very little about the Anarchists."

One night, at 54 West Lake Street, this arrant knave was approached by one of his supposed warm friends, who happened, however, to be in my confidence, and who said to him:

"You don't like Schaack, and I don't like him. He is now here at the Desplaines Street Station. We can go into the alley and shoot him in his office. I have a revolver here with me now, and I will go into Florus' and get one more. Then we will go and 'do him.' We will both go and fire together and run. But mind, let there be no arrest in our case; let us die before capture."

"Do you mean this?" asked Hageman.

"Here is my hand. Here is my revolver, and if you play coward on me I will kill you standing up. Now, come on."

Did Hageman respond? Not at all. He crawled on his belly with excuses.

"That man Schaack," he said, "knows me so well that it is not safe to go around there."

"Well," replied his companion, "we can go through a vacant lot."

"It is too dangerous, my boy," said Hageman. "I could do all this well enough if I never would be found out."

"Well," said the companion, "you are a crazy coward, and don't you 'shoot your mouth' hereafter where I am."

Hageman subsided for the time, but he is again as rampant as ever.

Here is Hageman's statement, which he made "for the sake of his own family," but which helped to drive the nails into the coffins of other families:

"I was at the meeting held at Neff's Hall, No. 121 West Lake Street. I saw Lingg there and heard him address the people, calling them to arms. I also saw Thielen, the two Lehmans and Peter Huber. Niendorf was chairman of the meeting, which had been called to consider the eight-hour movement. Some one at that meeting called out that there was a meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street and said, 'Let us go there.' Then a number of us went, including Hubner, Thielen and myself. I stood at the right hand side as one entered the basement after I got there. The meeting lasted from half to three quarters of an hour. I saw there Fischer, Engel and Waller. Waller was chairman. I heard Engel speak. He told us to watch for the red fires, and when we saw them in the heavens, then was the time to commence the revolution. The fires were to be the signals for the outside posts that the riot at the Haymarket had commenced. It was also to be regarded as a signal that the police had made an attack on the meeting at the Haymarket, and then we should commence the work of destruction. Every one should pick out houses beforehand, so that they could be set on fire when the signal was given. Engel also said at this meeting that the stuff, meaning dynamite, was cheap, and that any member could buy some. He referred to the police and said that if they saw a patrol wagon on the street filled with officers they should destroy the wagon and the police by throwing bombs into the wagon. He (Engel) urged every man to do as much harm as possible, meaning destruction of property and killing people. I heard this plan repeated afterwards by a black-whiskered man named Waller. Waller said that this plan for the revolution had been adopted by the West Side armed group. Hermann and I were at the Haymarket meeting, but when the shooting began we ran away."

ALBERT JEBOLINSKI was another welcome guest on the 26th of May. He had been frequently invited to partake of the hospitalities of the station, but he appeared to be contented with putting up with dingy quarters in out-of-the-way places rather than run the risk of meeting a policeman. But on the day in question he received such a pressing invitation from Schuettler and Hoffman that he finally yielded. He was a German Pole, thirty-five years of age, of slim build, and, with a dark mustache and large goatee, he looked like a Frenchman. He lived at the time in a two-story brick building, first flat, at No. 11 Penn Street. The officers knew that he was a very sus-

picious man and that he would run blocks to get out of the way of a policeman, so great was his hatred of the force. They therefore approached his house cautiously, lest he might mistake them for blue-coats. They called rather early,—four o'clock in the morning,—and Schuettler, giving a regular milkman's rap on the door, brought Mrs. Jebolinski to the front.

"Who is there," she shouted before venturing to open the door, "and what is wanted?"

"I am here—the milkman," responded Schuettler. "I want to see you, madam."

With this assurance Mrs. Jebolinski opened the door, but the moment she discovered that it was not the milkman, she slammed the door to—not quick enough, however, to close it, for the officer, seeing his chance, had thrust his foot between the door and the frame. Hoffman came at once to the rescue and informed the woman that I had sent him after her husband.

"We don't know anything about Capt. Schaack," she responded, and again tried to close the door.

"Well, madam, I am sure the Captain knows something about you folks."

And with this bit of information the officers pushed the door open. This was too much for Mrs. Jebolinski. She shouted to her husband:

"O Albert, the *spitzel*, the police!"

"Don't open the door for anybody," came in stentorian tones from Albert in an adjoining room. "Keep them out!"

The officers had meantime effected an entrance, and, following up the voice, found Albert in bed.

"Good morning, Albert," said Schuettler, in pleasant, cheerful tones.

"Who told you to come here?" gruffly demanded Albert.

"Capt. Schaack desires to see you on pressing business."

"Oh, yes; he must be in love with me, since he sent you so early to see me. Has no one killed that d——d bloodhound yet?"

"No, Albert, you will have a chance to see him soon, and then you can kill him."

"You go and tell Schaack that you have seen me, and that will be sufficient. I will die first before I go. You cannot take me out of here. I want my breakfast, and I will take a sleep before my wife calls me."

So saying, Albert jumped back into bed. Officer Schuettler remonstrated, and was finally obliged to pull him out. Albert then refused to dress. Talking to him had no more effect than talking to a stone wall.

Hoffman then opened the door, and Schuettler grabbed Albert under his arm and walked out with him despite his kicks and resistance. They got him out into the bracing atmosphere of the morning, and, although Albert was not dressed for company, they started off with him.

Mrs. Jebolinski rushed out after them, and, wildly gesticulating, shouted:

"Bring him back, bring him back, and I will dress him."

The officers retraced their steps, but not back into the house. They took Albert to the wood-shed, and there he was dressed.

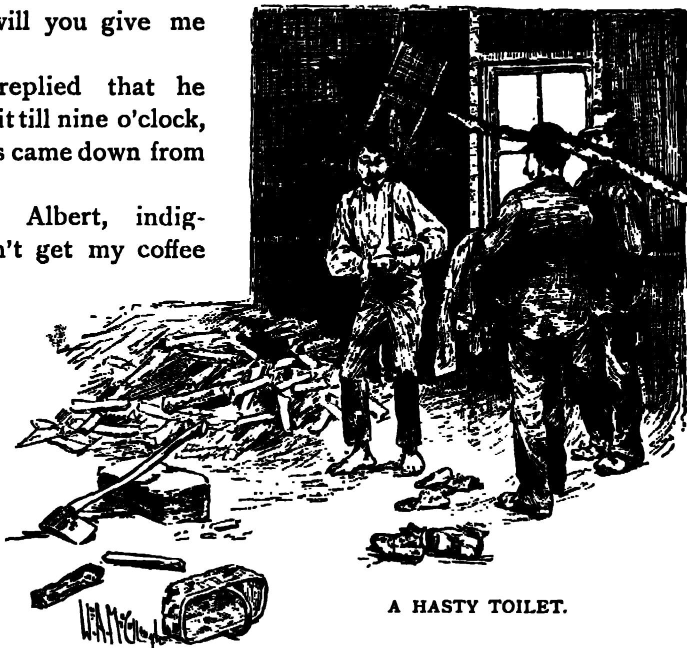
At the station he was invited down stairs and told that there were so many who wanted to see me that he would probably have a rest for a week. He was locked up, and during the first day he would neither eat nor drink. He was not coaxed, however, and the next morning he called the janitor, saying:

"I am sick; will you give me a cup of coffee?"

The janitor replied that he would have to wait till nine o'clock, when the prisoners came down from court.

"Well," said Albert, indignantly, "if I don't get my coffee now, you can keep your breakfast."

When nine o'clock came around the janitor made the round, inviting the sleepers to wake and get their breakfast.



A HASTY TOILET.

"You can go to the d——l; you can't make me eat," said Jebolinski, and he settled himself for a nap.

But when the dinner hour came Albert made up for lost time and missed meals. At four o'clock he sent the janitor to the office to tell me that he wanted to see me. He was brought up.

"Well, Albert," said I, "how much do you weigh now?"

"You had better let me go home. I will never tell you anything. It is no use keeping me here."

"I don't want you to tell me anything. I have secured more evidence in the last few days than I want, and now they are all arrested. I am going to prosecute you in court for conspiracy and murder; so you need not trouble yourself with being stubborn. I don't want to see you again, not till I see you in court. Officer, take him back to the lock-up."

"So you can do without me?"

"Yes, I am sure I can."

Albert was escorted down stairs, but inside of two hours he asked for Officer Schuettler.

"I can see now," he said to Schuettler, "that that man Schaack wants to hang me."

"I am sure he is done with you," replied the officer.

"I beg of you to tell the Captain I want to see him, and say to him that I will tell him about the bombs and everything else."

Officer Schuettler reported the Anarchist's wishes, and Jebolinski was once more brought up. He then confessed that he had four loaded bombs planted, which he would show if taken out.

He was accordingly taken in charge by Officers Schuettler and Hoffman, whom he led to a place north of Division Street near a planing-mill and linseed-oil factory. At that place there was a side-track, and, at a point where the locomotives were stopped to be dumped of their cinders, he unearthed his bombs. These bombs were covered with about four inches of cinders, midway between the rails, and when they were taken out they were found fully loaded, with fuse and caps. That there had been no explosion is almost a miracle. Had a locomotive been stationed over the spot for an hour, as frequently happened, the cinders would have been set on fire again. In an instant locomotive and all would have been blown to atoms, and no one would have known the precise cause. It was lucky for some engineer and fireman, and, in fact, for the locality, that no engine stood over the spot after those bombs had been planted.

On returning to the station, Jebolinski furnished the State with much valuable information. He was indicted and held as a witness. But he was never called, and after the trial he was given his liberty. He has been watched since and found to be attending strictly to his own business. In his statement he sets forth his attendance at the meeting at 121 West Lake Street, where were present Lingg, Rau and others, and his presence at the Haymarket meeting, from which he ran the moment the firing commenced. He also described the bombs,—three round lead and one long iron one,—which he had obtained from Hageman, the one-eyed carpenter.

Peter Huber was another distinguished caller, by special invitation. He was escorted to the office by Officers Whalen and Stift and took things very coolly. He was a lank, lean, consumptive-looking fellow, only twenty-nine years of age, and earned his living as a cabinet-maker. He was a German, married, and had two children, living in a two-story frame house at No. 96 Hudson Avenue. His manner was very quiet, and no one would have taken him for an Anarchist. But Peter, nevertheless, was heart and soul in the movement, and had regularly attended all the meetings. He had never made a speech—he was too diffident for that; he had never advised any one on Anarchy, but he had come to be trusted, and he knew all the leaders and all about dynamite bombs. He was so undemonstra-

tive and non-communicative that at first I took him to be a paid detective in the ranks of the Socialists. When he was asked a question, he would take his own time to answer, and, once interrupted in his talk, he would stop and say no more.

On the second day after his arrest — May 25 — Huber offered to answer questions, and he did this without any inducement. He thereupon furnished the State with several good points, and freely told everything. He was indicted, but released by order of the State's Attorney. He was ready to testify at the trial, but was not wanted. He has since kept away from Anarchist meetings, and is now a useful man to his family.



A DANGEROUS STORING-PLACE.

Huber's statement ran as follows:

"I belonged to the North Side armed group. I know Seliger, Hubner, Lehman the carpenter, the two Hagemans and Lingg. Some time in February last, George Engel made a great speechin Neff's Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. I keep the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The Sunday edition of that paper is called *Die Fackel.* I saw the letter 'Y,' and the meaning of it is that, whenever we should see it in the paper, then there would be a meeting held that evening, of the armed men, at No. 54 West Lake Street. May 3d there one such meeting called for that evening. On that evening I went to the saloon at No. 71 West Lake Street and drank a glass of beer. From there I went to No. 54 West Lake Street. While in the saloon at No. 54 West Lake Street, I heard some one say that a meeting would be held down stairs in the basement. So we went down stairs. When I entered I saw about thirty or forty present. I sat down on a bench, and we sat there for some time before the meeting opened. I heard some one say that it would be an indignation meeting on account of our workingmen having been killed at McCormick's factory by the police on that day. I saw at that meeting the circular calling for revenge and the people to arms, because of the killing of our brothers. I saw the same circular that same evening at the hall No. 71 West Lake Street. Waller was chairman of the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street. I met there Hubner, Abraham Hermann, Fischer and Breitenfeld, the captain of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I heard Engel make a speech, and during the whole time Breitenfeld was walking up and down the hall. I also saw Schnaubelt and Thielen there. I was at Neff's Hall, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, early Tuesday evening, May 4th, and saw there Lingg, Seliger and Hubner. I heard Engel, at No. 54 West Lake Street, explain his plan

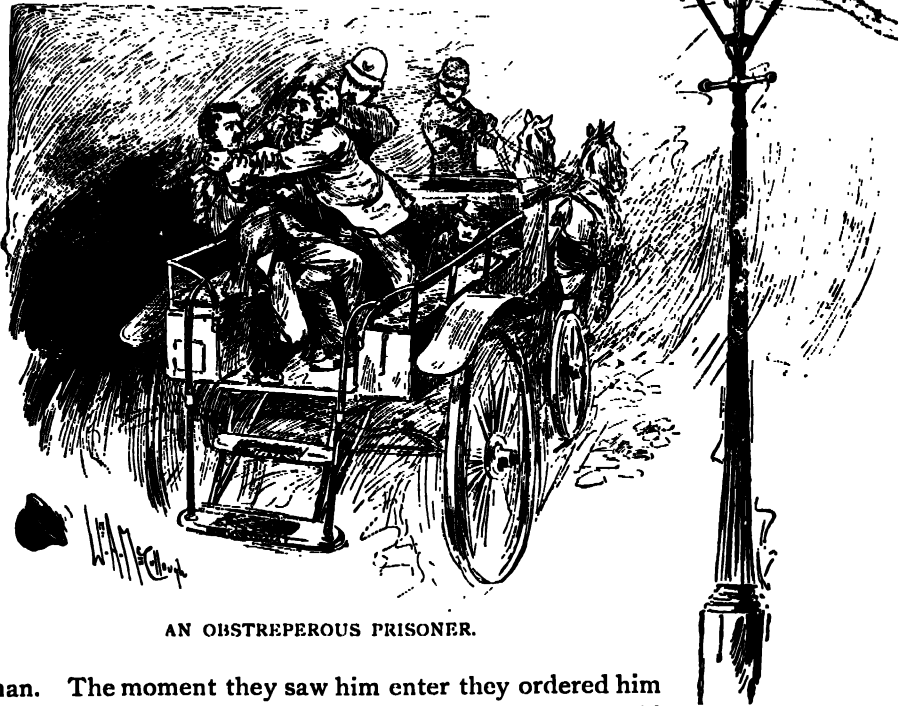
and the work that should be done under it. A meeting, he said, would be held at the Haymarket, and when the police interfered the crowd should attack them, and the armed men should be ready for action. Some one suggested that they should hold their meeting at the Market Square on the South Side, between Randolph and Madison Streets. Some one else remarked: 'No, that is not a good place; it is a mouse trap.' If they held the meeting there and the police interfered, and the crowd resisted them, the police would drive them all into the river. Some said, 'That's so,' and then the meeting was fixed for the Haymarket, as Engel had suggested. We expected from 20,000 to 30,000 people present. We all had the idea that the police would interfere. Engel gave his plan about as follows: He said, 'First call the meeting for the Haymarket,' and then urged that the armed men be ready. He advised us to throw dynamite bombs into the stations, kill the police, throw dynamite bombs into the patrol wagons and shoot down the horses at the wagons. He repeated his plan for those who came in later to the meeting. The revenge circular was distributed both up stairs and down stairs at No. 54 West Lake Street. In the evening of May 3d, I saw Spies and Rau together in Zepf's saloon. As to the word 'Ruhe,' I heard Engel say that when we saw that word appear in the paper, then we might know everything was right and ready. And we should watch for that signal. I heard Engel say that a man who could do no harm or create no disturbance should stay at home, as he was not wanted. When he had finished giving his plan, it was adopted. Schnaubelt said that outside cities, where they had comrades, should be notified at once as soon as the revolution was a success here. I saw Fischer at this meeting. He went to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* to see if he could print the circular that night, calling the Haymarket meeting for the next evening. He came back and reported that the office was closed. He said he would attend to it in the morning. I saw Lingg, Seliger, Muntzenberg and Hubner in Neff's saloon, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, about eight o'clock on the evening of May 4th."

BERNHARD SCHRADE, a German, was a peculiar combination of eccentricities. He was arrested by Officers Whalen and Loewenstein on the evening of May 26, at nine o'clock, on Milwaukee Avenue, near Division Street. He was twenty-eight years of age, six feet tall, of straight and muscular build, nervous and quick-tempered, a carpenter by occupation, and he lived at No. 581 Milwaukee Avenue. When he was seated in the station it did not take us long to ascertain all he knew about Anarchy. In speaking of the Haymarket, he said that the right men had not been in their places, or things would have turned out quite differently. They had plenty of arms and bombs, he explained, but the leaders did not know their business. Early in the evening there was a large crowd, he said, but the great majority of them left in disgust because there was not a larger gathering and the speeches were not radical enough to suit their ideas. They expected something fiery and impetuous. (This was about the time Mayor Harrison was at the meeting, and the speeches were accordingly very mild.) Those that left the meeting and did not go home, Schrade said, hung around the saloons in the neighborhood. If six hundred police, he further said, had

attacked the crowd an hour earlier, few of them would have been left with their lives. He knew the arrangements, and, had the plan been carried out, the loss of life would have been appalling.

Schrade was subsequently released by order of Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, and promised that he would testify in court. He was several times sent after to give further information, and he always responded.

About one month after Schrade's release, he and two others visited a saloon on North Avenue one night, and, after drinking a great deal of beer, they became exceedingly noisy and boisterous. The saloon-keeper attempted to quiet them, but was finally obliged to call an officer. Now, none of the bibulous individuals had any liking for a police-



AN OBSTREPEROUS PRISONER.

man. The moment they saw him enter they ordered him out and threatened that if he did not get out they would throw him out through the window. The officer was not at all alarmed, and, seeing that he was bent on keeping them quiet, the three disturbers pounced down upon him. The officer promptly brought his club into play, and soon his opponents measured their length upon the floor. The sawdust was sprinkled with blood, but, before the reds could make a second assault, a citizen had brought the patrol wagon to the rescue. They were taken in charge and thrown into the wagon in their drunken stupor, and carted to the Larrabee Street Station.

On the way Schrade revived somewhat, and, not quite satisfied with the results of his former encounter, attempted to throw one of the officers over the side of the wagon. He was clinched by the throat, however, and kept quiet for the rest of the journey. The next morning the trio were fined in the Police Court and released on payment of the fines. Schrade became penitent and remained sober thereafter for some time. As he was out of work, I paid his board bill for two weeks, and kept him under surveillance to appear at the trial as a witness. When the trial began he was in good humor and told the State's Attorney that he would give the same testimony that he had given at the station May 26. He was accordingly produced as a witness. On the stand he failed to unfold all the information he had previously given, but State's Attorney Grinnell knew all the points in his former testimony, and before he got through with Schrade he made him a good witness for the State.

After the trial the police lost sight of Schrade for a long time, and wondered whether he had been quietly murdered by his former comrades or had left the city for his own good. But one day an officer reported to me that Schrade was still in the city. It was supposed, of course, that he would never again be found in the haunts of Socialists. It was discovered, however, that he was a member in good standing of Carpenters' Union No. 241, formerly No. 1. This is the most rabid Anarchist organization in the city, and, were it not for some comparatively conservative members, would have long since sought revenge for the conviction and execution of the doomed conspirators.

Schrade and Hageman, since their restoration to full membership, were found to be as incendiary as ever in their utterances, and seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to show that they were better Anarchists even than before the time they informed on their companions and helped to bring them to the gallows. In fact, they became so demonstrative that some of the members threatened them with expulsion. For this they sought revenge by working upon weak-minded persons to influence them against the leaders in the organization. As long as the conservatives remain at the head of the carpenters' union there is no special danger, but should such fanatics as Schrade and Hageman ever secure control, look out for blood.

August Ahlers was known to have been a close friend of Lingg, and accordingly I eagerly sought his acquaintance. But Ahlers after the Haymarket conceived an aversion to fresh air and kept himself in gloomy, unfrequented quarters. The officers knew that he had often visited Lingg's room, sometimes remaining three or four hours, and, as Lingg never tolerated any one who could not be made useful, it was believed that Ahlers could furnish valuable information if found. Mrs. Seliger had stated that a great many visited Lingg, but most of them sought to conceal their faces

or disguise themselves in some way, generally sneaking into the house as if they were going to steal something or kill somebody. This man Ahlers had been one of this kind. Lingg had every man who assisted him do certain special lines of work. Some would bring him lead, others gas-pipe, and others again charcoal, etc. Ahlers had helped in some way, and, with a pretty good description of him, the detectives were continually on the watch. Finally Officers Whalen and Loewenstein found him on the 26th of May, at No. 148 Chicago Avenue, and took him to the station. He had a sneaking demeanor, and when brought before me I asked him to give an account of himself between May 3d and May 6th. This he was unable to do, but after having been locked up for a while he gave some information about outside groups. As to Lingg he pretended to know very little, and as the officers could not identify him with any particular person, he was released on a promise of better behavior. He acknowledged having been a great admirer of the Anarchist leaders and a strong supporter of Anarchy but now, he said, he would no longer affiliate with them. So far as the officers have observed, he has kept his promise and is attending strictly to his trade, that of a carpenter.

We had these kind of fellows by the hundred in this city on May 4, 1886, but fortunately God made most of them with big stomachs and no heart or courage.

VICTOR CLERMONT, a German, was almost dumbfounded when he was informed that I wanted to see him. Clermont is a French-sounding name, and, when Officers Whalen and Loewenstein took him in charge on suspicion, they mistook him for a Frenchman, especially as he looked very much like one, having a dark mustache and goatee. Clermont was taken to the station, and there gave his age as twenty-seven, occupation a cabinet-maker and pool-billiard maker, and his residence No. 116 Cornelia Street. When questioned with reference to Anarchy he expressed surprise that he should be taken for an Anarchist, but when he was informed as to his having mysteriously sneaked into dark basements which were lighted up with candles and whose doors were barricaded, he looked aghast.

"There is something wrong," he said. "Somebody wants to involve me in the Haymarket trouble. I am sure I don't know the least thing about Anarchists."

"Well," said I, "we will see if you can remember anything. Either you or your wife has some relatives living near the city. After the 4th of May you sent a lot of guns, rifles, ammunition and some bombs to them for safe-keeping. You took them away at night, and you have been so careful as to try and disguise yourself. Yet I cannot prosecute you on that. You have also been an active member on the Northwest Side in all Anarchist movements. You know all the things you have been engaged in, and so do we. I have your record right here."

"Oh, yes," said Victor, "I hear that you fellows have things down very fine, because you have everything your own way. Well, if I do acknowledge all I have done, what are you going to do with me?"

"I will do with you the same as I have done with others. I will hear your statement and see if you can tell the truth. If you lie to me or about any one else, I will stop you, and that is all. You are indicted, and I will send you to jail. If you tell the truth I will send for the State's Attorney and ask him to let you go, but you must appear as a witness whenever we want you."

"I suppose," remarked Clermont, "that my case is like this — if I don't, some one else will squeal."

He then gave an account of himself and his Anarchist comrades. He was subsequently released and visited me very often for several weeks. He was out of employment and hard-up, and I gave him money with which to support himself. One evening he called and said to the officers that he had something important to tell me. I was very busy at the time and asked him if he wanted some money. Victor replied that he did not desire money. I offered him $5, however, and told him to come back the next day. He would not take the money at first, but when I told him that I could not wait any longer, he took it and left. On reaching Milwaukee and Chicago Avenues, he met some of his old cronies and told them that he was going away that night. Early next morning I was informed that he had gone. Victor remained away for a year, but, thinking things had blown over, he returned and set about to disabuse the Anarchists of the impression that he had ever "squealed." While he has taken no active part in meetings since the trial, he appears to feel that he stands well with the Anarchists, and always tells them that when he was arrested "he never gave anything away."

His statement was as follows. It was given at nine o'clock on the evening of May 26:

"I belong to the Northwest Side Lehr und Wehr Verein, the second company, of which Breitenfeld is captain. Some time ago, at a meeting held at 54 West Lake Street, it was stated that the police would break up their meetings if they knew when and where they held them, and that therefore it was necessary to adopt some secret way of calling their meetings. We adopted, 'Y, komme,' and when we saw that letter appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on any day we might know a meeting would be held at No. 54 West Lake Street. I was at Thalia Hall, May 3, early in the evening. We were to have held a meeting to elect new officers of the company, but no meeting was held. Some one came into the saloon and said that there were four of our workingmen killed at McCormick's factory that afternoon. Then some one said that a call for a meeting that evening at No. 54 West Lake Street had been published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and a lot of us went there to learn further particulars about the shooting of our men. I there saw those circulars calling for revenge and the people to arms.

That circular made me very excited. I was one of the first to get to that meeting at 54 West Lake Street. At the commencement of the meeting we put a man at each door to prevent any one listening or seeing what was going on in the inside, and to admit only members. That meeting was only called for the armed men. Waller was chairman. I heard Engel make a speech, and he presented the plan adopted by the Northwest Side group." (Here follows a detailed account of the "plan," agreeing in every particular with that given by other witnesses as to blowing up police stations, setting fire to buildings, killing people, the use of the word "Ruhe," etc.) "We expected that there would be present at the Haymarket meeting from 30,000 to 40,000 people and that then there would be a good chance for us to commence our revolution and attack the police and the government. There were also to be spies at the meeting to communicate with the groups in the outlying sections (Wicker Park and Lincoln Park). But the spies did not do their work, and then after Engel's speech several got to talking about guns, fires and bombs. On the motion of Fischer it was decided to have 10,000 circulars calling the Haymarket meeting printed, and he said he would attend to it. First Market Square was proposed, but some one objected by saying it was a mouse trap in case of trouble, and the Haymarket was agreed upon. Before finishing telling about his plan Engel said it had been adopted by the Northwest Side group and referred to Fischer to answer if that was not so. Fischer replied, 'Yes, that is the plan.'"

I asked Clermont if that was the first time he had ever heard of the "plan," and he replied:

"Yes, it was the first time I had heard of the revolutionary plan. I never heard of it before, and only heard of it through Engel that night. This was the only plan I heard of to be followed for the revolution. I was at the Haymarket and expected to find a big crowd. To my surprise I only found about five hundred present."

Clermont is now again in Chicago, and as rabid a red as ever. He is a leader on the Northwest Side, and detectives have reported to me that he has declared himself in favor of "bullets instead of ballots." He is also a prominent organizer in the Anarchist "Sunday-school" scheme.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fluttering the Anarchist Dove-cote — Confessions by Piecemeal — Statements from the Small Fry — One of Schnaubelt's Friends — "Some One Wants to Hang Me" — Neebe's Bloodthirsty Threats — Burrowing in the Dark — The Starved-out Cut-throat — Torturing a Woman — Hopes of *Habeas Corpus* — "Little" Krueger's Work — Planning a Rescue — The Signal "? ? ?" and its Meaning — A Red-haired Man's Story — Firing the Socialist Heart — Meetings with Locked Doors — An Ambush for the Police — The Red Flag Episode — Beer and Philosophy — Baum's Wife and Baby — A Wife-beating Revolutionist — Brother Eppinger's Duties

THE work of ferreting out and arresting the conspirators might have stopped with the number already gathered in, so far as the necessity for procuring evidence to be used in court was concerned, but it was continued to the end that every conspicuous or minor character in the murderous plot might be made to feel the power of the law, which each had so persistently defied. I had the names and descriptions of all identified with Engel's plan, their haunts, their traits of character, and their influence in the order, and detectives, under instructions, were continually on the search. Anarchist localities were overhauled, unfrequented places visited, and convenient hiding-plates inspected. Every one wanted was finally brought from under cover. Not a guilty one escaped, except Schnaubelt. Anarchistic sympathizers did everything in their power to conceal their friends, but the police proved equal to the emergency.

RUDOLPH DANNENBERG, a German, was one who held himself aloof from the rest of humanity. He lived at No. 218 Fulton Street, and on the 27th of May Officers Loewenstein and Whalen found him surrounded by his family. During the few moments' conversation I had with him, it became apparent that he was like all his associates — a firm enemy of the existing order of society. He stated that, although he was only a tailor, he could fire a revolver as unerringly as any one and throw a bomb as far as anybody. He declared that he thought himself adapted to something higher, something better than being a tailor, and he had joined the Anarchists in order to bring himself before the public and achieve distinction. He had carefully read the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, had noticed the names of various people, and he did not see why he could not become great like them and see his name and deeds frequently paraded in the papers. He felt that he had the requisite ability, and communicated his ambition and his desires to his wife.

Mrs. Dannenberg was a plain, unassuming woman, and did not dare to remonstrate with a man who had finally discovered his *forte*. He strutted about the house with the conscious pride that greatness was within his grasp, and his changed demeanor really impressed the woman to the extent

that she believed he was already a great man. Dannenberg lost no time in joining the Lehr und Wehr Verein, and eagerly made the acquaintance of all the leading men in the order. He secured recognition, and his heart swelled with joy when he attended the secret meetings held by the order.

All these little confessions were adroitly extracted by piecemeal. Noticing that here was a man who felt himself above the "goose" and the needle, I concluded to send him below to discover, if he could, the difference between being a tailor and an Anarchist in search of greatness. I treated him with perfect indifference, and he seemed to feel the indignity greatly. He was put in a cell, and for two days no one went near him except the janitor.

Dannenberg finally got uneasy and sent word that he desired to see me. He was informed in return that he would be sent to the County Jail the next day. He then wanted to know if he would not be given an opportunity to speak, and insisted on having a hearing. He was brought into the office and told that he would be given just five minutes to tell what he had to say.

"Gentlemen," he said, in great haste, "you think because I am a tailor I am of no account, and consequently you seem disposed to punish me. My oath is just as good as the other fellows'."

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "We have not asked you for your oath, and we do not want it."

"Oh, I see now," said Rudolph, beginning to get angry, "you only want the small fry. Well, look here, Captain, I don't give a continental. I will tell on the other big fellows, now, for the fun of the thing. They must be punished as well as the little fellows. It is evident that the other big fellows want to talk themselves out."

"I think you have got the thing down very fine," were my consoling words.

"Yes, I know the people want to hang somebody," said Rudolph, "and if they can only hang a tailor they will be satisfied."

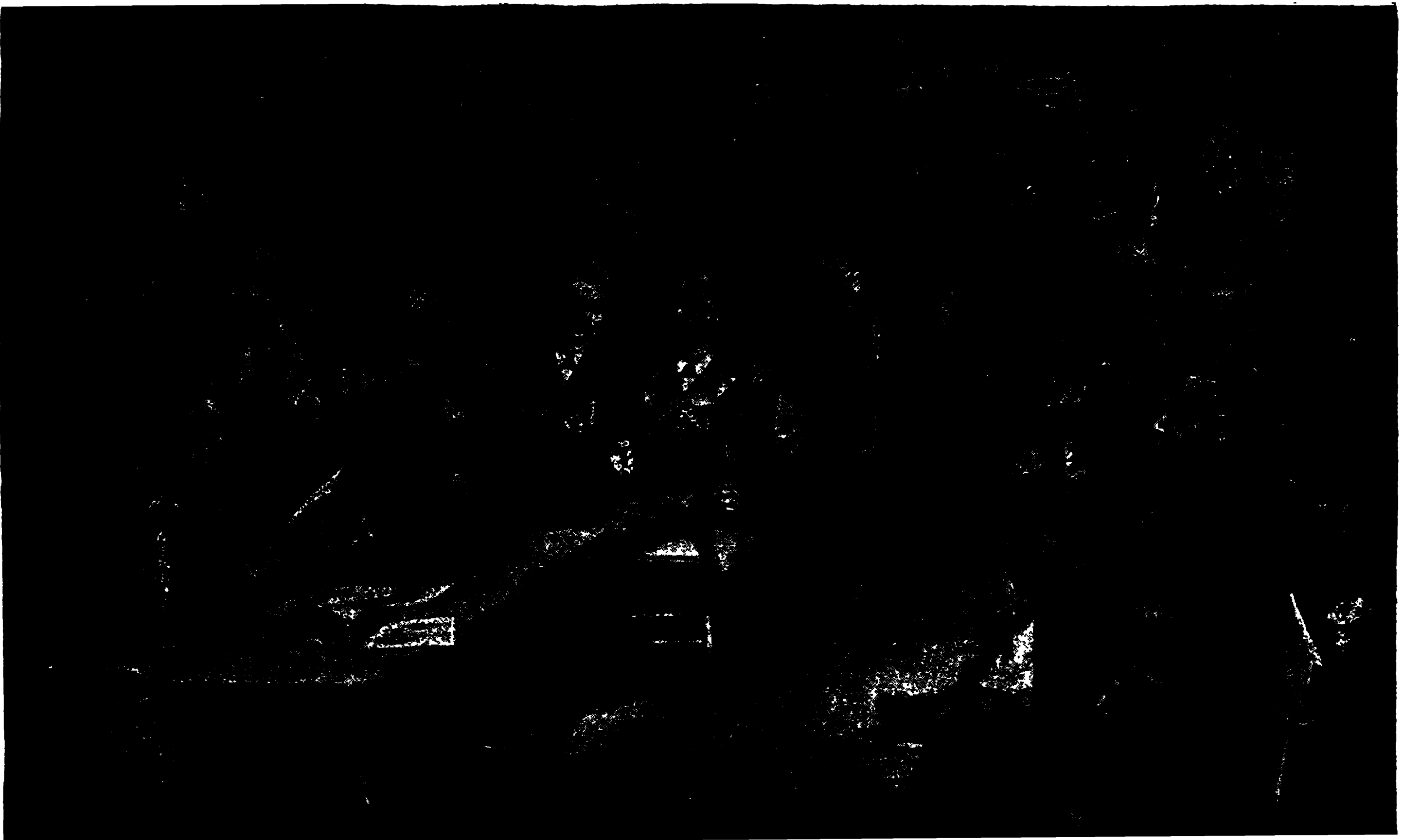
Time was called on the speaker, the five minutes having been exhausted, and Rudolph was about to be escorted down stairs.

"Stop! stop! officer, I have not commenced yet to talk, and I want to be heard."

"Well," said I, "you want to commence very soon."

Dannenberg again planted himself firmly in his chair, and then proceeded to relieve himself of the burden on his mind. He gave quite an interesting statement, and was subsequently released by order of the State's Attorney. He was indicted for murder before his release, and he left after promising to report when wanted. Some time after he was rearrested and put in a room with fifteen others.

Every one of these fifteen was morose, sullen and dejected. There was not a cheerful word among them. They felt uncertain about their own fate



THE CONSPIRACY MEETING AT 54 WEST LAKE STREET. WALLER READING ENGEL'S "PLAN."

and took a gloomy view of life. The presence of Dannenberg was like a cheerful fire in a blizzard. He had forgotten all about the misfortune of being a tailor and a crushed Anarchist, and he kept the company full of life with his wit and drollery.

On his final release, Dannenberg went back to his trade, quit Anarchy, and now takes the greatest sort of pride in telling his friends that he is simply a "knight of the needle."

After stating his age to be thirty-two years, Dannenberg swore:

"I went to the meeting in the basement at No. 54 West Lake Street. I heard Engel speak. I heard Fischer say that he would attend to the printing of the circulars for the Haymarket meeting. I used to belong to the Lehr und Wehr Verein, but I quit two months ago. I was at Thalia Hall, on Milwaukee Avenue, Sunday, May 2d. I used to go there very often. I know George Engel. At the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, he was called on for a speech, and he responded. I heard him speak of his plan — a plan for riots, fires, the destruction of buildings and property, and the killing of people and the police. I heard him speak of the meeting to be held at the Haymarket, and that, if they started there, then would be the time for us to commence the rebellion all over the city. A man named Schrade, sitting by my side, remarked to me that Engel had made a very destructive speech. This talk made me laugh. Engel continued by saying that when we saw the heavens red, then was our time to commence. The Northwest Side group, he said, would meet at Wicker Park, and the North Side group at Lincoln Park. The moment we saw the fires, as a signal, then we should throw bombs, shoot down the policemen and everybody who stood in our way, and begin the general destruction of property and life. I never heard of this plan before this time. Engel was the only one who spoke of the plan. At this meeting I knew Breitenfeld and Waller, who was chairman. I heard some one at that meeting ask for dynamite bombs and how to get them, and some said: 'You ought to know it by this time.' Engel also spoke of the word 'Ruhe.' It was to be a signal word, and when it should appear in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, then was the time to be ready for a riot."

CARL MAX EMIL ENGLISH registered at the station on the 1st of June. He might have been gathered in long before, but he was kept under watch in the hopes of bagging a more important Anarchist. It was known that English was a particular friend of Schnaubelt's, and the officers kept their eye on him continually, thinking the bomb-thrower might be found through his unconscious intervention. But they waited and watched in vain, and finally Officers Palmer and Cosgrove arrested English on suspicion. He was turned over to me, and then it was ascertained that he knew more of the Anarchists in Pullman, where he worked, than he did of those in Chicago. When called an Anarchist he objected, and insisted that he was simply a Socialist — a distinction without a difference in his case. He stated, however, that all the Anarchists in America "looked upon Chicago as the main center of Anarchy," and in Pullman they got all their inspiration from Chicago. He acknowledged an acquaintance with Muntzenberg,

who, he said, had sold John Most's books and other Anarchistic literature at Pullman. Muntzenberg had been in Pullman after the 4th of May, and had carried dynamite bombs with him. The Socialists, said English, had become frightened at this exhibition and had refrained from having any further dealings with Muntzenberg.

English was allowed to go, with an injunction that he had better stay in Pullman, where he belonged. He has since remained at home and is now giving more of his time to the study of sound literature on economic subjects. He came to America from Germany, in October, 1885, and was led astray by Most's writings. Had he lived in Chicago he would have been a very handy man for Lingg. In the old country he had worked in the manufacture of torpedoes, etc., for the Government, and he was well posted on explosives. He was twenty-four years of age, and just such a man as Lingg could have utilized.

AUGUST KRAEMER, a German, thought he was sharper than the police. He had escaped their attentions, and he was felicitating himself that he knew how to elude them successfully. One day, however—June 1st—he was cheerfully greeted by Officers Whalen and Stift, and when they notified him of the pleasure his company would give us at the station, he became motionless with surprise. Recovering himself, he declared that it was an awful outrage to arrest a man for nothing and assured the officers again and again that he had never heard of Socialists or Anarchists, did not know a single one of that class and would not be able to recognize one if pointed out to him. In fact, he had not even heard that a bomb had been thrown at the Haymarket. He played this role of ignorance when brought before me, but I soon brought him to his senses.

"You have played the old lady long enough," I said. "We are men here who do not believe a word you say, and don't want any of your tea-party stories. Is not George Engel your friend? Did you not drink beer in Engel's rear room, May 4th, about eleven o'clock? Were you not there when a lot of men waited for orders to blow up and burn down houses? Were you not at the Haymarket with Engel, and did you not walk around with him on the outskirts of the crowd?"

"Who told you this?" came promptly from Kraemer.

"One of those little gods you prayed to at Thalia Hall on Sundays. Why, you hypocrite, you and twenty more get together, talk and give your opinions about dynamite and how to construct poisoned daggers, and work out a plan to fight the police and militia, drink beer and liquor, and call that a prayer-meeting. What have you to say to all this? If you can not answer I will give it to you plainer."

"Mein Gott, some one wants to hang me," exclaimed August. "I know Herr Engel; he is a good man."

"Yes, in your estimation."

"If you only knew how awfully sorry he felt for the officers that were killed."

"Oh, yes. Well, do you now think that we know something about you?"

"I admit that you know all about me, but Herr Engel said that night that it was wrong to have such a miscarriage. He did not believe in killing a few people. All revolutions, Engel believed, ought to come about by themselves, and then the police and soldiers would be with them. If the people would fight, then the authorities, police and all, would throw their guns away and run. Then the victory would be won without spilling any blood, but such a foolish thing as the Haymarket affair Engel would have nothing to do with."

"Yes; all this Engel said after 10:30 o'clock that night, May 4th."

"Yes, he said it in his back room."

"That is all I want of you. Officers, lock up this dynamitard."

"Captain, will you not let me make a statement?"

"Of what?"

"I know something. For God's sake don't lock me up."

"Well, then, speak, double-quick time, and let there be no lying."

Kraemer calmed himself and proceeded to unfold his story. He was subsequently released on promising to testify in court and that he would become a better man. He was indicted by the grand jury for conspiracy to murder. He was not asked to testify, and it was supposed that after all his troubles he would attend strictly to his own business, that of a carpenter. Not so. He was to be found in the company of the worst Anarchists between May 4th and the time of the execution, but, when he finally discovered that there was a law in the State to hang conspirators and murderers, he grew frightened. He now remains at home instead of skulking into dark cellars and devising means of revenge. He lived, at the time of his arrest, at No. 286 Milwaukee Avenue, in the rear, his friend Engel occupying the front part of the building. He was thirty-three years of age, married, well built, five feet eight inches in height, and an active man

His statement was as follows:

"I attended the meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street the night of May 3d. I was there about fifteen minutes when the meeting was called to order. Some one suggested that every man of a group should see that every one present was one of their members. I was asked what group I belonged to. I could not tell. I do not belong to any group. Then I was told to go out because I could not give the pass-word. I told them that I belonged to the Socialists, but they told me I could not remain. I then went away. I have often been at Thalia Hall at the 'Bible class.' I met there frequently Engel and Fischer. That was in the month of April, 1886. At one meeting, when Engel and Fischer were present, some one called on the people to be ready with arms; that the time would soon come when they must be organized and ready to defend themselves. While I was at 54 West Lake Street that evening, May 3, some one complained that there were so few

present and said that there had always been a good attendance until that night, and that it was very strange. As I could not give the sign I was put out. I heard Engel say that no revolution could be a success with only a small group; there must be general, united action."

MARTIN BECHTEL was also requested to report at the station for an interview. He willingly responded, and conversed quite freely. He was a beer-brewer by profession, and on May 4 was foreman in the brewery of Bartholomae & Leicht. He was also president of the Brewers' Union and presided at a meeting on the afternoon of May 3. His statement of that meeting was as follows:

"I had a meeting called of the brewers for that afternoon, and there I saw a lot of those 'Revenge' circulars. I saw all the men reading them, and, while some did not appear to care much, others got greatly excited over the way the police had been clubbing the people at McCormick's factory. There was considerable excitement for awhile, and this was kept up until I called the meeting to order. I found that I had to be very strict before I could do anything. We transacted our business with great difficulty. I was interrupted now and then by some one coming in and talking excitedly about the police killing people at the factory. I restored order once more, when Oscar Neebe came in with a new supply of circulars and handed them around to the boys. Then the fire was in the straw again. After Neebe had distributed his circulars, he was called on for a speech, and whenever he was asked by any one if it was true that the police had been killing people in the manner described by the circular, he would answer: 'Oh, yes; I know it is true. I saw it all. We must get ready and take revenge. Get ready; you all know what to do. You have all been to our meetings; you have all had instructions. Come out like men and show the capitalists what you are made of. Show these bloodhounds, these hirelings of the capitalists — I mean the blue-coated police — that we are not afraid of them. We must meet them and teach them a lesson. They have no regard for you or your families. You must feel the same to them.' Such was the character of his speech and replies, and that is all I can report of the meeting."

Mr. Bechtel was thanked for his information, and left the office.

It came out that during that day, after leaving that meeting, Neebe went into a saloon on Clark Street, near Division, and said that "by to-morrow or before to-morrow midnight the city of Chicago would swim in blood, or perhaps lie in ashes." There would be a revolution, everything was ready, and he said that he would do his share of the work. At one time he was so wrought up with excitement that he fairly shouted at the top of his voice and made loud threats. In the trial, it was a fortunate thing for Neebe that certain documents were not at hand, or he would have undoubtedly been hung instead of being let off with the fifteen years' sentence in the penitentiary which he is now working out. The documents desired were in some manner lost, and, when some of the material witnesses were looked for to appear at the trial, they could not be found.

Neebe knew perfectly well the character of the men he addressed at the brewers' meeting. They were all fire-eaters on the question of Anarchy, and the name of the Brewers' Union was simply adopted as a cloak. The brewing companies could greatly contribute to the promotion of law, order and decency by replacing every one of them with men who appreciate good government and the privileges of citizenship.

In one brewery on the North Side, these "reds" managed to get the teamsters and beer-peddlers inoculated with their heresy, and the result was that the police were often called upon to quell disturbances growing either out of arguments with customers or saloon patrons. The injury thus done to the trade of the company must have been large. Is it a fear of these men or is there a lack of better material that keeps them in their places? It is certain that such men are doing the brewing companies no good. They are a bad lot and need watching. They are watched.

MORITZ NEFF was the owner of what has been called the "Shanty of the Communists," at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, known also as "Neff's Hall." He was intimate with the leaders of Anarchy and knew a great deal about their movements. On the 1st of June, Schuettler and Stift were sent to tell him that I desired to see him. He came, not under arrest, but voluntarily, as soon as he had secured some one to run his saloon during his absence. He was a German, about thirty-six years of age, unmarried, and had kept the Anarchist headquarters for over seven years. He attended closely to business, rented his hall in the rear of the saloon to various unions and clubs, and made plenty of money. His place was a sort of "go-as-you-please" headquarters for the Anarchists, and if all their plottings there had been carried into execution the city of Chicago would not now stand as a monument of thrift, energy, enterprise and wealth. The hall was rented to any one who desired it. No questions were asked, and no publicity was ever given to the proceedings through Neff. He could keep secrets, and the Anarchists knew it. He also knew them thoroughly. He was a good judge of character, and, as most of his patrons were low-browed, ignorant and impulsive fellows, he would in the presence of some of the more sensible ones call them "fools and cattle." Neff gave up his money freely to these people for the advancement of their cause, but he was never known to howl against law and order or make threats against capitalists, like other Anarchist saloon-keepers. He always kept on friendly terms with the police, and promised Lieutenant Baus to keep him posted whenever anything of importance transpired. This promise, however, seems to have been shrewdly made with a view to "pulling the wool over the eyes" of the Lieutenant. Neff would say, "Don't trouble yourself. Whenever there is anything going on, I will put you on;" but he never found anything worth while reporting. The officers managed to gather a good deal of information respecting the character of the meetings held, but, as no important or dan-

gerous results were ever expected to grow out of them, the Anarchists were permitted to remain unmolested.

On the night of May 4, after the Anarchists had been put to rout, those of the North Side group hastened from their various posts to meet at Neff's place. They were still inclined to go on with the revolution, and Neff reproached them for not continuing it the moment it was started.

"What the d——l," said he, "did you carry bombs for all night and not do anything? Why didn't you go to the Chicago Avenue Station and blow the d——d building to h——l with every one in it?"

This staggered the hot-heads, and not one made a reply.

"Why," continued Neff, "you are all cowards; not one of you dare go with me now."

No one advanced to accept the challenge. Presently, the hour getting near eleven o'clock, Neff said:

"Get out! I am going to close up, and to-morrow we will have different music, and we will see who dances."

Knowing the great resort his place had been for Anarchists, Neff was in momentary dread of becoming involved in the Haymarket affair. He was very uneasy, and, as described by an acquaintance of his, "his clothes and shirt collar did not fit him very well for a number of days." When he entered my office, Neff straightened up and appeared as if his mind was made up for the worst and as if he had resolved that the police should be no wiser through any information he possessed. It was not long, however, before he discovered that we meant business, and that playing the fool in the matter would not be tolerated. In the room were Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, six detectives and myself, and he was kept busy framing answers that would not compromise himself. Finally Neff looked us all over very carefully and said:

"I know I am called here to answer questions and tell on the Anarchists. I will now tell all I know."

He then gave a straightforward story and appeared as a witness at the trial, giving all its substantial points. After that trial he sold out his place and left the city. He remained away for a time, but recently came to Chicago on a visit. His conduct has been such as to justify the hope that he will hereafter hold himself aloof from Anarchists.

John Weiman, a Suabian, was a peculiar genius. He was only twenty-three years of age, and yet he imagined that he could successfully hoodwink the police. He had been pointed out as an associate of some of the leaders, and it was decided to bring him to see what he had to say for himself. He lived at No. 30 Barker Street, and when notified, about the 6th of June, that I wished to become acquainted with him, he assumed a highly injured air. The moment he set foot inside the office, he threw up both hands and, in a loud voice, insisted that a great mistake had been made in arresting him.



THE "CZAR BOMB."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This is one of the round bombs made by Lingg, and similar to the infernal machine thrown at the Haymarket. It is about three inches in diameter, and consists of two hollow hemispheres of lead, filled with dynamite, and secured by means of an iron bolt and nut. It is fitted with fuse and fulminating cap.

"I am no Socialist, no Anarchist, no Nihilist, no Communist," he declared. "I don't know Spies, Parsons, Schwab, Fischer, Lingg, Engel, Neebe or Fielden. I never attended any meetings at No. 54, No. 71 or No. 120 West Lake Street, and I have never been in the Communisten-Bude [the Shanty of the Communists] at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue; never was at Mueller's Hall basement, or at Thalia Hall, or at No. 63 Emma Street."

"That is right, John," said I. "Keep on and tell me a few more places where you have never been, and I shall be much obliged to you. Then I will know all the places and all the leaders of the whole Anarchist outfit."

"Yes," said John, "I have heard of you, and I don't want to be troubled too much. I know that you are acquainted with all those places and know all the people who went there, and I heard of a lot of people getting arrested every day who knew all the leaders and frequented those meeting-places. I thought I would tell you all at first, because I am sick and I can't stand much talking-to."

"How came you to know so much?" I inquired; "that is to say, how do you know the names of the members?"

"Well, I have a friend, and he told me all these things, but he ran away from the city. I don't know where he is now."

"What is his name and where did he live?"

"He is a carpenter. I used to call him Carl. He lived on Randolph Street, near Union."

Further inquiries failed to elicit anything of importance, and he was turned loose to wander at his own sweet pleasure.

EMIL MENDE, a German, was a man thoroughly capable of desperate deeds. He lived at No. 51 Meagher Street, and so villainous a disposition did he possess that his own sister and his brother-in-law were obliged to report him at the station. Even the people in his own neighborhood feared him, and those that knew him best shunned him. He was a dangerous man. For two months preceding May 4, he boasted how the Anarchists would blow up the city and kill every one who was not an Anarchist. He talked about it so often and in such an earnest way that his neighbors grew apprehensive lest he might set fire to the neighborhood. The children would run across the street to avoid meeting him. He was always full of liquor, and his chief study was how to get a living without work. He thought he had found it in Anarchy, and he stood ready to commit any crime to accomplish his purpose. He became a drunken loafer through attending Anarchistic meetings, and when his sister remonstrated with him he turned against her and threatened to kill her. His conduct finally became so unbearable that his brother-in-law, Emil Sauer, gave information against him to the police. Mende, he said, belonged to the Lehr und Wehr Verein of the Southwest Side group and would assemble with his comrades in lonely, retired places,

where the police could not see them drill. They would sneak into the buildings selected for their meeting-places, and after their drills they would quietly sneak out again, like so many thieves who had committed a successful burglary. Sauer said he had come to know many of the members, but he did not know their names or where they lived. They all had numbers, were well armed with rifles and revolvers, and they drilled frequently.

"I remember the night of May 4," said Sauer, "Mende left the house about eight o'clock. He looked wild and desperate. He carried with him a huge revolver and a lot of cartridges. About eleven o'clock the same evening, after the bomb had exploded, he came sneaking home, and had in his possession two rifles and three dynamite bombs. He brought them all into the house at first, and, becoming alarmed, he took them all to No. 647 South Canal Street. There he was seen either going under the house or under the sidewalk. When he came out he had nothing with him. Mende, when he first began to attend the meetings, had very little to say about Anarchy. He kept on, and during the six months preceding the Haymarket riot he was perfectly crazy on the subject. After he had become a member of the armed group, he would speak of nothing else but killing people and destroying the city. On the evening of May 4, before leaving home, he said:

"'This is our night. This night we will show our strength. I would like to see any one oppose us. Nothing can stand before us. Before daylight to-morrow blood will flow deep in the streets, and the air will be hot. Then we will have a new government.'

"After he had been gone about twenty minutes, some one came in and asked for him. The man looked like a starved-out cut-throat. He was told that Mende had gone. The fellow remarked, 'Then it is all right. I know where to find him.' He pulled his hat over his eyes, turned up his coat collar and disappeared. This man was watched. He went west from our house, and about a block away he met five other men. They all went west together.

"On the afternoon of May 4, Mende said to me:

"'I want you to go with us. Everything is very well planned. There is no fear that we will not get all the help we want after we have started. We are going to move like an army. If we should get whipped at first, or if we should have to run, then we all have places to go to. The Southwest Side group is going to a church on Eighteenth Street, and we will fortify ourselves there until we get help. We will have a lot of dynamite bombs to keep everybody away. We have rifles and revolvers, and no one will dare come near us. We can hold the fort there for a few days, and no one will trouble us. Only throw out a bomb once a day, and that will be sufficient to prevent the enemy from coming near. The North Side group is going to follow our plan. They are going to take charge of St. Michael's Church.

We have things down fine. You had better come along. There is no danger. We expect a lot of people here from Michigan and all the mining towns. They will all come here as soon as we begin the attack.'

"Mende asked me at one time to go with him,—this was during the McCormick strike,—and told me they were going to take with them tin cans, which would be filled with kerosene. These cans would have strong corks in them, and through each a hole had been drilled, for the insertion of a cap and fuse. They would simply light the fuse, throw the can into a lumber yard, and walk off. No one would discover who did it, and then they would see a big fire. 'In this way we'll bring these d——d capitalists to time.' I told Mende that I would have nothing to do with him or his plans.

"Two days after the bomb had been thrown, he said to me:

"'I know the man who threw the bomb, and, you bet, he is a good friend of mine. He will never be arrested.'

"About eight days after the explosion, he told me that he knew the man who made bombs, and that the man was going to leave the city. This man, he also said, had changed his clothes, and he (Mende) had got the clothes from a man named Sisterer, who lived on Sixteenth Street. I then asked him the name of the man who made the bombs, and he said it was Louis Lingg."

Mrs. Sauer next related her grievances against her brother.

"This brute," she began, "not being satisfied with having all the neighbors afraid of him, had to torment the life out of me, telling me that he belonged to those fellows who would kill, give no quarter and take none. In a fight the result would be victory or death. He would tell me that as soon as they had established their government the children of the capitalists would he hunted up and killed, and every trace of a capitalist wiped off the face of the earth. My brother reads all kinds of Anarchist books and papers. I saw him have a big revolver and a lot of cartridges, and he said:

"'We are going to kill all the police now in a few days. They all must be killed. They stand in our way. We cannot get our rights so long as we let those bloodhounds live. So we have decided to kill them all. We are ready now, and you will not see any more of those fellows hanging around the corners.'

"He also said that the Fire Department was a well-organized body, and they, too, must be destroyed.

"'Before the battle commences,' he said, 'we are going to fix the bridges with dynamite, so that, in case the Fire Department should come to the relief of the police or go to work to extinguish the fires that we start, we will blow the bridges, firemen, horses and all to h—l.'

"He further stated that the city would be set on fire in all parts, so that the police and firemen would be obliged to stay in their own neighborhoods,

and it would be impossible for any large bodies of them to get together in one place. Then, when everything was in confusion, they had places selected where they would meet in a body and come into the center of the city, where they would rob and plunder every jewelry store and bank, and places where they could get the most valuable things they wanted.

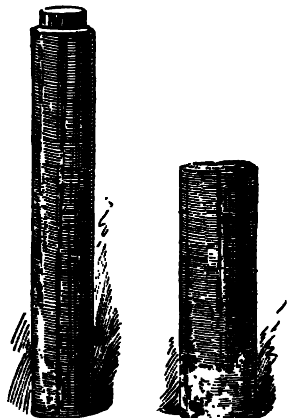
"'We have,' he said, 'all these places picked out already. We have on hand all the dynamite we want, and when we make a start we will have our tools and materials with us.'

"A few days after the 4th of May, my brother also said that it was too bad that their committee had become split up during the charge of the police at the Haymarket. They failed to get together again, and the men on the outside were expecting every second to receive orders from that committee to commence setting fires and killing people. He stated that on that night he was at the Hinman Street Station, and that it was surrounded by seventy-five men, fifty of them having rifles and the balance large revolvers and dynamite bombs. They waited in an alley for orders. Everything, he said, was complete; every man had his place and knew what work he had to perform. They only needed the signal from the committee. The plan was that, as soon as they had received their orders, some of them should get near the windows of the station and throw in bombs among the policemen. Then others were to be ready with their revolvers and shoot down any officer who had not been killed by the explosion and who attempted to save himself by jumping out through the window. The fifty men with rifles were to have placed themselves in front of the station, and as soon as the officers made an attempt to march out, they should kill them in the hallway before they could get outside. 'But,' said he, 'the officers at this station will be killed yet, because they have interfered with us and injured the success of the strikers.'

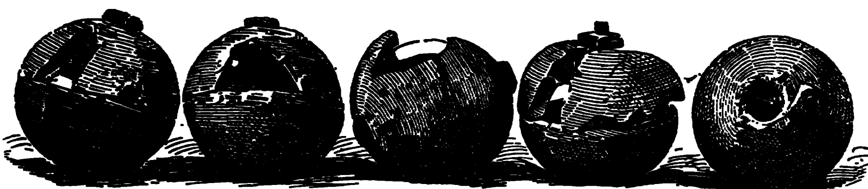
"He spoke also about their going to barricade themselves in churches if they got whipped, until they had secured help. He said that they had a lot of bombs buried near the city, and they were there still for future use. 'They will not spoil,' he said. My brother further told me one night that he had to run home or he would have been arrested. I saw him come home, and he looked very much excited. He went into the back yard — just like the coward — and remained there for some time. Later he told me that a lot of them went together to blow up a freight-house with dynamite bombs. This freight-house is on the corner of Meagher and Jefferson Streets. He said that he had the place picked out, and everything was ready. Then one of their number, who stood guard, gave the signal to run, and they all ran away. They had a meeting-place appointed in case they should be disturbed, and there they met afterwards. They decided to renew the attack, but finally, at the suggestion of a man named Sisterer, that they postpone it till another night, they all went home. On his way



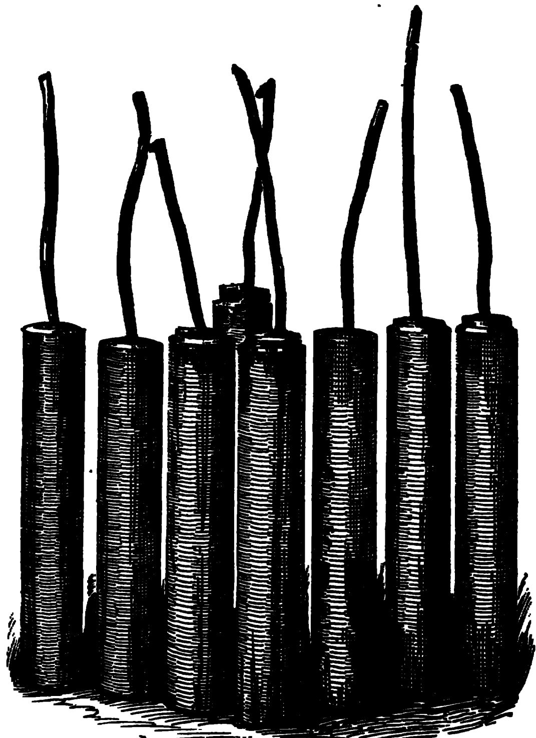
1. Incendiary Bomb, with powder flask detached.



2. Gas-Pipe Bombs, without cap or fuse, but loaded with dynamite. Found in Lingg's room.



3. Bombs used in evidence, after analysis by chemists.



4. Gas-Pipe Bombs, with fuse and caps, secreted by Julius Oppenheimer under a dancing-platform.

ANARCHIST AMMUNITION—I. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

home my brother thought that some detective was following him. He became frightened and started on the run, and ran until he arrived home safely."

When a sister would tell such a story, fully corroborated by others, of a brother, it can easily be seen that he must have been a desperate man. It must be borne in mind that about the time Mrs. Sauer notified me of her brother's acts the city was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement over the foul murder at the Haymarket, and there was a general sentiment that all the conspirators identified with that plot ought to hang. It required, therefore, no little courage on the part of a sister to give up her own brother to take his chances on the charges made.

Mende must have reached a very low, or rather a very high standing among the bloodthirsty bandits, and the revelations concerning him showed that he was not only capable of tormenting a poor woman by his savage threats, but willing and anxious to distinguish himself in any wild carnival of riot, bloodshed and incendiarism. He was a man the police wanted, and he was accordingly arrested by Officers Whalen and Loewenstein on the 7th of June. At the station he gave his age as twenty-nine years, and his occupation as that of a carpenter. He was tall, well-built, wore a heavy beard and weighed about 160 pounds. His appearance did not belie the statements made about him, and subsequent inquiries showed that he was all his sister had represented him to be. What he had told his sister about the arrangements around the Hinman Street Station was found to be strictly true, and the details about the riot at the Haymarket and the signal to the armed men in the outlying sections of the city were borne out by the statements of other Anarchists.

While on his way to the station, Mende seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. It came out, however, that much of his stoical air had been inspired by statements previously communicated to him by his Anarchist associates. The attorneys of the Anarchists, Messrs. Salomon & Zeisler, had advised the order that in case of arrest the distressed brother should seek to notify some friend they might meet while being taken through the streets to the station, and then, the information being brought to them, they would at once secure a release on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Mende acted on this advice. He knew probably, like the rest, that, once locked up, his chances for communicating with his friends for a day or two would be exceedingly doubtful, and so, while he was being marched through the streets, he encountered a friend and told him his name; and that friend immediately rushed to the office of the attorneys and gave the name of the prisoner and the station to which he was being taken.

Mende had scarcely been locked up when the counsel came to the Chicago Avenue Station and demanded to see the prisoner. They were refused. On the next day they applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* and

wanted the prisoner brought into court. The object of this was to put me on the stand in the case, and, by various questions, to obtain such information as the State might possess with reference to the Anarchists. I was not to be caught in such a trap, and State's Attorney Grinnell decided to release the prisoner, have him indicted and subsequently re-arrested.

During the short time Mende was at the station he was plied with questions, but he answered them all with denials. He said that he had never spoken to his sister about Anarchy and had never belonged to any organization. Under cross-fire, however, he admitted that he had attended the meetings and owned a big revolver. The revolver, he said, he had sold to one Peter Mann about the 1st of June. After his experience at the station he was, as might have been expected, at war with his relatives, but he kept away from meetings.

POLIKARP SISTERER, a German Pole, was an associate of Mende, but, unlike that rapscallion, he was not violent or demonstrative. Having a family may have done much toward tempering his disposition, but still he was an Anarchist in the full sense of the word. He was a quiet, deep-plotting fellow, and perhaps on that account might be regarded as really a more dangerous man. He was a sober man, not given to beer-drinking and wine-guzzling like Mende; and, like Cassius of old, had a "lean and hungry look," bringing him within that class concerning whom the injunction "Beware" might well be heeded in any special crisis. He was arrested on the 8th of June by Officers Whalen and Loewenstein and taken to the station. On the way thither he, like Mende, communicated his troubles to friends on the street, and was subsequently released under the same conditions. At the station he gave his age as thirty-one years, his occupation as that of a carpenter, and his residence as No. 85 West Sixteenth Street. He belonged, like Mende, to the Carpenters' Union, which met at Zepf's Hall, and took an active part in all Anarchistic movements. He was at first exceedingly non-communicative to the police, and insisted, whenever he did speak, that he had no secrets to divulge. He was shown to the "cooler" down stairs, and the next day he was in a talkative mood. He willingly took all the officers into his confidence and talked unreservedly. He said:

"I belong to the Carpenters' Union, and Louis Lingg belongs to the same organization. I have known Lingg for about eight months. We were good friends, and, after the meetings of the union were over, Lingg and I often went home together. I got acquainted with him at those meetings. Lingg was a good worker for the carpenters, and they all like him for the interest he displayed in their behalf. I saw him at our union meeting on Monday evening about eight o'clock in Zepf's Hall. He made a speech there and called all of us to arms and to be ready. He said that the police were ready to club us and would only protect the capitalists and work only in the interests of the capitalists. 'You can see for yourselves,' Lingg said

'how the police acted at the McCormick factory; they clubbed our people, they killed six of our brothers, and now we will fight them and take revenge.' He worked us all up, and every one was highly excited. He said that everything was ready and if we would only stick together we would win a certain victory. I saw at this meeting Hageman, Poch, Mende, Lehman, Louis Rentz and Kaiser. Rau and Niendorf were there and distributed the revenge circulars. That day—Monday—was a very exciting one among the Anarchists, and it would not have taken much to have started very serious trouble. Crowds of excited people were on Lake Street, from Union Street to the river, on that afternoon, and all were in bad temper. I attended the meeting on the afternoon of May 3d, at about three o'clock, at No. 71 West Lake Street, at Florus' Hall. I never was at any meeting held at No. 54 West Lake Street, at Greif's Hall, but I heard from others as to what had been done there. I saw Lingg again on the 5th of May, at Florus' Hall. I spoke to him, but he had very little to say. He looked downhearted. While I was there he disappeared, and I never saw him again."

"Did you not give him money and clothes to get out of the city?" I asked.

"Well, no one can prove that. If you think I did, you had better find your witness."

"Do you mean to say that you did not help Lingg?"

Sisterer hung his head and would vouchsafe no answer.

He was released, as I have already stated, but since this episode in his career, he has taken the lesson to heart and appears to be determined to keep away from uncanny places on moonless nights.

AUGUST KRUEGER, *alias* "Little Krueger," was a different sort of a man from the rest of his chosen brotherhood. He was quite an intelligent fellow, well educated, with genteel manners, well chosen language and rather natty dress. He was a draftsman by occupation, and he was highly skilled. He was, with all his bloodthirsty professions, a very clever fellow, and became quite popular with his low-browed associates. He belonged to the Northwest Side company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and took great interest in the drills. His ideas, however, were somewhat different from those of the other Anarchists. He did not believe in riots, but thought a revolution should be brought about by a general uprising of the people. In the old country, he had been a Socialist, but had been obliged to leave some seven years before the time of the Haymarket riot. Arriving here, he identified himself with the Anarchists, and, taking a deep interest in all movements directed against capitalists, he soon became highly esteemed by Spies and others. He was at the Haymarket meeting, having come in the company of Schnaubelt, the bomb-thrower, and claimed that he also left the meeting in his company. While not in perfect accord with his associates on isolated riots, and while he did not sanction such methods to hurt people, Krueger still entered into their plans and worked hard for their

cause, and when Spies and others had been condemned to die he originated a plot to release them from the jail, which, however, failing to secure members enough to carry it out, he finally abandoned.

After the Haymarket riot, Krueger was continually watched by the detectives, and on the 13th of June he was arrested. He was found at the Terra Cotta Works, on Clybourn and Wrightwood Avenues, and brought to the Chicago Avenue Station. Here he showed that he had considerable grit. He was the kind of man who would risk his life for a good chance in a general revolution, and, although he characterized some of the Anarchists as fools, he stubbornly refused to testify against them. He was kept for two hours under a steady fusillade of questions by Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann, but he held out doggedly under the heavy fire. He could not be made to inform. He was subsequently released by order of the State's Attorney. He was, when last heard of, still working for Messrs. Parkhurst & Co., the proprietors of the works, and appears to be well liked by them. In spite of his warning, he still adheres to his old ideas.



A GROUP OF THE LEHR UND WEHR VEREIN.
From a Photograph.
The figure on the extreme right is that of "Little Krueger."

His answers to the questions asked him were as follows:

"I am twenty-one years of age. I came from Germany seven years ago. I reside at No. 72 Kenion Street, near Paulina. I was a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein a year and a half. I know Breitenfeld. He is the commander of the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I am orderly sergeant and secretary of that company. Schrade was captain. I heard of the letter 'Y' about the first of April. We had a different signal. It was '? ? ?.' This signal invited the armed organizations. I cannot say who originated the signal. The signal was then changed to 'Y.' We always met up-stairs under this signal 'Y,' except the last two meetings. I saw that letter last on Sunday preceding the riot. I went to that meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street (May 3) alone. I got to the meeting about 8:30 o'clock. I went into the saloon and then went down stairs. There were then only a few people present. Seeing that the meeting had not started, I went up

stairs again. Breitenfeld had charge of the door. I was not asked to show my card, but I had it with me. It was a red card — No. 8. That is my number. We all go by numbers. I went down stairs again for a second time about a quarter to nine o'clock."

A picture being shown him of Schnaubelt, he said:

"I might have seen him. On Tuesday night, May 4, I was at Engel's house from nine o'clock to eleven o'clock. At the meeting I know that Fischer volunteered to have circulars printed for the Haymarket meeting. I am in favor of a complete revolution — that is, when a majority of the people are in favor of it. I am an Anarchist, and will remain one as long as I live. My father was one, and he was warden of a penitentiary in the old country. I had to leave there because I was an Anarchist. I am opposed to all single attacks, like that at the Haymarket. I am in favor, also, of peaceable agitation. I could say more about others, but they are in trouble enough now. I don't want to be put down as a 'squealer.' I hope you will not insist on my becoming one, as I will not."

Emil Niendorf, a German, was arrested on the 14th of June, by Officers Schuettler and Stift, and brought to the station. He had scarcely entered the place when he demanded to see me at once. On being brought into the office, he was asked what he wanted to say.

"Well," opened up Niendorf, "I don't want to be locked up here six weeks. Neither do I want you folks to believe that I am a stubborn man. I want to talk. I want to tell you who I am, what I have done, and I don't want to be looked upon as a murderer. I am an eight-hour man. I want to get eight hours in a peaceable way. I do not want to kill people. I have no use for those rattle-heads."

Niendorf was informed that all the officers connected with the station were too busy to attend to his case then, and that he would have to remain until the next day, when he would have an opportunity to tell all his troubles. He was locked up, but during the night, it appears, some prisoner or some one from the outside "put a flea in his ear," telling him not to open his mouth, to be a brave man, and he would come out all right. The next morning at ten o'clock he was brought into my office, but he was not at all communicative. He sat down and said nothing.

"Well, Niendorf, how do you feel?" asked Mr. Furthmann. "How did you sleep?"

Not an answer.

"Are you sick?" interestedly inquired Furthmann.

No answer.

"Did any one insult you or hurt you?" continued Furthmann.

Still no response.

"Who has changed your mind since you were here?" I inquired.

Not a syllable of reply.

"See here," said I, "you cannot make us feel bad. I will give you just two minutes by the watch to get over your lockjaw."

This aroused Niendorf, and, looking around at all the officers present, he said:

"Gentlemen, I have been warned not to speak. I did not see the party, but some one called out my name and asked if I had been to the office yet. I answered no. The voice then said: 'When you go there, don't open your mouth, be motionless, and they will soon fire you out. Don't forget.'"

"That is just what I expected," I remarked. "Now you can do as you please — talk or not talk. That party is not a friend of yours, and he wants to see you go to jail. Officer, take him down stairs."

"Are you not going to let me speak?" nervously inquired the prisoner.

"How long will it take you to find your speech?" exclaimed Furthmann.

"Have I got to swear to what I tell you?"

"Yes; you will have to do that whenever we send for you, and you must not leave the city without permission," said I.

Niendorf then gave a statement of his knowledge of Anarchy. He appeared very ignorant, but, when spoken to, he showed that he was quite intelligent. He was twenty-six years of age, lived at No. 29 Croker Street, and, with fiery red hair, was a rather homely-looking man.

He was released, and after his departure the officers determined to ascertain whether it was an "Anarchist ghost" or a man in flesh and bones that had hovered about the station warning Niendorf not to squeal. A close watch was accordingly put in the cell department to fathom the mystery. About ten o'clock that night a young fellow called at the station for a night's lodging. He was told to sit down and wait. He did so, and his wish was reported to me. Officer Loewenstein was sent back to look him over, and that officer presently returned and reported that the man did not look like a tramp. He looked more like an Israelite who had means, and the fellow was at once called into the office. There the officers unbuttoned his coat and discovered a clean young fellow, with a nice suit of clothes and a gold watch and chain.

"What is your name?" I asked sternly. "And don't forget to give it right."

"Oh, please,—I—I did not mean anything bad."

"Are you not baptized; have you no name? Officer, look him up until I find a name for him."

"Let me go, and I will never come here again."

"Who sent you here?" I demanded.

"I cannot tell—do let me go. I will never, I promise you, come back again."

"I don't think you will. When you leave here you will go through the 'sewer.'"

With exclamations of great grief and remorse, he looked appealingly to

all the officers in the room, and, recognizing Officer Loewenstein as one of his race, he fell on his knees and begged the officer not to have him put through the "sewer."

"Were you not here last night?" asked the Captain.

"No, sir; it was another fellow."

The turnkey of the station was sent for and confirmed the stranger's denial. The now thoroughly frightened young man was then asked as to who the lodger of the night before was, but all he knew was that he himself had been hired by an unknown man that evening for one dollar to come and seek lodgings at the station to warn Anarchists. When the stranger had measurably recovered from his trepidation, he gave his name as Moses Wulf, and, his information being of no value, he was released with a severe lecture.

Niendorf's statement ran as follows:

"I was at a meeting held May 3 at 8 P.M., at No. 122 West Lake Street. I was chairman. I heard some one state that the police had killed a dozen workingmen at McCormick's factory. That created a great deal of excitement for some time at the meeting. Then some one shouted: 'Better be quiet and let us attend to our own affairs.' We were only looking after the eight-hour movement. I saw the revenge circular at that meeting, which called the people to arms. Louis Lingg was present to report some meeting and some business transactions as a committeeman. William Seliger was there as recording secretary of the meeting. Rau was there, and some one said to me that he had brought the circular. A man named Soenck made a speech and advised us to use force. It was decided, on motion, that we should act in sympathy with the people at McCormick's factory. I have been a member of the North Side group for about a year. I was at a meeting at Zepf's Hall May 3, which lasted till eleven o'clock P.M. About nine o'clock a man at the back door called out that all the men who belonged to the armed sections should go to 54 West Lake Street in the basement, where a meeting was to be held, and I saw a lot of members get up and leave the hall. I know Lingg belonged to the armed section. At one time he offered me some of his dynamite bombs. I told him I did not want any of them. He told me on another occasion that I had better take some and try some of his stuff. I told him that I was afraid to handle his stuff and I did not want it. Our meeting May 3 at Zepf's Hall was known as that of the Central Labor Union. A little fellow named Lutz was financial secretary at that meeting. Rau was there only ten minutes. At a meeting held some time ago in Lake View, I was chairman. Lingg was one of the speakers, and also a man named Poch. Seliger called the meeting to order. I know Gruenwald; he is thirty-five years old, a carpenter by trade, five feet eight or nine inches tall, and has red whiskers. I heard Lingg say at several meetings that if any members wanted any of his 'chocolate,' meaning dynamite or dynamite bombs, he would supply them."

JOHANNES GRUENEBERG, a German, had the distinction conferred on him of being one of the last of the more conspicuous Anarchists to be arrested. He had been known to the police for some time, in a general way, and

inquiries about him brought out the fact that he was a prominent figure in Anarchistic circles. He knew where all the leaders lived, frequently visited them, and tramped around so often that he became quite a well-known character. Even the dogs that infested the localities through which he passed wagged their tails in cheerful recognition, and Grueneberg always had a kind word for both the brutes and his Anarchist friends. He was forty-five years of age, a married man with a family, and lived at No. 750 West Superior Street. He was a carpenter by trade. On the 17th of June he was working on a new building at No. 340 Dearborn Avenue, and, while right in the midst of an exhortation to the other workingmen on the beauties of Anarchy, he was interrupted by Officers Hoffman and Schuettler, who notified him that he was under arrest.

"That is just what I have been waiting for," he exclaimed, not in the least disconcerted. "Is it that d——d Schaack that wants to see me? I will tell that fellow who I am. I will surprise him."

"Johannes," said Schuettler, "you can save yourself all of that trouble. Schaack knows all about you. I saw your name in the book."

"Come on quick," said Johannes, "I will show you a gamy man. Whenever I leave home I always bid my wife good-by, because I have expected to be arrested at any time, and did not know when I would see her again, for I will not squeal. I knew of these squealers, and I told my wife I would kill myself first before I would squeal."

Officers and prisoner started for the station. Johannes opened up on a half run, and the officers could hardly keep up with him, so anxious did he appear. He entered the office with hair disordered and on end, and his eyes bulged out with excitement as he hurriedly surveyed some six officers who were in the office at the time.

"Which one of you fellows," he wildly asked, "is Schaack? Show him to me quick."

"Grueneberg," said I, for I recognized him at once from the descriptions I had had of the man, "what is the matter?"

"Are you Schaack?"

"Yes, I am Schaack."

"You sent for me to squeal, did you?"

He instantly pulled out a big jack-knife, and, handing it out towards me, he continued:

"Take this and cut my head off."

He twice repeated the request, and, still holding out his extended hand, said:

"I will never squeal; you can kill me first."

"I heard that you were crazy," said I, "but I never thought you were quite so bad as this. You must suffer terribly. The weather is too warm

for you. I think you had better go down stairs and have a glass of ice water."

"No," vehemently responded Johannes, "we had better settle this matter right now. I want to go out a free man, or else you will have to carry me out of here a dead man. I would thank you, however, for a glass of water, but don't put me down stairs. I have heard too much of that place already."

"Oh," said I, "it is not a bad place. Just go down and see for yourself. You will like the place; it is nice and cool."

"Please, Captain, let me sit in the next room," said Johannes, cooling down considerably, and modulating his voice to a gentler key; "I will behave myself."

His austerity of manner had completely vanished, and his ferocious mien and language had gradually disappeared. He saw in me a different man from what he had expected, and the courteous treatment accorded him had melted his heart and vanquished his anger. I granted his request and told an officer to sit with him in an adjoining room.

The moment the officer and prisoner were in the room, Johannes remarked:

"Schaack is not a bad fellow. Is he not going to stop arresting people?"

"Oh, no," said the officer, "he has a long list yet."

"Are you with him all the time?"

"I am."

"Do you hear and see all?"

"I do."

"Do the fellows all squeal?"

"Yes, every one of them. If they don't squeal right away, they squeal the first chance they get."

"I am too much of a man, and it would be very small in me to do so."

"There have been as brave men as you in this office, and every one has squealed."

"Well, when a man has a family, that cuts a big figure," said Johannes, hesitatingly.

"If you are going to talk to Captain Schaack," said the officer, reading the man's mind, "you must understand that he does not want any fooling. You either tell him all or nothing, because some one has already told on you."

This settled the matter with Grueneberg. He wanted to see me, and he was brought back into the office.

"I was a little excited," began Johannes, apologetically.

"All right," I assuringly replied; "sit down and tell on yourself first. I am going to give you a trial."

Grueneberg then went on to say:

"Well, I am an Anarchist. I always worked hard for the working people. I am proud of it. I did good as long as I could, but now it is all up. I am a member of the Northwest Side group and always attended our meetings. I never missed one.

"On Monday night, May 3, I attended a meeting at Zepf's Hall. I remained there until about 9:15 o'clock. From there I went to Greif's Hall. This was a secret meeting of the armed men. While the meeting continued all the doors were kept locked, and guards stood on the outside of each door, and also on the inside, and extra guards on the sidewalk. If any one stopped on the sidewalk, he would be told to move on. I heard Engel speak of his plan; that it was a good one. If only every one would do his work, then the matter would be a very easy one of accomplishment. He stated that the plan had been made up last Sunday at 63 Emma Street, and had already been adopted by the Lehr und Wehr Verein and the groups. All who had heard of the plan, he said, were very much in favor of it, and all understood by this time how to act. 'We are,' he continued, 'going to do this right, because all the boys look to us as the leaders, and we are going to call a meeting for to-morrow night at the Haymarket. Since all the people are excited, we will have a large crowd, and we will have things so shaped that the police will interfere. Then will be the chance to give it to them? I could notice by the acts of all present at this meeting that there was a great deal of bad blood among them against the police on account of the killing of so many people at McCormick's."

"Do you now believe that a single person was killed at McCormick's?"

"Of course I do. You killed six men."

"Not one was killed," said I, "and you ought to know that by this time."

"All I know," said Johannes, "is what August Spies said. I was a carrier of the *Anarchist*, Engel's paper. My route was on Madison Street, and on the Southwest Side," he continued, dropping the 54 West Lake Street meeting.

"And what did you think of that paper?" I inquired.

"That was the best paper we ever had."

"It was too bad," added I, "that the sweet little paper died so young. Where was it printed?"

"I don't know, because the papers were sent to my house by the Southwest Side group."

"Who else carried that paper?"

"Messerschmidt, Schneider, Schoenfeld, Geimer and Kirbach. We each carried about fifty papers at a time."

"Do you know anything more about the secret meeting at No. 54 West Lake Street, May 3d?"

"Well, I don't know all. I went out twice."

"And how did you get in every time?"

"I had a card, and I had to show that every time. That is all, and, besides, the boys all knew me."

"What do you know about Louis Lingg?"

"He is a good man. I like him. He speaks to the point."

"On dynamite," I suggested.

"Yes, and on other things."

"He only likes Anarchists," I interrupted.

"Yes, that is so."

"What do you know about the *Arbeiter-Zeitung?*"

"Well, it is a very good paper, but it is too mild."

"Do you mean to tell me that a paper which advises people to murder and kill is too mild?" I asked.

"They don't put force enough into it. They don't keep up things as they ought to. I know all who visit there. I am a friend of all the Spieses."

After being "roasted" for three hours, Johannes was permitted to go back to his work, and he left under the impression that, after all, he had not said anything criminally implicating any of his comrades. He was not asked to report when wanted, as he was too noisy a fellow to have around the station, and the officers were as well pleased to see him go as they had been pleased to arrest him. He inaugurated no reform on his release. On the contrary, he was again as rabid as ever and ran around night and day trying to gather a mob to go to the jail and liberate the Anarchists. He made no secret of his work. He loved the red flag, he said, and he would die for it if necessary. One night he came to me in company with two other fellows and demanded the return of a large red flag which at one time belonged to International Carpenters' Union No. 1. This flag had been taken by the police with many others some time before. Grueneberg said that he had marched behind it many times and he was proud of it. He wanted to see the "dear old flag" once more and secure possession of it. I had the flag at the station, but, knowing that Anarchists had an "undying love" for Inspector Bonfield, I remarked:

"If you want the flag, all you have to do is to see the Inspector, and I am quite sure he will give it to you."

An expression of intense disgust came over the faces of the three Anarchists, and Grueneberg excitedly exclaimed:

"Bonfield! Bonfield! Ah, the d——d black Bonfield! I see *him?* Oh, no! he is not gentleman enough for me to see."

"Bonfield is a very clever fellow," said I; "he likes such men as you."

"Oh, yes; he would like my head in a bag. Good night, Mr. Schaack; I don't want the flag."

Grueneberg belonged at this time to Carpenters' Union No. 241, and, on account of his peculiar and ridiculous actions, the members gradually grew suspicious of him and finally believed that he was a paid spy in the employ of some detective agency. They harbored their mistrust for a time, and then accused him of being a traitor. He demanded that charges be pre-

ferred against him, and it was done. Grueneberg failing to answer these charges, he was expelled from the union. A few weeks thereafter he reformed, and one day, meeting me, he said:

"I am done with these people. They are all cranks. No person can do enough for them. I worked with them night and day. They put me on all the committees. I had to do all the running, and for all my trouble and as a reward they call me a spy. I am working steady now and they can all go to the d——l. I am only sorry for my poor children—the way they suffered while I was giving my time to Anarchy. I have now worked four weeks and made full time. This I have not done before for the last two years."

About two months after the above incident, Grueneberg and his family passed the Desplaines Street Station. Meeting me, Grueneberg spoke up, saying:

"Well, Captain, what do you think of my family now?"

"I must give you a great deal of credit," said I pleasantly. "You are all looking remarkably well. A man that has gone as far as you in Anarchy deserves credit for such a great change, and if all the rest were kicked out of their unions, I think it would be a blessing to their poor wives and children."

After bidding me good-by, Grueneberg and his family walked away proud and happy in their new condition, and I went to my office and drew this moral from the example of reform I had just seen: Here was a man who had belonged to the Anarchists for three or four years, and had been at one time one of the "rankest" kind. For two years his family had suffered want, and now, after having left the desperate band for two months only, his wife and children were once more made happy. Anarchy keeps men in poverty and families in trouble, distress and suffering.

Grueneberg up to the present time has kept away from his former associates, and his change appears permanent and sincere.

Otto Baum was one of the desperate Anarchists who made the air blue with imprecations against capital. He would have been gathered in with the others had it not been for his special care to keep out of the reach of the police. He lived at No. 137 Cleveland Avenue, was married and had three children, and, when he worked, which he rarely did, it was at the carpenter's trade. He was a strong, robust man, nearly six feet high, and with black hair, full, black beard, and piercing black eyes, he presented a rather vicious appearance. When he first came to Chicago, some four years preceding the Haymarket meeting, he joined the Socialists, and he soon became a full-fledged Anarchist. He belonged to the notorious International Carpenters' Union No. 1. This union had then a thousand members, and Baum's number was 100. About two years ago the union changed its number to 241, and a worse set of Anarchists could not be found in the United States than the members of this organization just before the 4th of May, 1886. They were

provided with all kinds of arms — revolvers, daggers, rifles, dynamite and fire-cans. Lingg was one of the leading spirits in this revolutionary gang. After the Haymarket explosion, when the police took up a hot pursuit of the conspirators, Baum changed his residence with his family and carefully kept off the streets during the daytime. On the conclusion of the trial of the leading conspirators, he became emboldened over the immunity he had enjoyed from arrest, and crawled out of his hole, like a coon does in the spring-time.

So great was Baum's interest in Anarchy that he wholly neglected his family. He never troubled himself about wife or children, but hung around saloons guzzling beer and breathing vengeance against the police and society. He went lower and lower from day to day, and frequently reeled home in a drunken stupor, only to abuse his family. About a year and a half ago, when his last child was born, his neglect had left not a mouthful in the house, and, had it not been for the kindly assistance of friends and neighbors, the family would have been in a most deplorable condition. When the child was a week old, the wife, poor and sickly as she was, had to leave the house and seek work to supply the family with the necessaries of life. With food thus obtained, almost at the sacrifice of the poor woman's life, the burly brute of a husband was always first at the table, and eagerly devoured what she had provided. Did he seek to obtain employment? Not at all. He preferred loafing and talking about Anarchy. The poor wife's uncomplaining toil he rewarded with abuse and cruelty, calling her the vilest of names, and even kicking her about as if she were made of rubber. She was a delicate, sickly woman, but she bore his fiendish treatment, hoping that a change would come over him after the law had made an example of other Anarchists. But the change did not come, and finally she determined to seek the protection of the courts. Accordingly she went to the Chicago Avenue Police Court on the 6th of February, 1888, with her infant in her arms, and swore out a warrant against her husband.

The lazy giant was at once arrested, and on the next morning the poor woman appeared to testify against him. Being unable to speak English, an interpreter was called, and during the recital of her grievances and the many indignities imposed upon her by her liege lord, the court-room was as quiet almost as a death-chamber. All eagerly listened to her troubles, and, her statements being given in such a simple, convincing manner, many eyes were moist with tears. Justice Kersten, who presides over this court, has no regard for wife-beaters, and he promptly fined Baum $50.

"That," said he, in an emphatic manner, "will keep you locked up for one hundred and three days."

The brute was then locked up where so many of his former associates had been incarcerated two years previously, and in the afternoon he was sent to the House of Correction by Bailiff Scanlan.

During this episode it came out that Baum had been quite active in Anarchist circles, and at the time the Anarchists were confined in the County Jail he was engaged in an attempt to gather a mob to effect their liberation. One night he went about saying that he was determined to kill somebody before the next morning. The more he talked, the more frenzied he became, and with his frenzy grew his thirst for liquor, the need of which he felt to get up his courage to the required pitch. A few hours afterwards he was found in the yard fronting his house, asleep and "dead drunk." The only courage he ever displayed was in lording it over his



THE WIFE-BEATER'S TRIAL.

wife and beating her almost to death. He was a type of a very large class of Anarchists. He would call the better class of people tyrants, because they did not fill his pockets with plenty of money so that he could get drunk as often as he desired, but in his own household he was the meanest of tyrants.

Had Mrs. Baum been a little shrewder, she would not have had to endure his brutalities as long as she did. There are many other wives of Anarchists who are ill-treated by their husbands, but some of these managed to bring their lords to their senses by a neat ruse. While the investigations into the deeds of the Anarchists were going on the bandits

would almost crawl into a sewer to get out of the way of the police, and, noticing the timely fright that overcame the "reds" whenever an officer or detective appeared in their midst, many shrewd wives quieted wrathful husbands by threatening to go out and see me. This ruse, I learn, was often resorted to to avert a beating from a drunken Anarchist.

GUSTAV POCH was a conspicuous figure in Anarchist plots, and never tired of working for the cause. But Anarchists are an anxious, jealous and thankless lot of people, and because Gustav was achieving a little more prominence than some of his immediate associates, they found fault with him and sought to degrade him. They might have secretly given him away to the police, and thus got him out of the way of their own advancement, but a fear for their own safety prevented such a course, and so they began calling him hard names. But I shall let Gustav state his own grievance. Here is a letter he wrote to his union:

CHICAGO, September 10, 1884.

At a meeting held on the 3rd of September, instant, of Branch No. 2, of Union No. 21, Carpenters and Joiners, the Secretary read a letter in which I, the undersigned, was insulted in a shameful manner. In this letter they called me a swindler simply for the purpose of breaking up the Union, and at the end of the letter they stated that I would be expelled from the Union on account of it. The letter was signed by Fr. Ebert and Dom. All these insults and injuries to my reputation I can't let pass. My honor, my reputation and my future prosperity are damaged and at stake. I would, therefore, move that an investigation be made into the matter and that the instigators of the complaint be punished. What was their motive? For the last few weeks complaints have been made against me by the Secretary to the effect that I, as Acting Secretary, had made false entries on the books. As he could not exonerate himself in the eyes of my brothers, he drew up the letter, which was published at the meeting of September 3rd, and which was signed by Fritz Ebert and Dom, to put me in a bad light before the Union. The evidence: Fritz Ebert told me in the presence of John Zwirlein that the main object out of which this accusation originated was the following: I was selected by President Blair on the 3rd of May to the Main Committee in place of Brother Eppinger, who could not serve on account of having too much other work while the strike lasted. After that I held this position nineteen days. I got paid for twelve days, and they withheld seven days from me and said I was discharged from the Main Committee. Is there anything to show that I was expelled? Of course I put in my claim for $21 in writing, and no one ever told me what became of this claim. I was the only German-speaking representative on the Strike Committee, and I had to do more labor than any one else. Any one who participated in the strike during the last seven days can confirm this assertion. Now, how can Mr. Printer put up such a letter and show me up as a swindler?

In consequence of the insults inflicted on me, I beg for an investigation and for his punishment according to the rules and regulations of the Brotherhood.

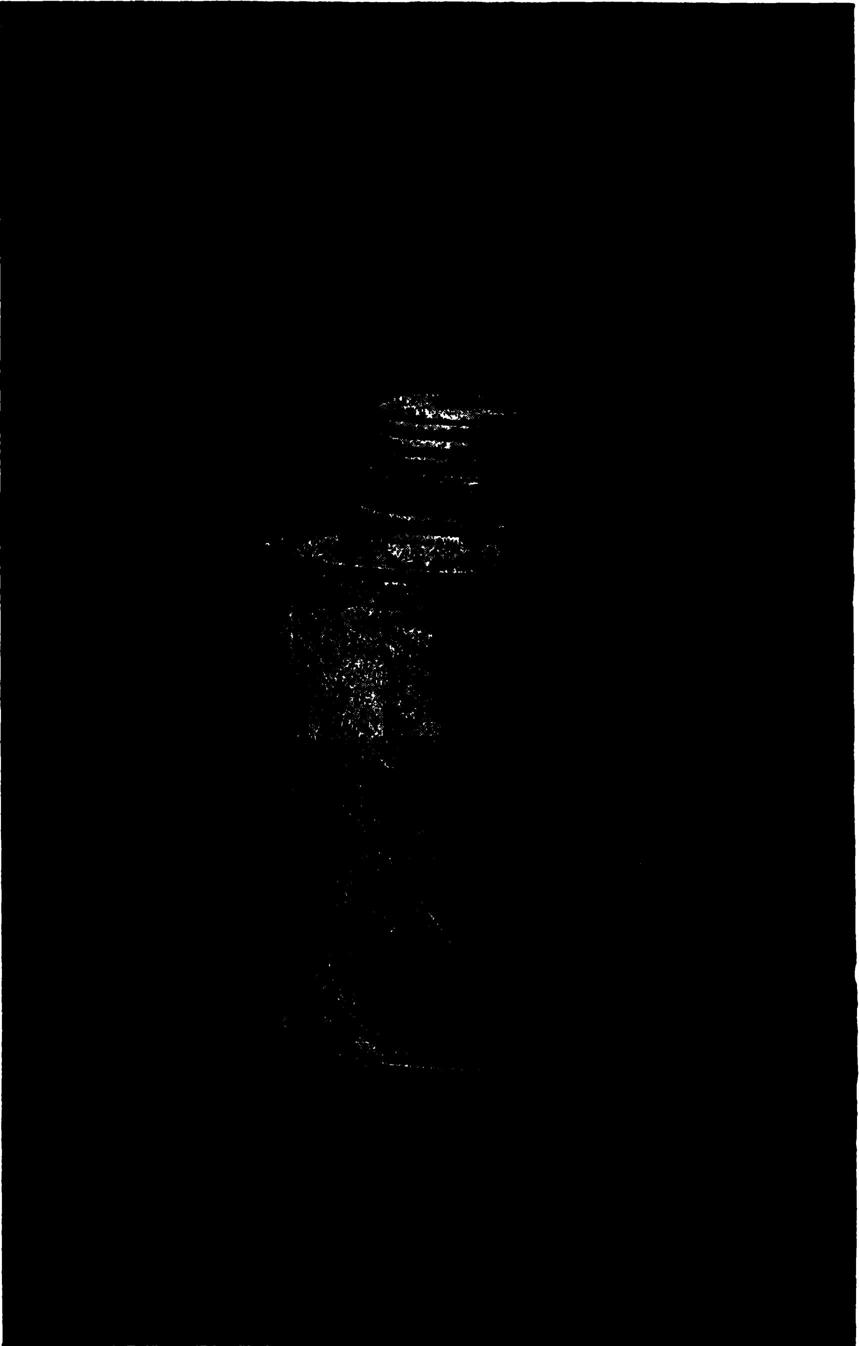
GUSTAV POCH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Plot against the Police — Anarchist Banners and Emblems — Stealing a Captured Flag — A Mystery at a Station-house — Finding the Fire-cans — Their Construction and Use — Imitating the Parisian Petroleuses — Glass Bombs — Putting the Women Forward — Cans and Bombs Still Hidden Among the Bohemians — Testing the Infernal Machines — The Effects of Anarchy — The Moral to be Drawn — Looking for Labor Sympathy — A Crazy Scheme — Gatling Gun *vs.* Dynamite — The Threatened Attack on the Station-houses — Watching the Third Window — Selecting a Weapon — Planning Murder — The Test of Would-be Assassins — The Meeting at Lincoln Park — Peril of the Hinman Street Station-house — A Fortunate Escape.

IN the numerous arrests and raids made, the police became thoroughly acquainted with the most notorious Anarchists in the city, the ins and outs of their resorts, and even the interior arrangement of their dwelling-places. Not only were suspects arrested, but search was made for contraband articles. A varied collection of arms, bombs, etc., and a large assortment of red bunting thus found their way to the Chicago Avenue Station. In all the public demonstrations made by the Anarchists in the city they had carried many flags, banners and transparencies as emblems of defiance, and whenever such were found they were carefully taken in charge. When the investigations were concluded, the inner room of my private office was well filled with a most curious display of these time-worn and weather-beaten ensigns, and the collection is very interesting as a reminder of a critical period in the history of Chicago. There are flags of a very primitive and cheap description, and flags more or less elaborate and expensive. They varied in size and differed in the degree of their crimson colors. Those belonging to groups were large and plain, showing frequent handling by dirt-begrimed hands, and were mounted on plain pine staffs. Those carried by the Lehr und Wehr Verein were of finer texture and larger in size, its principal standard, of silk, being a present from the female revolutionists and gorgeous in the amplitude of its folds. This silken standard was the pride and joy of the whole fraternity, and at one time it served to relieve the motley collection with its bright vermilion, but in some unaccountable manner it disappeared one day from a West Side police station. The reds had evidently set their hearts on recapturing it, and by some sort of legerdemain they succeeded. Who it was that accomplished the deed has never been disclosed, and in whose custody it is now is a profound secret, carefully kept by the Anarchists.

The men who were always relied upon to carry these flags in the processions of the reds were Ernst Hubner, Appelman, Paul Otto, Stohlbaum, W. Hageman, Seliger, Lutz, Gustav Lehman, Paul Lehman, and Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Holmes and some other women, and possibly some of these



AN INCENDIARY CAN.—From a Photograph.

This is a tin can filled with petroleum, and provided with a small powder flask, secured in the center by means of a screw-top, which also serves to hold the fuse in position. Numbers of these cans were found. They were intended for setting fire to buildings and other property.

may know something of the mysterious disappearance of the Anarchists' chief standard.

During the searches by the department for other suspicious and inflammatory articles, several fire-cans were found in the northwest part of the city, on the 3d of June, by Officer Whalen. In exterior appearance these looked very harmless, but an examination of their contents showed them capable of doing a great deal of mischief. They each had a capacity of a quart, and were made of medium heavy tin, with a round hole in the center of the top, about an inch in diameter. This opening was provided with a threaded neck of tin about an inch high, with a cover to fit. Underneath the cover was a sort of clasp, into which fitted the neck of a small vial, and through the cover a small hole was bored, for the admission of a fuse into the vial. When ready for use the can would be filled with an explosive or with coal-oil, and the flask would contain powder. All that then remained would be to light the fuse, throw the can either into a lumber-yard or under the stairway of some residence or business block, and no one would know the perpetrator of a possibly disastrous fire. The cans found by Officer Whalen were loaded and had evidently been intended for use on the night of May 4. Fortunately the owner must have become frightened and hid them to escape arrest.

The suggestion for the manufacture of these cans came from across the water. A short time preceding May 4, at a meeting held in Thalia Hall, a few Frenchmen and several Germans, who had passed through the reign of the Commune in Paris in 1871, gave a general idea of the important part such cans had played in that city and added that women at that time did as good work with them as the men. Such fire-cans, together with glass balls filled with nitro-glycerine, were carried in baskets, and if the reds wanted to destroy a building they would throw a can through the window, or if they desired to annihilate a guard of soldiers they would hurl into their midst one of the glass balls, which would explode by concussion and tear the men to pieces.

These missiles had created great havoc in Paris, and the members of the Thalia Hall gathering were urged to adopt them for use in Chicago. At that time there were enough desperate Anarchists in the city to have used all that could have been manufactured, but some of the men at the meeting insisted that the women should be asked to assist in disposing of them to the destruction of the town. One big, loud-mouthed fellow, evidently a coward, shouted:

"My wife will do that. She is an Anarchist as good as any one of us."

No doubt she was an Anarchist, as the city had a great many of these poor, deluded creatures at the time, who were willing to do almost anything their husbands might ask, but many of whom have since had occasion

to feel the poverty into which they were finally forced by men who neglected work, family and all for the sake of talking revolution.

Many of these men were just cowardly enough to thrust their wives forward where danger lurked, and while they themselves enjoyed the safety of a groggery, they would have been pleased, "for principle's sake," to see their poor helpmeets go around and set fire to houses and other property, so that the dauntless husbands could brag of the brave achievements of "the family."

The meeting in question must have set the Anarchists to thinking; and it is a matter of record that Parsons had fallen into the same idea when he addressed a secret meeting on the North Side, to which I shall subsequently refer. It is certain that many of these fire-cans were manufactured.

Besides the petroleum-cans discovered by Officer Whalen, a lot of the same kind were taken out of the city by way of West Lake Street on May 7, when the Anarchists were hurrying their ammunition out of town to prevent detection. According to the statements of some reformed reds, there are a great many of these cans and bombs still concealed in the Bohemian settlement in the southwest part of the city.

On the 8th of June, 1886, I decided to have the cans tested, and for this purpose detailed Officers Rehm and Coughlin. The latter had at one time been a miner, and was therefore experienced in the use of explosives. The two officers took one of the cans to the lake shore. The can was placed on a plot of grass and the fuse lighted. In eight seconds an explosion followed. The grass burned within a circumference of five feet. The flame extended four feet in height and continued for about three minutes. The officers gave it as their opinion that any one of the cans was sufficient to set a building on fire.

What a blessing it was for our citizens that this devilish invention did not spread its destructive work before May 4, 1886.

As stated at the outset, the police were brought, in all these raids, into close acquaintanceship with the malcontents, and often came in close contact with their families. Some of the sights they saw were shocking in the extreme, and they had many opportunities to sound the depths of misery and want entailed upon families by husbands gone daft on Anarchy. The tales of woe and domestic infelicity poured into their ears would fill many pages, but the general tenor of all can be judged by what has been revealed in the statements given in the preceding chapters.

Anarchy may look extremely inviting when depicted by a plausible speaker, but its practical side is strikingly brought out in the home life of its devotees. Any one visiting the homes of Anarchists, and carefully contrasting the surroundings with those of true laboring men not affected by the taint of revolution, would give Anarchy a wide berth. But unfortunately men get their brains turned over sophistical arguments against

capital and madly rush to ruin without thinking of consequences until it is too late. Read the reports made to me at the time, and they all tell the same story of want and degradation.

There always has been and always will be a fascination about any scheme that promises ease without labor. So long as men can be found with impressionable minds that can be swayed by demagogues into a belief that Anarchy has in it the elements of comfort, splendor and luxury with very little toil, so long, no doubt, will dupes be found ready to sacrifice energy, thrift and independence for the life-degrading scarlet banner. But such ease can never be attained through blood in the United States. That fact has been established in Chicago, and the precedent ought to serve as a terrible warning to all malcontents. If the abject want of those who constitute the bulk of the revolutionists, whose very squalor has been the result of their zeal for Anarchy, is not sufficient to deter men from becoming Anarchists, the fate of the eight conspirators who were brought to trial in Chicago ought at least to prevent men from plotting murder, incendiarism and pillage.



HENRY SPIES
From a Photograph.

With the tremendous odds against them, it is surprising that men could be found willing to take up arms for the destruction of life and property, and the action of the reds in Chicago can be explained only on the theory that they felt they had only to strike one severe blow to bring thousands of secret sympathizers into line, and cause capitalists to humble themselves in the dust before the Social Revolution. This theory is borne out by the statements of the many repentant Anarchists who came under the displeasure of the police. In their excited gatherings they had each propped up the hopes and spirits of the others, and all reason was sunk in the one frenzied, consuming desire to wreak vengeance upon those who had accumulated more wealth than themselves. They were bent on wresting away the wealth of others, and no mercy was to be shown to those who stood between them and that end.

The police, as protectors of wealth in property and property in wealth, were the immediate objects of their enmity and wrath, and throughout the Anarchistic conspiracy, as has been shown by the disclosures made, we were to receive their first and special attention before the grand onslaught

upon capitalists. Crazed by their speakers and dazed with the glittering prospect held out to them, the human fiends proposed to exterminate us with dynamite and then vanquish the rich and abolish all forms of property.

Could anything be more absurd? And yet that is what they sought to accomplish on the eventful night of May 4th.

It would seem that the scheme to blow up the police stations could only originate in a lunatic asylum, but the confessions of those arrested show that men with apparently sound minds — minds at least sane enough to keep them out of such institutions — actually contemplated it and had made all the necessary arrangements to execute the plot. Strange must have been their conceptions of public sentiment when they believed that the execution of their bloody plan would result in the establishment of wider and freer social conditions, and strange, indeed, must have been their hallucinations when they thought that the devastation they proposed would be seconded and aided by the laboring men whom they counted upon as secret sympathizers ready to reveal their true feelings the moment the revolution was generally inaugurated.

The danger of the scheme to themselves did not strike them until the last moment, when their courage was to be put to a practical test, but, fortunately for themselves, they went no further than the Haymarket riot.

That they seriously contemplated more than they perpetrated is beyond dispute. They saw the intense excitement consequent on the eight-hour strike and the troubles at McCormick's factory, and knew that the police stations would be filled with officers in readiness for emergencies. They had called the Haymarket meeting for the express purpose of provoking hostilities, and they regarded it as an opportune time to strike a terrible blow against the police all over the city. Their calculations in that respect were eminently correct.

The moment the reds began to incite a vicious mob to deeds of bloodshed, hostilities were provoked, and they got a dose of their own medicine. Had it not been for their precipitate flight they would have fared far worse. All the police stations were full of men, all the reserves having been called out for duty on the first sign of violent demonstrations, and these stood ready to make short work of all who might stand up against them in a conflict. It was fortunate for the conspirators that they considered "discretion the better part of valor" at the Haymarket, and doubly fortunate that they received no signal to commence their bloody operations at the stations.

The loss of life no doubt would have been appalling on both sides, but the outcome, as far as the triumph of law and order is concerned, would have been the same. The bomb would have done deadly work at the start, but the Gatling gun would have come to the rescue had the police been seriously crippled.

Missiles of dynamite hurled into the stations on that eventful night of

May 4 would indeed have created terrible havoc. In fact, the reds could not have chosen a time more favorable for their bloody plans. The East Chicago Avenue Station that night contained a very large force. I had in reserve and waiting orders one hundred and twenty-five officers. They were all over the building, up and down stairs, in the court-room, in the reception-room and in every other available place. Many were in the office, which is used as a roll-call room, and in which all details of officers are made. This office is in the center of the building and overlooks an alley on the east. The officers were organized into five companies, and all duly numbered. Any company could be called at any time, and in less than five minutes it would be in marching order.

This precaution was taken in expectation of a call to the Haymarket, and the Anarchists, in the damnable conspiracies of that evening, had anticipated such preparations. They were accordingly on the ground. Fifteen members of the North Side group, as appears plainly from the confessions of some of the Anarchists, loitered around the station, waiting for orders or signal, or to abide their own pleasure as soon as they could see for themselves that the riot had begun on the West Side. When that time arrived, they were to watch the windows of the roll-call room from the alley and throw their infernal machines into the midst of the officers the moment the room was full.

The cut-throats skulked around the station like so many Indians around the cabin of a helpless settler, constantly dodging around in the darkness, fearful that they might be discovered. True to their instincts, however, these Chicago reds could not do without their beer while awake, and they made frequent trips to neighboring beer-saloons. About 9:30 o'clock Lieut. Baus and Lieut. Lloyd, each with a company of officers, returned from the Central Station, where I had sent them as a reserve during the Haymarket meeting, and when the Anarchists saw them in the roll-call room of my station, they sneaked around on the dark side of the alley and selected the third and fourth windows as those through which their deadly bombs should crash on their destructive mission. These windows are in the center of the large room. They had with them a number of bombs, both of the round lead and the long gas-pipe variety. While they stood underneath those windows, they got into a whispered quarrel about the kind of bomb that should be used.

Bock had a round lead bomb, and he said:

"I don't think this will go off. Let one of you throw a larger bomb."

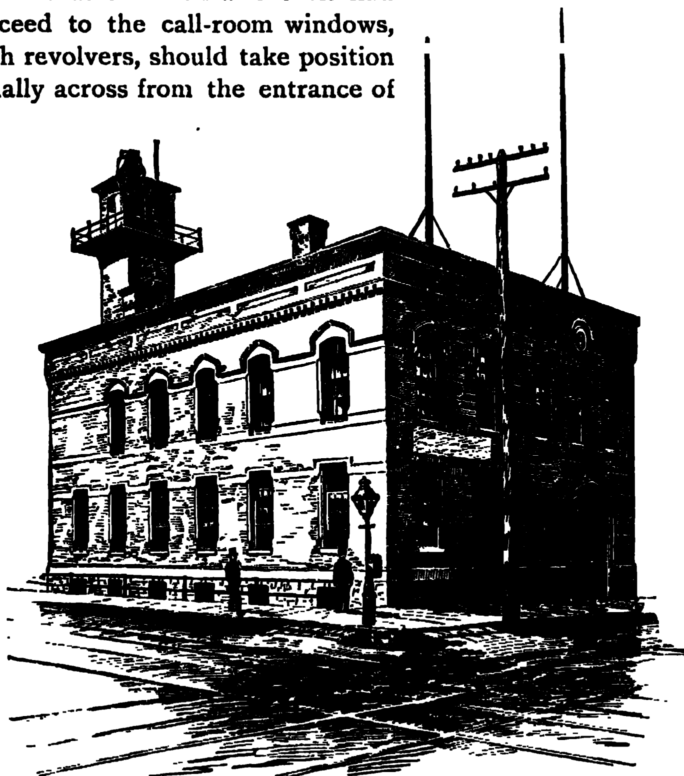
Then Abraham Hermann became angry and said:

"You d——d fool, what the d——l are you here for, if your d——d bombs are no good? You are too much of a coward to throw them."

Just at this point two officers left the station to visit a cigar-store, and stopped for a moment at the entrance of the alley to finish their conversation.

The Anarchists saw them, and, thinking that they had been discovered, they hurriedly made their exit in an opposite direction, running to the rear of the building on its dark side and then emerging on Superior Street. Some of them went over to the West Side, to the Haymarket meeting, and others sought different saloons on Clark Street.

After frequent libations, some met again on Superior Street in the vicinity of a wagon-manufacturing establishment, and, under the cover of numerous wagons standing on the street between Clark Street and La Salle Avenue, they decided that the men who then had bombs should proceed to the call-room windows, and the others, with revolvers, should take position in the alley diagonally across from the entrance of the station. Then, at the proper signal, the bombs were to be hurled into the room, and the men across the way were to fire a volley into such officers as might come out.



THE LARRABEE STREET STATION.
From a Photograph.

While this plan was being formed, I received an order from Inspector Bonfield to send all my men to the West Side double-quick, ready for action, with a hurried explanation of the riot and the killing of officers, and in less than four minutes I had seventy-five men on the way to the Haymarket. The Anarchists were still standing among the wagons, and, to their great surprise and dismay, they saw three patrol wagons passing with a tremendous speed. Their hearts at once fell into their boots, and they knew that the trouble had commenced. They repaired to Moody's church and remained there a few moments deliberating what should be done. One of them tried to brace up the flagging spirits of his comrades by saying that "now the time had arrived when something must be done, but they

must never tell of their being there." Not one, however, seemed willing to execute the plot they had agreed upon. On the contrary, they turned up La Salle Avenue and ran to Neff's Hall as fast as their legs could carry them. What occurred at that hall that night I have already shown in a preceding chapter.

The plan to throw bombs into the roll-call room was afterwards unfolded to me by one of those in the plot, and, had it not been for the two officers accidentally stopping at the entrance of the alley, many of the boys of the Fifth Precinct would have been murdered even before the commencement of the riot at the Haymarket. The ruffians who hung around that station were Abraham Hermann, Lorenz Hermann, the two Hageman brothers, Habizreiter, Heineman, Charles Bock, Heumann, and others from the North Side group and Lake View.

Another station in great danger that night was that on Larrabee Street, in charge of Lieut. John Baus, with forty-eight officers. It is located on the northwest corner of Larrabee Street and North Avenue, and is a two-story brick building with a basement. This basement contains a cell-room located in the center of the building, with windows on the North Avenue side, and that side was chosen for the scene of operations. The men especially relied upon to blow up this building were Lingg, Seliger, Muntzenberg, Huber, Thielen and Hirschberger, and they, together with other members of the North Side group, lingered in the vicinity, loaded with bombs, and waiting only to see "the heavens illuminated" or to receive a message from one of the runners. But before they knew what had transpired at the Haymarket a patrol wagon dashed out of the station and whizzed by with a load of officers. This dazed them, and they hurried to Neff's Hall to learn particulars and receive new instructions. When they got there Neff told them that they were all a set of cowards and advised them to go home. They took his advice and were glad to crawl back into their holes.

Webster Avenue Station, in charge of Lieut. Elias E. Lloyd, with forty-four officers, also received attention. The building is a two-story frame located on the north side of the street, near Lincoln Avenue, and its principal apartment, the roll-call room, is on the first floor facing the street. The men especially assigned to the destruction of this station were Ernst Hubner, Gustav Lehman, Otto Lehman, Jebolinski and Lange, backed by several other frowsy and low-skulled sneaks, and these hovered around the station, hiding in dark recesses whenever some one casually passed along the sidewalk, or dodging into an alley whenever an officer was discovered approaching them. They all waited for "the signal which never came," and, getting tired of stimulating each other with a courage they did not possess, they finally concluded to adjourn to Neff's Hall. Whenever, on the way to that place, one upbraided the other for not throwing a bomb,

each would point to the fact that the area in front of the building was always occupied by officers sitting in easy chairs and sniffing the evening breeze, and there was no chance to get near the cell-room; but they all promised one another that they would go back and blow the building into smithereens and the officers into shreds of flesh, regardless of personal consequences, if they should hear "good news" at Neff's. But they did not go back. Lieut. Lloyd was not called on for assistance at the Haymarket until about eleven o'clock, and by that time the cowards had got their information at Neff's and were glad for an excuse to make a "bee line" for home, if the hovels they lived in can be dignified by that designation.

There is no doubt that these wretches would have blown up the station if the police had dispersed the Haymarket meeting earlier in the evening, but by waiting so long they lost what little courage they had. There was no patrol wagon attached to this station at that time, but, as one of them told me afterwards, the Anarchists stood ready to hurl a bomb into a street-car had the officers come out earlier to take the cars in order to hasten to the assistance of the force at the Haymarket. They intended to make their work complete, and they were all well provided with bombs, even though they were rather short on courage. This was a part of the gang which had an appointment at Lincoln Park, only five blocks from the station, and some of them sought there early in the evening for a large number of recruits who failed to materialize when danger was in sight.

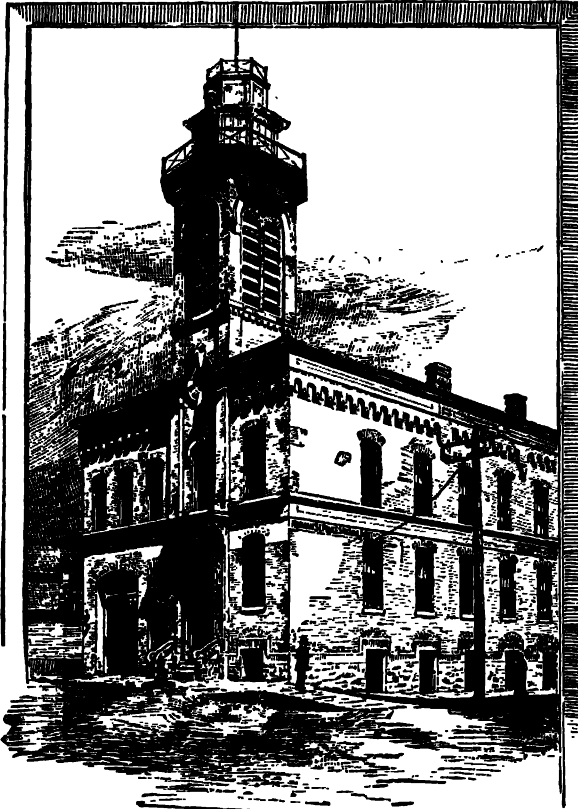


THE SCHILLER MONUMENT.
From a Photograph.

The spot chosen for the meeting-place in Lincoln Park was at "Schiller's Denkmal" (monument). Here it was that a few gathered, but, not finding as many present as they expected, they separated to the several localities assigned them for the execution of their plot.

It will be recalled that, at the Monday night meeting preceding the Haymarket riot, those living on the North Side were ordered to report at Lincoln Park for definite instructions, and those on the West Side at Wicker Park, and the order seems to have been obeyed by a few of the more courageous Anarchists.

The vicinity of the Schiller monument was the place also where those who had been arrested and had made confessions met, along with other Anarchists, on the night preceding the taking of testimony in the trial of the prisoners, and on this occasion, Mr. Furthmann tells me, they agreed, with one exception, to inform the prosecution that they would not take the witness-stand to testify to the matters they had revealed to the State. If they were put on as witnesses, they agreed, they could swear that all they had told me and Mr. Furthmann with reference to the conspiracy was pure and unadulterated falsehood. Mr. Waller refused to be a party to such an agreement, and by his stubborn stand he caused several of the other witnesses for the State to change their minds and stick to the truth. Others, however, held out, and, when asked by the State to appear, refused. Waller proved a very strong witness, and, as Mr. Furthmann says, not one of the witnesses for the defense dared to contradict his testimony.



THE HINMAN STREET STATION.
From a Photograph.

But to return to the contemplated attacks on the police stations. The Hinman Street house was the fourth one in the list marked for destruction. This station was in charge of Lieut. Richard Sheppard, and contained on the night in question thirty-four officers. It is a two-story brick building with basement, and is situated at the northwest corner of Hinman and Paulina Streets. The basement is used as a lock-up for the detention of prisoners, and all the offices are located on the first floor, facing Paulina Street. The patrol-wagon barn is situated in the rear of the station, contiguous to an alley, through which the street is reached. Around this locality between eighty and a hundred Anarchists gathered for work and to await the

signal. Mende and Sisterer were at the head of this murderous gang. Some were to exploit with rifles from the alley north of the station and on the east side of the street; others, with dynamite bombs, were to look after the officers in the rooms where they might happen to be most numerous, and those with revolvers were to station themselves in the alley directly behind the station to shoot down any of the officers who might come out in the patrol wagon, and also to kill the horses. Others, again, with revolvers, were to post themselves in front of the station to kill those who might escape the deadly bombs and seek safety by rushing into the street. The riflemen were to come as a reserve force to shoot down any who might have escaped both the revolvers and bombs. They were a desperate set and appeared determined on the execution of the plot. The men who composed the gang were Germans, Bohemians and Poles, all members of the West Side group, and some outsiders who worked in freight-houses and lumber-yards, and not one of them had any love for a policeman. This district had been for several years the scene of numerous strikes, and, as the officers had always suppressed the rioters, the latter were viciously disposed towards the guardians of the peace. Some of these reds were very anxious to see the work of annihilation commence, and they loitered around in small squads so as not to arouse suspicion until they could learn whether the revolution had been inaugurated at the Haymarket meeting. There was no call on this station for assistance at the time of the explosion, as Inspector Bonfield thought it possible that trouble might arise at McCormick's, and the officers in that locality might thus be required in that direction; and as the diabolical conspirators saw no officers or patrol wagon move out, they became anxious to know how the Haymarket affair had terminated, and one by one they sneaked away from their hiding-places. When they finally learned particulars about the shooting, they ran home, and, like the cowards they were, kept under cover for several days. Later in the evening one company was ordered from this station to guard Desplaines Street, after the wounded officers had all been brought from the Haymarket. When the wagon had reached Halsted and Harrison Streets, however, Capt. O'Donnell halted it and ordered the officers back to the station, as it had been ascertained that all the Anarchists had sought their homes for the night.

It was very fortunate that the officers were not called out earlier in the evening. If Inspector Bonfield had ordered them to report a few moments after the riot, very few of the men would have escaped alive. I have since learned that the brigands who were sneaking around that station that night numbered nearly one hundred, and as one-half of them were under the influence of liquor, it is very likely that they would have committed desperate deeds had the occasion offered.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Legal Battle — The Beginning of Proceedings in Court — Work in the Grand Jury Room — The Circulation of Anarchistic Literature — A Witness who was not Positive — Side Lights on the Testimony — The Indictments Returned — Selecting a Jury — Sketches of the Jurymen — Ready for the Struggle.

THE case was now in condition to be turned over to the courts. The detective work was done, and, as I flatter myself, and as the result proved, well done. A deliberate and fiendish conspiracy to bring about riot, destruction and death had been proven. The Haymarket gathering was projected to invite a police attack, and this attack was to be the pretext for dynamite, murder and the social revolution. Of course much of the information given in the preceding pages was not used either in the grand jury room or at the trial. It was not necessary. State's Attorney Grinnell, with his usual wisdom and tact, selected only the best, strongest and most reliable witnesses, and left out the minor ones. The statements of all those who "squealed" were conclusive, criminative and corroborative, but their presentation in court would have simply lumbered up the case.

As a result of the energetic work of Coroner Hertz the principal conspirators had been bound over, without bail, at the inquest.

The grand jury was impaneled on the 17th of May, 1886, and was composed of the following named persons: John N. Hills (foreman), George Watts, Peter Clinton, George Adams, Charles Schultz, Thomas Broderick, William Bartels, Fred. Wilkinson, P. J. Maloney, John Held, A. J. Grover, Frank N. Seavert, E. A. Jessel, Theodore Schultze, Alfred Thorp, N. J. Webber, Adolph Wilke, Fred Gall, Edward S. Dreyer, John M. Clark, John C. Neemes, N. J. Quan and T. W. Hall.

Judge John G. Rogers delivered a long, able and forcible charge to the members of this grand jury. He first called attention to the necessity of their not being influenced in their acts by fear, favor or affection, and then dwelt upon what constitutes freedom of speech. He said:

"We hear a good deal these days about what is called the freedom of speech. Now, there is a good deal of misconception of the Constitution of the United States and of the Constitution of the State of Illinois, and I may say of all States in the Union, upon this question of freedom of speech. I have copied the provisions upon which persons rely who continually say that in this free country men have a right to assemble — men have a right to speak and say what they please. There is no such right. There is no such constitutional right. The constitutional rights as expressed in the Constitution are: 'That Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.' The same principle is carried along into the State Constitutions; and in the Constitu-

tion of the State of Illinois, and in its Bill of Rights, there is a provision that 'every person may freely speak, write and publish on all subjects, being responsible for thê use of that liberty.' And in another provision the people have a right 'to assemble in peaceable manner, to consult for the common good, to make known their opinions to their representatives, and to apply for a redress of grievances.' You will perceive in a moment that the construction of the United States constitutional right has been interpreted, if I may so express myself, in the Constitution of the State of Illinois, and that interpretation is the one that the courts have always recognized, and that, while a man may speak freely and write and publish upon all subjects, he is responsible for the abuse of the liberty of speech. I refer to these constitutional rights because some men are so inconsistent as to say there shall be no law for any such rights, yet claim the protection of these rights in the broadest sense, and, with an interpretation satisfactory to their own minds, that a man may get up, and, in a public speech to a public crowd, advise murder and arson, the destruction of property and the injury of people. That is a wild license which the Constitution of this country has never recognized any more than it has been recognized in the worst despotisms of old and of monarchical Europe. I hope and you hope it will never be recognized."


NEEBE'S SWORD AND BELT.

The eminent jurist then illustrated the point of responsibility. If, said he, he should get up and there advise members of the jury that the foreman ought to be hanged for some assumed offense, he would be advising the commission of a crime; and if his advice was followed he himself who incited the hanging would be just as guilty of murder as the ones who did it. He next referred to the Haymarket riot and counseled the jury to look not only to the man who actually committed the crime, but to those who stood behind him, who actually advised it. He held that the men who so advised were equally guilty and should be held responsible for it. "What," he said "is an incendiary speech but inciting men to commit wild acts?" He spoke of the red flag in Chicago and said: "What is a red flag in a procession, or a black flag, but a menace, a threat? It is understood to be emblematic of blood, and that no quarter will be given. Flags of that sort ought not to be permitted to be borne in processions in this city." He referred to the labor troubles of the Knights of Labor, which, he acknowledged, happily had no connection with the Haymarket or with Anarchy, and then, for the guidance of the jury in reaching conclusions on the Anarchistic conspiracy, he quoted the statutes on what constituted conspiracy and the penalty for riots. In closing Judge Rogers counseled the jury to consider all evidence submitted with fairness and impartiality.

The next day the grand jury entered upon its work. A great many witnesses appeared before it, but many of them were not required at the trial, as their testimony would neither add to nor detract from the strength of the case. Facts were brought out under the latitude allowed in a grand jury room that could not, under court procedure, be brought into a cause on trial because of their not bearing directly on the charges, or not tending to supply some material connecting link in the chain of evidence. Some of this testimony, while not serving to throw any special light upon the conspiracy, may yet illustrate some phases of Anarchy growing out of the propagation of Anarchistic ideas and features incidental to the *cause celebre;* and for that purpose I have carefully scanned over the official grand jury reports and selected such omitted points as will serve to give a better general idea of the whole subject.

The sale and circulation of Anarchistic literature in Chicago was one of the matters into which inquiry was made. Anton Laufermann, a Division Street bookseller, testified that Most had written "The Solution of the Socialistic Question," "The Movement in Old Rome, or Cæsarism," "The Bastile at Platzensee," and other works, including "The Science of War." It appeared that these Anarchistic books were not, as a rule, handled by booksellers.

Edward Deuss, city editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, told the grand jury that the dynamite book — Most's "Science of War" — was usually sold by men at picnics and similar gatherings, and that a book-store would be the ast place to look for it. The men who peddled this literature were volunteers who made no money out of the sales.

This evidence was corroborated by other persons. The plan seemed to be to scatter Most's works quietly among the people, thus avoiding any of the difficulties or dangers which might follow from open and undisguised sale. The main source of supply was manifestly the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. The books were easy to get: nearly all the arrested Anarchists had copies of the dynamite book in their possession. One of the most persistent *colporteurs* was Muntzenberg. The hundreds of copies of incendiary books and pamphlets were passed around from one man to another, and it is out of the question to attempt to estimate the amount of injury they have done. The evidence upon this point—so much, at least, as came from the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—was unsatisfactory. This, however, was to have been expected when the character and peculiar beliefs of the witnesses is considered. For instance, Gerhardt Lizius, an editorial writer on this paper, after being questioned, without satisfactory results, about the interior arrangements of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and various articles about the premises, was asked to define Anarchy and Socialism.

"A Socialist," he said, "wants the State to regulate everything, while we don't want any authority whatever. We want the people to associate

themselves for production and consummation (of the highest good), according to their own desires."

"How does it happen that capital is in your way?" asked Mr. Grinnell.

"Because the capitalist has taken something from us that is not his, that we have created."

"What is the manner the Anarchists have adopted in reaching that which they have not got now?"

"We want to get it any way we can—peaceably if we can, and forcibly if we must."

"Even to the extent of a capitalist's life?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in the use of dynamite?"

"Yes."

"You say that you should not divide your property with your neighbor. Why should the capitalist?"

"We don't want him to divide anything. We want him to make it public property. He has got as much right to it as we have. Everybody, according to our view, should have the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That means that I should have the right to the means of life, and that means, of course, that we should have the right to everything that nature gives us, so that every man, if he wants, can work, and everybody make a living. If he don't want to work, then of course he should not make a living."

"The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was an Anarchistic paper?"

"Yes."

"Did the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* divide its things?"

"There was nothing to divide there. We didn't make any money."

"Supposing that you and I should want the same thing—how would you settle that question?"

"Well, I guess there can be more than one of these things made."

"I might want a cow that you would want, or a horse; you might want the same thing—how would you settle that matter?"

"I work for it and get it."

"I thought you did not believe in that?" continued Mr. Grinnell.

"You did not hear me say anything of the kind. I said that we should have the right to work so that we could make a living. We didn't want anything without work."

"Now, you figure that a man who has got a hundred thousand dollars by reason of having worked hard, stands in your way; isn't that your idea?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I have got ten cows and you don't get any; you have been lazy and haven't earned your ten cows. Now, how do you get half of my cows?"

"You are looking at this thing from the standpoint of the present system of society. It is impossible for any of you gentleman, if you are not Socialists and don't understand what Socialism is, to get at the idea at all as to how things are run. You have to look at it from the standpoint of Socialism."

"Your idea is to have society without any law?"

"The Government is only for the oppression of people. We would have to organize for some purposes."

"Supposing this Government should get something in its mails that you would happen to want, should you have a right to take it?"

"No, sir."

"Suppose you did take it, what would be done with you?"

"No man is supposed to take anything that does not belong to him."

"You would have law to punish people, wouldn't you?"

"No, sir."

Being asked if he had seen about the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office any implements of warfare, Lizius answered in the negative—not even pistols or anything of that kind.

"Do you believe that the man who threw the bomb over there [meaning the Haymarket] did right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that it was a righteous act in shooting down the policemen?"

"Yes, sir."

The reason he advanced for his belief was that it was an act of self-defense; that the police, according to his knowledge, had attacked the crowd with clubs before the bomb was thrown. This sort of misinformation seems to have been spread among the ignorant Anarchists, and Lizius, when he said he believed it, knew better and simply adopted it as an excuse for their acts.

"Do you believe in the existence of a God?" asked one of the jurymen.

"No, sir."

"Have you any regard for law at all?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any regard for the obligation of an oath taken before the grand jury?"

"No, sir."

"You have been sworn here 'by the ever-living God.' You have no regard for that oath, have you?"

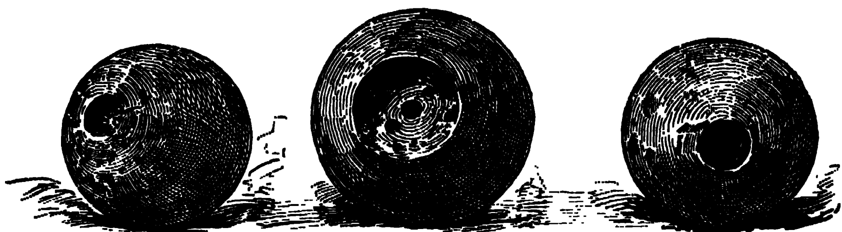
"No, sir."

"Have you told the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you come to tell the truth?"

"I am not in the habit of lying. There is no cause for it."



1. Round Iron Bombs, cast whole, and designed for use with percussion caps, to explode on falling. The bomb in center was cast several years ago, and was saved from a number thrown into the lake by a scared Anarchist.



2. Sheet-iron Molds, used by Lingg in the construction of Infernal Machines.





3, 4. Sectional views of the "Czar Bomb."

ANARCHIST AMMUNITION — II. From Photographs.

"If you had a good cause, would you lie? Would you lie to save a life?"

"If it hung upon such a slender thread as that, I would."

"Would you, if you thought it would help the cause of Anarchy?"

"I don't see how it could."

Among the many witnesses examined in the grand jury room was Ernst Legner. It will be remembered that the defense, at the trial, claimed that this man had been spirited away by the prosecution. This was done, of course, with a view to damaging the case of the State before the jury. Now, the facts are these: Legner's name was placed on the back of the indictment somehow—I do not know why. Certainly neither the State nor the defense could have used him, and he would have been even less valuable for the prisoners than for the prosecution. Legner was a man who was sure of nothing. His testimony before the grand jury was continually and invariably qualified by the statement that he "could not be positive;" that he "was not sure." For instance, here is some of his testimony:

Did he meet Chris Spies at that meeting? He could not say. "I saw him that night, but I couldn't say whether I saw him there. I don't recollect. I couldn't say positive. I couldn't say anything positive about that."

This answer prompted Mr. Grinnell to ask: "Since when have you grown so unpositive?"

"Well, in that way, I guess ever since," was his lucid reply.

"You remember me, don't you, down at the Central Station, talking with you?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember coming in, seeing me and your brother come in?"

"Well, that was in the City Hall."

"Well, that is what we call Central Station. You saw me there, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember your brother told you he had advised you to keep away from those people, and advised you to tell the truth about this transaction?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you then and there told me that you saw Chris Spies right near that wagon that night?"

"Well, I might have seen him, but I won't say anything positive on that."

"Have you seen him since then?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"When?"

"I saw him yesterday."

"And he talked — you spoke to him about this case then, didn't you?"

"I only spoke to him — I told him that he looked pale, and that was all the speaking, and he went off. I was going west, and he was going east."

"Now, why should there be any confusion in your mind to-day where you saw him that night?"

"Well, I saw him that night, but I could not say positive whether I saw him there or not, at the meeting."

"You said a moment ago that you looked around, and you thought you saw him right there?"

"Well, yes. That is where I said; I could not say positive; I saw him, but I could not say positive."

This sort of fire was kept up for some time, but the witness always dodged behind "I could not say positive." He was asked how long it was after August Spies got through speaking when he (Spies) left, but the only answer was: "Well, that is something I don't know certain."

Now, why should the State want such a witness, or what interest could it have in spiriting him away? He certainly developed a remarkable want of memory, and with his testimony before the grand jury the defendants, if they had put him on the stand, could not have utilized him on their side. If he knew anything, as would seem to be the case, judging from his brother's advice to tell everything and some statements he had previously made to the State's Attorney, it all must have been in favor of the State. It is a justifiable conclusion that Chris Spies, on meeting him the day preceding his appearance before the grand jury, must have influenced him to testify the way he did. The truth about the whole matter is that the defendants would not have touched Legner had he been procurable, and if he went out of the city it must have been at their instigation. The above samples of his testimony show that his appearance on the stand would have made him dead timber to either side.

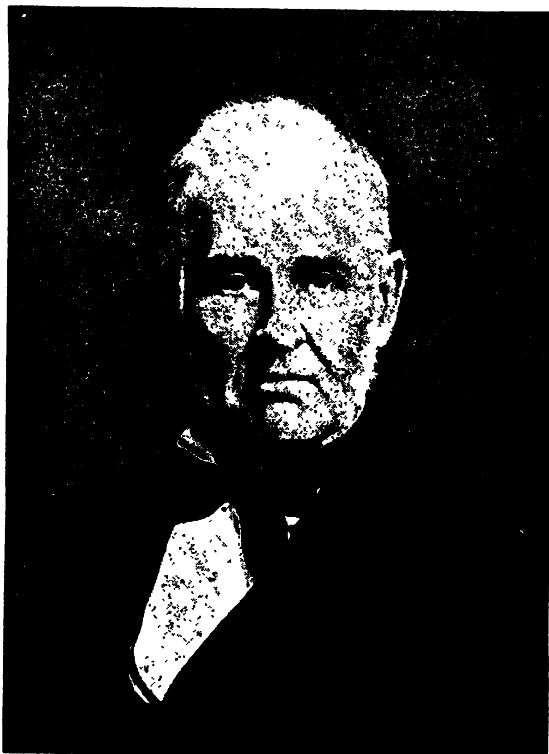
A good deal was also said about the absence of Mr. Brazleton, an *Inter-Ocean* reporter, from the witness-stand. He was not produced by the State because many of his statements were not of a positive character.

As there were so many other witnesses who had paid special attention to the incendiary character of the speeches, and remembered distinctly the various details in connection with the Haymarket meeting, there was no occasion to use Brazleton as a witness. All the others who were put on the stand gave fuller particulars and corroborated each other in all essential points. Had the general information of the others been of the same nature as that of Brazleton, it might have been well to have used him as a witness, but, with so much direct testimony as the State possessed, his evidence was not necessary. The defense simply sought to make a point on his absence — that is all.

A great deal has been said with reference to Schnaubelt. There is

no doubt that he threw the fatal bomb. The defense at the trial of Spies and the others sought, however, to discredit such a belief. They asserted that there was not an iota of evidence to sustain such an opinion, and for their part they did not believe it. *Per contra*, it may be said that if he was innocent he took the wrong course to show it. Schnaubelt was arrested by Officers Palmer and Boyd, of the Central Station. Before the grand jury Palmer testified as follows:

"I was told that he was working at 224 Washington Street, rooms 5 and 6. I went up there and found him and brought him to the Central Station. That was on the 6th of this month."



HON. JOSEPH E. GARY.
From a Photograph.

"Did he have whiskers, or not?"

"His face was shaved clean, except a mustache."

"You had been looking for a man with whiskers?"

"Yes. I was told by his employer that he shaved his whiskers off the morning after the riot."

"Did he say anything to you about having shaved himself?"

"I asked him why he shaved, and he said he always did it in the summer time."

"Do you know what the size of his whiskers was?"

"About six or eight inches long."

"Did you have any talk with him when you brought him to the Central Station?"

"Yes. I asked him if he was at the scene of the riot on the Tuesday night previous, and he said he was. I asked him where he was. He said he was up on the wagon. I asked him where he was when the bomb was thrown. He said he was on the wagon half a minute before the bomb was thrown, but he had got off, and when it exploded he supposed he was about fifty feet from the wagon."

"He was let go that morning?"

"Yes."

"Tell us about his place of work and what you found out yesterday?"

"Captain Schaack sent a couple of men to me yesterday to find out if we could get this man again. I took them over to where I had found him previously. His employer told me that after he got away from me on the 6th of this month [May] he came back and finished the day's work, and he had not shown up from that time to this. His tools were there, and he did not call for his money. His sister had called for the money several days after he quit, but he did not give it to her."

"He had a good job, didn't he?"

"He was a machinist, working at a turning-lathe."

Schnaubelt was described as having sandy whiskers, about six feet tall, weighing about 190 pounds, large and bony, not very fleshy, and about twenty-four years of age.

Lieut. John Shea, then in charge of the Central Station, testified to the same facts and that the police had been unable to find the man in the city.

At the time there were no strong circumstances connecting Schnaubelt with the massacre, but suspicious evidence ought to have held him in custody for a day or two until all his antecedents could have been inquired into. His release was a sad mistake, and the fact that he hastened out of the city shows the fear he had of being directly connected with the throwing of the bomb. The evidence of various parties points to him as the guilty party, and it was fortunate for him that he escaped.

C. M. Hardy, a leading attorney of Chicago, testified to a conversation which he had had with Spies the day before the Haymarket tragedy.

During this conversation, which occurred accidentally in a restaurant, "Spies," to use the words of the witness, "turned and said to me laughingly, 'Are you with us?' 'Well,' I said, 'If you mean that I am in favor of the laborer getting well paid for his labor, I am with you, but no further than that.' 'Well,' he said, still laughing, 'you had better be, for we are going to raise h——l,' and then went on."

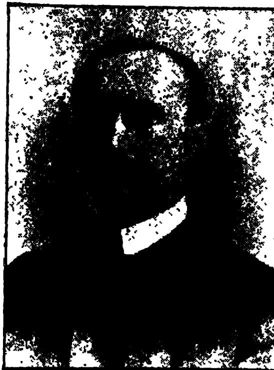
On the 28th of May the grand jury concluded its labors and returned into court fifteen indictments for murder, conspiracy and riot, against Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Fielden, Schwab, Neebe, Schnaubelt and some lesser lights in the Anarchistic circle.

The trial began on the 19th of June. No case ever brought before the Chicago courts excited so much interest or brought out a greater crowd. Not one tithe of the throng of people who were eager to see the notorious defendants were able to find place in the court-room.

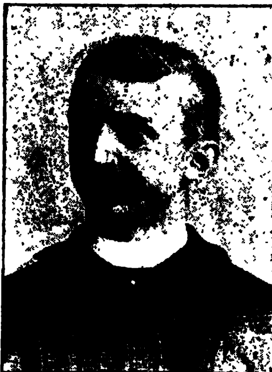
Judge Joseph E. Gary presided, and with his suave, dignified bearing and his prompt manner of handling legal details and technicalities, he impressed all with the conviction that, while the Anarchists would have a full and fair trial, no trifling with the law would be permitted. The case was one which not alone interested Chicago, but touched the stability and wel-

fare of every city of any considerable size in the United States. The eyes of the whole country were riveted on Chicago, and the outside world was eagerly watching the results of a case, the first in America, to determine whether dynamite was to be considered a legal weapon in the settlement of socio-political problems in a free republic. Time was when our system of government was looked upon abroad as an experiment of doubtful nature, but when it had passed the experimental period it was pointed to by foreign

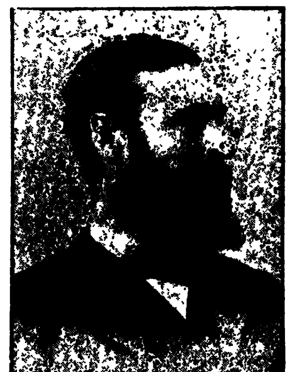

HARRY T. SANDFORD.


FRANK S. OSBORNE.


JAMES H. BRAYTON.


GEO. W. ADAMS.


SCOTT G. RANDALL.


ANDREW HAMILTON.

PORTRAITS OF THE JURY.—I.

friends as furnishing no pretext for Socialistic or Anarchistic outbursts of violence, and as supplying no favorable conditions for the growth even of Anarchistic doctrines. In a speech before the French Legislative Assembly, De Tocqueville once said, pointing to America: "There shall you see a people among whom all conditions of men are more on an equality even than among us; where the social state, the manners, the laws, everything is democratic; where all emanates from the people and returns to the people, and where, at the same time, every individual enjoys a greater amount of

liberty, a more entire independence, than in any other part of the world, at any period of time; a country, I repeat it, essentially democratic—the only democracy in the wide world at this day, and the only republic truly democratic which we know of in history. And in this republic you will look in vain for Socialism."

Still, Anarchy found lodgment in America through men exiled under the rigorous baiting of their own country—men whose early education had



CHAS. B. TODD.



JOHN B. GREINER.



JAMES H. COLE.



ALANSON H. REED.



THEO. E. DENKER.



CHAS. H. LUDWIG.

PORTRAITS OF THE JURY.—II.

been set against all government and whose prejudices operated against the study of our institutions. In the violent culmination of their doctrines at the Haymarket the point was reached where it became necessary to demonstrate that it is a rank growth and has no excuse in a republic in which the utmost liberty is allowed consistent with the rights of life and property.

When, therefore, this trial opened, both the Judge and the State's Attorney felt that a great responsibility had been laid upon their shoulders,

and that the whole civilized world would sit in judgment upon the manner in which they performed their duty. They entered into the case with no revengeful feelings, but held firmly to their course, mindful of the rights of the defendants, but determined to maintain law and justice. The case was called on the day indicated, in the main court-room of the Criminal Court building, and the moment the State's Attorney had announced his readiness to commence proceedings, the defendants' counsel entered a motion for a separate trial of each of the prisoners. This was argued and overruled.

On the morning of June 21, at ten o'clock, everything was in readiness for the trial proper, and the work of selecting the jury was entered upon. Within the bar of the court sat the eminent counsel of both sides. On the left, in front of the bench, there was State's Attorney Grinnell, surrounded by his assistants, Francis W. Walker and Edmund Furthmann, and Special State's Counsel George C. Ingham, and on the right of the bench sat the defendants' attorneys, Capt. W. P. Black, W. A. Foster, Sigismund Zeisler and Moses Salomon, flanked by the prisoners and their relatives. The remaining space within the bar was occupied by attorneys of the city as spectators, and the rest of the court-room was filled with a motley throng, including here and there representatives of the fair sex drawn by personal interest or moved by morbid curiosity. The prisoners were dressed in their best, each with a button-hole bouquet.

During the preliminary proceedings, as we have noted elsewhere, Parsons had joined his associates, and his bronzed appearance, from out-door exposure, was in marked contrast with that of his pale-looking companions.

The task of selecting a jury proceeded, but it was not an easy thing to find men unbiased and unprejudiced. Four weeks were consumed in this work, but finally twelve "good men and true" were chosen, as follows: F. S. Osborne, Major James H. Cole, S. G. Randall, A. H. Reed, J. H. Brayton, A. Hamilton, G. W. Adams, J. B. Greiner, C. B. Todd, C. H. Ludwig, T. E. Denker and H. T. Sandford.

So notable was the trial, and so tremendous the interests involved, that the reader will naturally want to know something of the *personnel* of the jury whose verdict vindicated and guaranteed law and order in America:

FRANK S. OSBORNE, a resident at No. 134 Dearborn Avenue, the foreman of the jury, was born in Columbus, Ohio, and at the time of the trial was thirty-nine years of age. He filled the position of chief salesman in the retail department of Marshall Field & Co., and was a man of liberal ideas and good education. He possessed keen judgment, and proved a critical examiner of all the evidence submitted. He readily grasped all the strong and weak points in the defense, and showed himself a thorough master of the evidence.

MAJ. JAMES H. COLE, a resident at No. 987 Lawndale Avenue, was born in Utica, New York, and was fifty-three years of age. During the war he was a Captain, and subsequently rose to the rank of Major in the Forty-first Ohio Infantry. After the close of the Rebellion, he engaged in the railroad business as contractor and constructor, residing at different times in Vermont, Ohio, Tennessee, Illinois and Iowa. He came to Chicago in 1879, and

was book-keeper for the Continental Insurance Company until shortly before serving on the jury.

CHARLES B. TODD, a resident at No. 1013 West Polk Street, was born in Elmira, New York, and was forty-seven years of age. He had served in the Sixth New York Heavy Artillery, and since his arrival in Chicago, four years preceding, had been a salesman in the Putnam Clothing House.

ALANSON H. REED, a resident at No. 3442 Groveland Park, was born in Boston, Mass., and was forty-nine years of age. He was a member of the firm of Reed & Sons, at No. 136 State Street, and during the trial proved a close listener to all the evidence.

JAMES H. BRAYTON, a resident of Englewood, and Principal of the Webster School, on Wentworth Avenue, in Chicago, was born in Lyons, New York, and was forty years of age.

THEODORE E. DENKER, a resident of Woodlawn Park, in the town of Hyde Park, was born in Wisconsin and was twenty-seven years of age. He was shipping clerk for H. H. King & Co.

GEORGE W. ADAMS, a resident of Evanston, was born in Indiana, and was twenty-seven years of age. He traveled in Michigan as commercial agent of Geo. W. Pitkin & Co., dealers in liquid paints, on Clinton Street, Chicago.

CHARLES H. LUDWIG, a resident at 4101 State Street, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and was twenty-seven years of age. He was a book-keeper in the mantel manufactory of C. L. Page & Co.

JOHN B GREINER, residing at No. 70 North California Avenue, was born in Columbus, Ohio, and was twenty-five years of age. He was a stenographer in the freight department of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Mr. Greiner's mother was, after the trial, the recipient of so many threatening letters from the reds that she almost lost her mind.

ANDREW HAMILTON, a resident at 1521 Forty-first Street, was a hardware merchant at No. 3913 Cottage Grove Avenue. He had resided in Chicago twenty years.

HARRY T. SANDFORD, a resident of Oak Park, was born in New York City, and was twenty-five years of age. He was a son of Attorney Sandford, compiler of the Supreme Court Reports of New York, and since his arrival in Chicago had been voucher clerk in the auditor's office of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

SCOTT G. RANDALL, a resident at No. 42 La Salle Street, was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, and was twenty-three years of age. He had lived in Chicago for three years, and was a salesman in the employ of J. C. Vaughn, seedsman, at No. 45 La Salle Street.

CHAPTER XX.

Judge Grinnell's Opening — Statement of the Case — The Light of the 4th of May — The Dynamite Argument — Spies' Fatal Prophecy — The Eight-hour Strike — The Growth of the Conspiracy — Spies' Cowardice at McCormick's — The "Revenge" Circular — Work of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and the *Alarm*— The Secret Signal — A Frightful Plan — "Ruhe" — Lingg, the Bomb-maker — The Haymarket Conspiracy — The Meeting — "We are Peaceable" — After the Murder — The Complete Case Presented.

IT was on Thursday, the 15th of July, that the preliminary work was finally ended and the court was ready for a formal statement of the case. This statement was made by State's Attorney Grinnell, and his arraignment of the defendants was such a clear, convincing and masterful argument — giving, as it did, the whole history of the Anarchist conspiracy, and foreshadowing eloquently and in detail all the proof which was to be got before the jury — that I will print here a verbatim copy of his speech, believing that the reader will find nowhere else so business-like a statement of what these prisoners did and how they did it.

During the delivery of Mr. Grinnell's remarks the crowded court-room, prisoners and sympathizing Anarchists, wounded policemen, judge, jurors and representatives of the press hung upon his words with a keen interest which has seldom been duplicated in the annals of American jurisprudence.

Mr. Grinnell said:

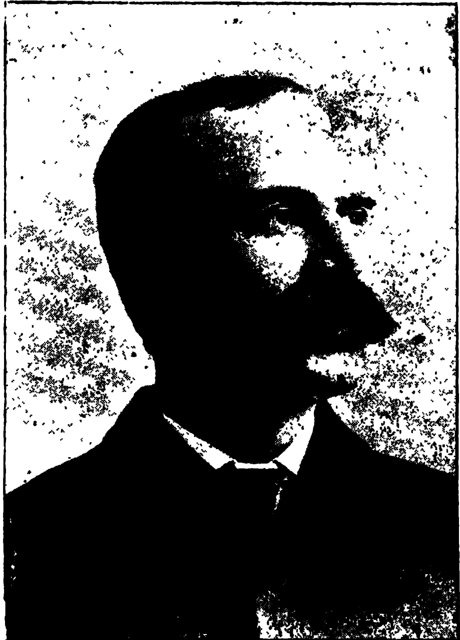
"GENTLEMEN: — For the first time in the history of our country are people on trial for their lives for endeavoring to make Anarchy the rule, and in that attempt for ruthlessly and awfully destroying life. I hope that while the youngest of us lives this in his memory will be the last and only time in our country when such a trial shall take place. It will or will not take place as this case is determined.

"The State now and at no time hereafter will say aught to arouse your prejudices or your indignation, having confidence in the case that we present; and I hope I shall not at any time during this trial say anything to you which will in any way or manner excite your passions. I want your reason. I want your careful analysis. I want your careful attention. We — my associates and myself — ask the conviction of no man from malice, from prejudice, from anything except the facts and the law. I am here, gentlemen, to maintain the law, not to break it; and, however you may believe that any of these men have broken the law through their notions of Anarchy, try them on the facts. We believe, gentlemen, that we have a case that shall command your respect, and demonstrate to you the truthfulness of all the declarations in it, and, further, that by careful attention and close analysis you can determine who are guilty and the nature of the crime.

"On the 4th of May, 1886, a few short weeks ago, there occurred, at what is called Haymarket Square, the most fearful massacre ever witnessed or heard of in this country. The crime culminated there — you are to find the perpetrators. The charge against the defendants is that they are

responsible for that act. The testimony that shall be presented to you will be the testimony which will show their innocence or their guilty complicity in that crime.

"We have been in this city inclined to believe, as we have all through the country, that, however extravagantly men may talk about our laws and our country, however severely they may criticise our Constitution and our institutions; that as we are all in favor of full liberty, of free speech, the great good sense of our people would never permit acts based upon sentiments which meant the overthrow of law. We have believed it for years; we were taught it at our schools in our infancy, we were taught it in our maturer years in school, and all our walks in life thereafter have taught us that our institutions, founded on our Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and our universal freedom, were above and beyond all Anarchy. The 4th of May demonstrated that we were wrong, that we had too much confidence, that a certain class of individuals, some of them recently come here, as the testimony will show, believe that here in this country our Constitution is a lie. Insults are offered to the Declaration of Independence, the name of Washington is reviled and traduced, and we are taught by these men, as the testimony will show, that freedom in this country means lawlessness and absolute licence to do as we please, no matter whether it hurts others or not. In the light of the 4th of May we now know that the preachings of Anarchy, the suggestions of these defendants hourly and daily for years, have been sapping our institutions, and that where they have cried murder, bloodshed, Anarchy and dynamite, they have meant what they said, and proposed to do what they threatened.



HON. JULIUS S. GRINNELL.
From a Photograph.

"We will prove, gentlemen, in this case, that Spies no longer ago than last February said that they were armed in this city for bloodshed and riot. We will prove that he said then that they were ready in the city of Chicago for Anarchy, and when told, by a gentleman to whom he made the declaration, that they 'would be hung like snakes,' said — and there was the insult to the Father of our Country — then he said George Washington was no better than a rebel, as if there was any possible comparison between those declarations, between that sentiment of Washington's and his noble deeds, and the Anarchy of this man. He has said in public meetings — and the details of them I will not now worry you with — he has said in public meetings for the last year and a half, to go back no further — he and Neebe and Schwab and Parsons and Fielden have said in public meetings here in the

city of Chicago that the only way to adjust the wrongs of any man was by bloodshed, by dynamite, by the pistol, by the Winchester rifle. They have advised, as will appear in proof here, that dynamite was cheap, and 'you had better forego some luxuries, buy dynamite, kill capitalists, down with the police, murder them, dispose of the militia, and then demand your rights.' That is Anarchy.

"On the 11th day of October, 1885, in a prominent public hall upon the West Side, August Spies, the defendant in this case, and his confrères there, introduced a resolution at a public meeting, in which he said that he did not believe that the eight-hour movement would do the laboring man any good. We will prove in this case that he has always been opposed to the eight-hour law. That is not what he wants. He wants Anarchy. These defendants that I mentioned passed a resolution, which we shall offer in evidence here, and it shall be read to you later — to the effect that the laboring men must arm, must prepare themselves with rifles and dynamite. When? By the 1st of May, 1886, because then would come the contest.

"I will prove to you that Parsons — be it said to the shame of our country, because I understand that he was born on our soil — that Parsons, in an infamous paper published by him, called the *Alarm*, has defined the use of dynamite, told how it should be used, how capitalists could be destroyed by it, how policemen could be absolutely wiped from the face of the earth by one bomb; and further has published a plan in his paper of street-warfare by dynamite against militia and the authorities.

"Gentlemen, leaders of any great cause are either heroes or cowards. The testimony in this case will show that August Spies, Parsons, Schwab and Neebe are the biggest cowards that I have ever seen in the course of my life. They have advised the use of dynamite and have advised the destruction of property for months and years in the city of Chicago, and now pitifully smile at our institutions, as they have through their lives — and, like cowards contemplating crime, they sought to establish an *alibi* for the 4th of May, of which I will speak directly.

"I will prove to you further that in January last August Spies told a newspaper reporter of integrity, honesty and fidelity that they were going to precipitate the matter on or about the 1st of May; that he told this man how they could dispose of the police, and in that connection he told that reporter that they would arrange it so that their meeting should be at or near the intersection of two streets. Having this as Randolph Street and Desplaines (pointing on map), not calling it any particular name, and that he would have a meeting in which there should be assembled large bodies of laboring men, of which he falsely claims to be the exponent; that they would be located just above the intersection of the streets; that he and his dynamiters would be there; that they would be provided with dynamite bombs at the place of meeting; that they would hold a meeting there; that the police or the militia would walk up towards them; that when they got up there their dynamite-throwers would be situated on different sides of the street near the walks; that when they proceeded up here they would throw the dynamite into their ranks, clean them out and take possession of the town. 'But,' said the reporter to him, 'Mr. Spies, that sounds to me like braggadocio and vaporing nonsense.' That is, gentlemen, what it has sounded to us for years. Let it sound no longer like that to us. Spies said to him, red in the face and excited: 'I tell you I am telling the truth, and mark my words, that it will happen on or about the 1st of May, 1886.'

And the reason he was so ready to say so was because he believes our Constitution is a lie, our institutions are not worthy of respect, and he desires to pose as a leader, although in fact a coward.

"That is not all, gentlemen. Mr. Spies at that interview at that time handed that gentlemanly reporter — and I will commend him to you now, whatever may be your notion of newspaper men. Look at that man when he goes upon the stand and judge him by his words and by his appearance. He, Spies, did more than what I have said. At that time he handed to the newspaper reporter a dynamite bomb, empty — almost the exact duplicate of the bomb Lingg made which killed the officers; handed it to this witness and said to him: 'These are the bombs that our men are making in the city of Chicago, and they are distributed from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, because the men who make them have not the facilities for distributing them, and we distribute them here.'

"Those are facts that will be proven here.

"I want to suggest to you now, gentlemen, this is a vastly more important case than perhaps any of you have a conception of. Perhaps I have been with it so long, have investigated it so much, come in contact with such fearful and terrible things so often, that my notions may be somewhat exaggerated; but I think not. I think they are worse even than my conception has pictured. The firing upon Fort Sumter was a terrible thing to our country, but it was open warfare. I think it was nothing compared with this insidious, infamous plot to ruin our laws and our country secretly and in this cowardly way; the strength of our institutions may depend upon this case, because there is only one step beyond republicanism—that is Anarchy. See that we never take that step, and let us stand to-day as we have stood for years, firmly planted on the laws of our country.

"After teaching Anarchy, bombs, the manufacture of them and everything of that character for months, and I may say for years, here in town, having put the ball in motion, having done everything toward the end they declared should be accomplished — towards the end they sought — then began the numerous conspiracies. The beginning of the whole matter was among the nest of snakes in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and the foundation of the conspiracy, published, notorious and open, was at West Twelfth Street Turner Hall, on the 11th of October last. At that time, on the introduction of that resolution by Spies, it was opposed by one man in the audience, who is a labor agitator, but not an Anarchist — opposed by one man in that audience, and he was denounced; he was told to take a back seat, and in support of the resolution it was there said by Spies — and a man, as I understand, by the name of Belz was chairman — that the time for argument has passed; the only argument by which to meet these things was dynamite and the rifle — by force.

"As is well known, requiring no proof, for a long time before, it was arranged by a universal arrangement or consent among all the laboring classes in town that there should be a universal strike for eight hours, to take place on or about the 1st day of May. On the 1st day of May began those strikes. On the 2nd — on the 3d — the 2nd was Sunday — on the 3d day of May, on Monday, you will remember from your reading, as it will appear in proof here, there was difficulty at McCormick's factory down on what they called the Black Road. The fact about that meeting was this: A large number of lumber-shovers, or men who work in the lumber-yards, had a meeting appointed to wait on the lumber-dealers,

There were a great many of them Bohemians, some Germans, and some of other nationalities — mostly embraced in those two nationalities that I first spoke of, but all nationalities represented there. The chief officers and the chief men in the movement were Bohemians. Some of them will be presented to you by us. The committee that was to wait upon the lumber-dealers was to report there in an open place called the Black Road, or in that locality, to the meeting, what the lumber-dealers proposed. In other words, a peaceful proposition was made by that committee to the lumbermen to accede to eight hours, and a meeting was held there; the committee were to come back from the lumber-dealers and report to that meeting. Spies and a man by the name of Fehling — who ought also to have been in this indictment, and I will say just a word later about that — one other man whose identity we have not fully established — went down there uninvited by any of that committee, or by the chairman of it — went down there and made an inflammatory speech for the purpose of precipitating that riot. That is the truth. It was precipitated. I am rather inclined to think that some other of these men were there. I am not going to state anything to you here, at any time, in this case, that I do not believe I can prove. I know Spies was there, and spoke from the top of a car. He wrote up the speech later on, which I will speak of directly. The president of that organization down there, the laborers, opposed his speaking and informed the people that this man was not one of them, but that he was a Socialist, and they did not want to hear him. He insisted upon speaking, and the friend that was with him has fled the city and does not dare return. That will be in proof. Spies did the unmanly thing that he always does. He exasperated other people to rush on McCormick's regardless of the president of that committee, who desired quiet and peace and desired it honestly, although he was in favor of eight hours. But Spies is not anxious for eight hours. We will prove that in this case. He does not want eight hours. If the laboring men — if the bosses and employers in the city of Chicago on the 1st day of May had universally acceded to the eight-hour project, Spies was a dead duck; they would have had no further use for him, and he didn't want it. Therefore he went down there and exasperated the people, and he made a speech. The police didn't come on the ground until after McCormick's was attacked, and until after stones and bombs were used, or pistols and lead against McCormick's factory. What does Spies do, this redoubtable knight? He runs away and gets home just as soon as he can. He takes a car and comes north. I will say nothing more about that meeting for the present. Let us follow Spies. Now, mind you, he saw trouble. He had exasperated this crowd to attack McCormick's; they did attack McCormick's, and stones were thrown by the mob at McCormick's men — some of them — they are called scabs; they didn't happen to belong to any union. Of course my opinion about that may be different from some of yours; I will not criticise. I believe one man is just as good as another, whether he belongs to a union or not. If he is an honest man and desires to work, I think he ought to be permitted to work. But those fellows didn't belong to the union. They swam across the river, got away the best they could, saved their lives. But what does Spies do? He rushes away as soon as he can, when he sees the starting of the difficulty; when he has got everybody inflamed into frenzy and madness he quietly gets out to save his august person; he quietly gets out and goes away. That is not all. He lands that afternoon at the corner of Desplaines and Lake, where there was a

crowd of other men, laborers meeting there, and pronounces a lie by telling them that 'twelve or fourteen of your brothers have been killed at McCormick's, and by the bloodhounds, the police.' Spies knew as well as anything that he ever knew in his life that he was uttering a falsehood. He knew, if he knew anything, that, so far as his observation was concerned, not a man had been killed — not a single man had been killed — and he inflamed the people there by his suggestion, heated as he was and showing excitement, coming in there at Desplaines and Lake at that meeting, inflaming those people so that they were then ready to go with the torch and the sword and level everything before them.

"That is not all. He left there about four o'clock in the afternoon, perhaps between four and five, and went to this nest of treason and Anarchy, No. 107 Fifth Avenue, and there about five o'clock arrived, heated, excited, and told his men not to stop work, that he wanted to use them. What did he do? He then and there wrote what is called the 'Revenge' circular. It is written in English and in German. The English part is tame, more tame than the German — and he knew what he was doing then; there was a plan in that. We have the circular as printed, which will be presented to you. We have in addition to that the type from which it was printed; we have in addition to that the manuscript from which the type was set. The manuscript is in Spies' handwriting! That 'Revenge' circular, gentlemen, perpetrated another lie. It said that 'six of your brothers have been killed at McCormick's.' He decreased it a little. That 'Revenge' circular was hurriedly passed out to all the German settlements of the town and everywhere, by every possible means. Neebe distributed them; others distributed them. They were 'revenge;' revenge for what? Revenge for the declared murder of the brothers of the laboring men at McCormick's Monday afternoon — when he had no knowledge that a single man was killed. I have since learned and shall prove that one man did die days or weeks afterwards from wounds he did receive there, and only one.

"I want to suggest another thing to you here. It will appear in proof — because we have had the German part of that circular translated — that the German part of that circular is the most infamous thing that ever was in print. The translation of the German part of that circular is not like the English part. A man picking up the circular who was an English scholar — as I remember, the English part of the circular comes first, and following that is the German part — and any man, even some of these German newspaper men, would pick that up, and the first thing they would read would be the English part, not the German. They would read the English hastily through and they would say, 'That's some of Spies' vaporing nonsense again; nothing very serious about it, but bad — bad taste — bad judgment in inflamed times.' But the revenge circular as printed in German is altogether a different thing. It is not only treason and Anarchy, but a bid to bloodshed, and a bid to war. Anybody reading the English part of that circular would drop it — even the Germans. And the German newspapers until afterwards did not perceive the dissimilarity between the two, the English and the German. Now, where is this matter read? It is fortunate for the English-speaking people that defendants embrace only two of that class; one of them was born in this country, the other in England. That circular was read among the Germans. That circular was spread throughout the western part and the northern part of the city of

Chicago and in other places, at the instance of Spies, who had it circulated himself. 'Revenge on the bloodhounds, the police.' For his life, in regard to those who were killed, he could not have known whether anybody was killed or not, because he took care of his royal person so speedily after the difficulty at McCormick's that he had no chance to know whether anybody was killed, and he took good care to see that he was not hurt. So much for the 'Revenge' circular.

"Now, gentlemen, we are getting down to the 4th of May. There is more in it than this. Monday was the 3d day of May; Tuesday was the 4th, the day the bomb was thrown. Everything was ripe with the Anarchists for ruining the town. Bombs were to be thrown in all parts of the city of Chicago. Everything was to be done that could be done to ruin law and order. I wish to say right here, gentlemen, that the proof in this case will develop a strange state of facts in regard to the complicity of others in this matter, and in that particular perhaps there ought to be some apology for myself. The conspiracy was so large, the number of criminals interested in that conspiracy so appalling, that I distrusted my own judgment, and, whereas in my soul I believed that at least thirty men and perhaps more should have been indicted for murder, the developments in the case were of that kind, when the grand jury was in session, that the facts could not all clearly be known. And further, there was that feeling and inspiration in the matter, if you please, that the leaders, the men who have incited these things, the men who have caused this anarchy and bloodshed here, and who seek for more — that they should be picked out and, if possible, punished and blotted out.

"The *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, the paper itself — we shall attempt to show you in proof here its circulation, or its sworn issue for a year. We will have them translated for you. We will also attempt to show to you from the *Alarm*, the English organ of the Anarchists — that is what it is called, just think of it — the English organ of the Anarchists, published by the redoubtable and courageous Parsons. We will show you in proof its writings and its sentiments, its invitations to Anarchy, to bloodshed, to the throwing of bombs, and his advice to people how to make bombs.

"If I prove only this that I have stated to you, it seems to me that from every principle of law and evidence, from every principle of justice, the men whose names I have mentioned should be punished.

"But one step more. This was Monday night, remember, that Spies wrote the 'Revenge' circular. That was not all he wrote. He himself wrote the account of his speech, wrote the account of the McCormick riot, wrote his notions about it, and that is in his handwriting. We have the manuscript. And in that he said this, gentlemen — that 'so far as the McCormick matter was concerned it was a failure, and if there only had been one bomb the result might have been different.' The one bomb at least was supplied by his inflammatory utterances the next night.

"On Monday evening, after Spies had inflamed these people up there — on Monday in the daytime, rather, appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, a newspaper published at 107 Fifth Avenue — it is a four-page paper, it has been constantly and carefully read in the progress of this trial by the gentlemen seated over there in a row — in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* appeared on Monday, in a column devoted to editorial notices, a secret word for the meeting of the armed men. That was in German — the letter 'Y,' called ypsilon in German —" Ypsilon, come Monday night." Ypsilon was the secret word

agreed on by the armed men to meet in secret session, when they saw printed in this treasonable sheet that secret word. As I am informed and believe from the proof, Balthasar Rau wrote that secret word. The armed men of the Anarchists, to be brief, are those of the Anarchists who are willing to throw bombs and fire pistols behind people's backs. It is divided into groups. Why, all their literature from Pittsburg to San Francisco, including the pen of Neebe, Spies, Schwab and Parsons — all of them have advised how to make up groups, based upon the Anarchistic notions. On that page appears this secret word. Balthasar Rau is the confidential friend of Spies, works in their office; he is not an editorial writer, he is not a writer at all, unless he occasionally essays to say something in print. I do not know, but I believe that that is his writing, the letter 'Y' in German —'Come Monday night.' That is all there was of it. What does it mean? Pursuant to that secret word, on Monday night — that is the same night that Spies got back from McCormick's — on that night the armed men did assemble pursuant to 'Ypsilon, come Monday night,' and they knew where to go to. They went to Greif's Hall. Greif's Hall is on Lake Street, just east of Clinton." Mr. Grinnell indicated the points on a map. "This is Zepf's Hall (indicating); the name will be mentioned to you. Here is Desplaines Street Station, so that you can keep in your mind from this map the idea. Here is Desplaines Street Station; north up here to Lake, Zepf's Hall; east, Greif's Hall. They met. Greif's Hall is a four-story building, as I remember; a family lives in it, there is a saloon, and down in the basement is a place for truck and one thing and another, and also a rough-and-ready place for meetings. The armed men were there; Fischer was there; Lingg was there; Engel was there. The armed men met there with others — other armed men than those that I have mentioned. They pass into Greif's Hall; they say to Mr. Greif: 'Have you a hall we can take?' He said: 'No, my halls are all occupied;' one kind of labor association was meeting in one hall, and another in another; but he said, 'If you want the basement'— and I have a plan and map of the basement — 'if you want the basement, go down stairs and hold your meeting.' So these men, the numbers of them variously estimated from thirty to sixty, meet in that place. Among them were Fischer, Lingg, Engel and Schnaubelt. Schnaubelt is in this indictment, and not here. He has run away. These men met in this hall underneath the saloon, a dingy and dark basement — the only proper place for conspirators — by the light of a dingy lamp — and they held an organized meeting. The plan of warfare was devised — not for the next night. I will explain that. But for some night. Engel, a man who is gray, has been in this country some years and talks some English — he understands me, and laughs and smiles at every word I utter — Engel was at that meeting that night, and told the plan. I am going to be brief about the recitation of that plan. That was the most fearfully declared plan that I ever heard in my life. It meant destruction to this town absolutely if this programme had been carried out. Engel said: 'When you see printed in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, under the Letter-box, the word 'Ruhe,' that night prepare for war.' 'Ruhe' means 'rest,' 'peace.' The manuscript for that is in our possession and is in the handwriting of Spies. That word on Tuesday morning appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and in a double lead, with an emphasis under it, before it and behind it. It meant 'war.' They understood it; and Engel refers to Fischer in the meeting and he says: 'Is not this the order of the Northwest group?' That is

another group for conspiracy and treason. Fischer said 'Yes.' As I am informed, Fischer undertook to carry the word back to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office and have it inserted. Fischer was the foreman of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office at that time. He carried the word back, I assume. Spies wrote it out, double-leaded it, made it emphatic, and they were ready for war.

"But that was not all. Somebody had to make the bombs. Lingg was there, and he said that he would make the bombs. He was the bomb-maker of the Anarchists, and we have found and traced to him at least twenty-two of these infernal machines, one of which passed from his hands to the man who threw it at the Haymarket Square. I will prove to your absolute satisfaction that Lingg made the bomb that killed the officers, and will show to you that it was his bomb, and his manufacture alone. Lingg lived at No. 442 Sedgwick Street, occupied a room in Seliger's house. Seliger is in this indictment for murder also. He is not on trial. I am not yet prepared to say whether the State will use him as a witness or not. I will have a suggestion to make on that subject directly.

"Lingg was to make the bombs. Engel devised the plan and deliberately told him over and over so that there would be no mistake. Now, what was the plan? That these conspirators should proceed to Lingg's house that next night, or before night, and obtain from Lingg the bombs. He had already sixteen halves, or eight whole bombs. But he wanted more, and they were to be filled with dynamite on Tuesday afternoon.

"And what next? Then these people were informed where they could obtain them, and he was to go, as he did, in the evening, or between seven and eight o'clock, to Neff's Hall, at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue. They went to work. There Seliger helped fill the bombs that afternoon. Lingg was there. Lingg left in the afternoon. He didn't stay there through it all, but came back again. I do not think that Lingg was at the Haymarket that night; he may have been; I don't think he was. His part on the programme—part of it had been performed—was to furnish the bombs and do the work elsewhere.

"Now, gentlemen, just look at this plan, and this is the plan that Engel told them should be performed. They were to get these bombs; certain of them were to be at the Haymarket Square, where this meeting was; and in this meeting, mind you, in this conspiracy meeting the programme was that there should be at least twenty-five thousand laboring men present; that they would not hold the meeting down on the square, but that they would get up in the street, because they were out in a great open place there, the police could come down on them and clean them all out; but they must get back where the alleys were, instead of holding the meeting down here where it was advertised. You see there are two blocks here. Instead of holding the meeting on this broad spot here (indicating on the map), they were to hold it up here; and that very thing was discussed down there that night in the conspiracy meeting, as to the feasibility of holding it here where the police could corner them. Then these individuals with the bombs were to distribute themselves in different parts of the city. They were to destroy the station-houses; they were to throw bombs at every patrol wagon that they saw going toward the Haymarket Square with police officers. They expected there would be a row down there at the Haymarket Square, of course. There was going to be one bomb thrown there at least, and perhaps more, and that would call the police down; but the police must be taken care of and must not be permitted to go, and they

were to be destroyed, absolutely wiped off from the earth by bombs in other parts of the city. And Lingg went around with bombs in his pocket that night and desired to throw them at a patrol wagon and was only restrained by his friends. And they were to build a fire up toward Wicker Park—some building was to be set on fire for the purpose of attracting the police in that direction and scattering them about. Others were to take other parts of the city and burn them so that they would be destroyed.

"Now, this sounds as if it was a large story. But that is what Spies had been talking for years; that is what Parsons had been talking for years; that is what he came back here so courageously, on the arm of the learned counsel on the other side, to hear again in court.

"That meeting that night was fruitful of great results. A bomb was thrown at the Haymarket, and seven killed and many others injured. It is not necessary for me to go into any more of the details of that conspiracy. It was carried out to the letter.

"Now, there is one other little step in this case, gentlemen, that I wish to bring to your attention. When that 'Revenge' circular was circulated, Fischer, immediately thereafter, and at the conspiracy meeting—Fischer is the foreman printer of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and the immediate friend of Spies and all these people—Fischer was to advertise, to see that the proper number of people came to that meeting, and he got up an advertisement, and it was printed. He ordered twenty thousand. That advertisement will be presented to you in the proof. That advertisement called for 'Revenge' and 'A big meeting of the workingmen at the Haymarket Square on Tuesday night.' Now, you see, the 'Ruhe' had appeared. The conspiracy was all complete; everything was arranged; there was only one step more to make—to get the laboring men there—because, thank God, all the laboring men were not in this conspiracy. A very few were in it. It is to their credit, gentlemen; and in my investigation in this case I have more respect for the laboring man than I had before. The laboring man as a class is an honest man, and when he saw the 'Revenge' circular and the call 'to arms' he stayed away. Fischer had the advertisement printed, and the last sentence is this: 'Workingmen, come armed.' But that was a little too much for Spies; that was too close home. After about five thousand of these circulars were printed, Spies orders that sentence stricken out; but the whole twenty thousand were distributed, and with Spies' knowledge. Spies was preparing the alibi.

"On the evening of Tuesday, at 107 Fifth Avenue, there was a meeting of these conspirators, of these Anarchists, of what is called the American group, that Parsons and Fielden and, I suppose, Spies belong to, and some others. That was held at 107 Fifth Avenue. That is at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. They were there on Tuesday night. Parsons was on Halsted Street, to be sure, but yet seemed anxious to get away and go down to this other meeting on the South Side. He went down there. The meeting was advertised for a large number of laboring men. The laboring men did not materialize to any large extent. Between Halsted and Desplaines there were hundreds of people walking backwards and forwards, wondering why the meeting did not take place. It was advertised for half past seven; they expected to precipitate the matter at half past seven, because, pursuant to 'Ruhe' and the other declarations, and pursuant to Engel and Lingg and Fischer's arrangement at the conspiracy meeting, they were to begin their work in the other parts of the city about eight o'clock, as they

expected the police would precipitate the difficulty — they would precipitate the difficulty by the police coming about eight, or between half past seven and eight. Good speakers were advertised, yet no names given. Spies went over there that night himself, wandered around, seemed careless, walked over here with his friend Schnaubelt, up to the other street — with Schwab, too. Schwab went away finally and went up to Deering. They marched backwards and forwards there, and finally Spies comes back to the corner here and opens the meeting, and says, when he opens it: 'We will not obstruct that road on Randolph Street, but will go up here.' So he got where he had always said they would get, just above the intersection of the streets. They got up there on the wagon, and Spies opened the meeting.

"Now, gentlemen, we have got down to the meeting. I have endeavored to give you, in a kind of historical way, how this thing leads up to, without saying specifically, the proof. I have told you that we would prove declarations of these men, time out of number, about dynamite and bombs, and the destruction of property and the destruction of the police. That we will attempt to do. There is no need of my specifying or saying what each individual witness will say.

"Neebe has upheld bloodshed and riot time and again, although from all the inquiries put to you it would seem as if he was known as one of these peaceable, peaceful, quiet labor organizers.

"The laboring men did not come to any large extent. There probably were not two thousand men there at any time, even early in the evening. There were not enough there to get up a riot. They could not get up a riot with such a small number as that, and they were compelled to have somebody speak to keep what they had; they were dissolving — going away. Now, Spies was there. He is the man, I think, that knew of 'Ruhe;' I think that he himself will state — I think others will state — that they knew of all the circumstances about the 'Ruhe,' and about what they were going to do. I think the proof will show that he knew of the whole conspiracy. He did not stop it. They will undertake to show that he tried to. Now, I want you to watch that carefully. We will have something to say on that subject as the basis of all this. There never was a great criminal in the world, especially if he was a coward, but what, if he undertook to commit a great crime and wanted to conceal himself, he prepared an alibi. Parsons, Fielden, Schwab, Neebe and Spies prepared that alibi. They were going to let these three other men suffer, let the man that threw the bomb suffer; but they, who had been teaching dynamite for years, asking people to throw bombs for years — they, after the bomb had been thrown, were going to say that they were not liable at all.

"Now, at that meeting, Spies got back up here and opened the meeting. There was some significance in the very way he opened it. We will have it all here. Fortunately, one of the newspaper reporters — Mr. English, of the *Tribune* — stood there with his overcoat on, with his hands in his pocket, not daring to take his paper out, and took a minute of everything that was said — wrote in shorthand, with his hand in his pocket, what they said, as long as he could. Spies opened the meeting up here near the alley. A wagon was standing there upon which they stood and from which they spoke. Spies found that the meeting was going to dissolve; there wasn't going to be any interference by the police to any extent unless they could keep that crowd there. So he sends Balthasar Rau over to the *Arbeiter-*

Zeitung office, where the American group were. Now, how did he know that they were over there? They went over to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office to get Parsons, Fielden and the rest of them to come over and address the meeting, and they came over, and we will have what they said — where speeches were inflammatory, denunciatory, crying for bloodshed — everything of that character.

"Gentlemen, I have called several of these men cowards. The testimony will show that they are. I am rather inclined to think that Fielden, although he is an Anarchist, is the only man in the whole crowd that stood his ground that night.

"The history of the throwing of that bomb shows that the police did not interfere any too soon. Gentlemen, it is our humble opinion, from looking this case all over, that Inspector Bonfield, although it is sad to think that life is destroyed — I think Inspector Bonfield did the wisest thing that he possibly could have done, to have called the police there that night as he did. If he had not, the next night it would have had to be done, or the next, and whereas seven poor men are dead, there would have been instead hundreds, perhaps thousands. I say again, to the credit of Bonfield and the police, I wish it understood that at that meeting it was the wisest thing that ever happened to this town, although cruel as it may seem in the light of the fact that seven died. Hundreds and perhaps thousands were saved. Anarchy had been taught and cried for months; it had almost come with its demoralization, and the strength and courage of the police saved the town.

"About ten o'clock, from the reports coming to Bonfield, as will appear in proof, the inflammatory utterances of these American citizens, of these people, had decided Bonfield that the meeting must be broken up. He was wise. He passed down there with his force of police, and, gentlemen, not a policeman except the commanding officer in front had a weapon in his hand. They marched down there shoulder to shoulder, covering the whole street, and came to the wagon. Fielden was shouting to the police, talking about the bloodhounds as they advanced, because he was facing them as he spoke. He probably saw them as they turned the corner. They formed here (indicating on the map), in this court back here, and marched into the street at Desplaines, occupying almost the entire width of the street, facing down — what we may call up Desplaines Street, north towards where this meeting was. The meeting was held about the vicinity of that alley. This property here, all through there, is Crane's factory — R. T. Crane & Co. Here is an alley that runs in through here. Eagle Street is here, and of course here is Lake, and here is Randolph. Fielden was speaking; the police came up to the wagon; Captain Ward stepped up to the crowd and told them that he commanded them, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois, to depart, to leave, to disperse. He made the ordinary statutory declaration. Fielden stepped from the wagon and said: 'We are peaceable,' so that it could be heard a long distance around him. At that moment a man, who a moment before had been on the wagon, stepped to the corner of that alley, lighted the bomb and threw it into the police. Fielden stepped from the wagon and began firing. He is the only one, I told you, of the crowd, that has got any of the elements of the hero in him; he was willing to stand his ground. The others fled. Parsons never did a manly thing in his life, and neither did the others. They are not for law; they are against the law. Although Fielden is against the law, he did have the

English stubbornness to stand up there and shoot, and he fired from over the wagon until finally he disappeared.

"I have given you in detail a good deal of the proof. I have told you the reason that I did it was, not only for your own edification, but so that these gentlemen could know what we expect to prove. We have nothing to conceal, we have nothing to hide. We expect as fair a statement from them as to their case.

"I have only a word or two more to you, gentlemen. Remember, gentlemen, that this meeting was called for half-past seven. The police did not appear until half-past ten. There are nearly three long hours—about half-past ten, between ten and half-past ten. The bomb-throwers had become discouraged. Those individuals that were situated in different parts of the town had not received the communication, because the conspiracy embraced the fact that spies were to be located there to scatter the word, and then was to continue this destruction. The police came so late, and so many went away, that it was absolutely coming very near to being a fiasco. They had been arranging for it for months. The conspiracy had been clearly declared and established. The only thing they needed was the crowd. The crowd failed to come. The police failed to interfere, and finally, at the last moment, having interfered, most of those that were there had gone. And there was another thing. These men that were interested in the throwing of the bomb were paralyzed, notwithstanding their firing and the shooting, by the attitude of the police who stood up there; and in all my examination of these men, asking each and every one of them as far as I could what they did there that night, I have failed to find a man that ran. They stood up there and fired at these wretches who were pouring into them, from both sides of the street, a volley of shots from pistols. One bomb was fired and thrown, and just the moment that happened, not a policeman with his club—scarcely one—not a policeman with a pistol in his hand, but every one standing there waiting for orders. The bomb was thrown, and the firing began from both sides of the policemen and from the crowd, and them alone. The police never fired a shot until after many of their men had already bit the dust.

"I will attempt to show to you, gentlemen, who threw the bomb, from this locality (indicating on map). I have said to you that the bomb that was thrown was made by Lingg. I will prove that.

"I have one other suggestion to make to you. There never was a conspiracy in the world, either small or great—not a conspiracy ever established in the world, but what there was needed some conspirator to give the first information of its existence and its purposes. I want you to be cautious, gentlemen, about an unjust criticism of any member of that conspiracy who first gave us the ideas about it and its ends. Seliger gave us the information, the first information, which led to the knowledge of this terrible conspiracy, led to the knowledge of the facts relating to it. I said to you, we may not use Seliger; but I say to you this, gentlemen, that not a single conspirator placed upon the witness-stand by the State shall be so placed there without we can do something to corroborate his statements; and even if we do not, I have yet to learn of a man that dare say that that conspiracy did not exist. And so far as that is concerned as a question of law, when a conspirator or a co-conspirator gives his testimony in court, you have a right to reject it if you desire. But, gentlemen, before you reject it the court will simply instruct you in regard to a conspirator's testimony that his tes-

timony is to be considered like any other witness, and that you have a right to consider his credibility in view of the fact that he is a co-conspirator.

"This indictment is for murder, a serious charge. Under our statute the jury fixes the penalty. If murder, the penalty is not less than fourteen years; it may be for life; it may be the death penalty. For manslaughter, the lower degree under murder, under our statute, which is somewhat different from statutes in other States, the penalty is any number of years' imprisonment and may be for life. The indictment in this case is for murder. There are a great many counts here, but the chief thing is the count against these men for murder. Now, it is not necessary in a case of this kind, nor in any case of murder, or any other kind, that the individual who commits the exact and particular offense—for instance, the man who threw the bomb—should be in court at all. He need not even be indicted. The question for you to determine is, having ascertained that a murder was committed, not only who did it, but who is responsible for it, who abetted it, assisted it, or encouraged it? There is no question of law in the case.

"We will show to you, I think to your entire satisfaction, that, although perhaps none of these men personally threw that bomb, they each and all abetted, encouraged and advised the throwing of it, and therefore are as guilty as the individual who in fact threw it. They are accessories.

"I have talked to you, gentlemen, longer than I expected to, and chiefly so that you would know something about this case, know something about the facts. I have given you not, perhaps, all the details, but I have given you, as a whole, the facts. I want you to patiently listen to the evidence in this case from both sides, and be careful in your analysis. You have, most of you, been here some time, and you have been admirably patient. Only continue that way, and be patient in the matter, and make up your minds when the testimony is all presented, and not before. It may take some days to get at the proof and to place it all before you, so that you can clearly understand it. A great deal of the proof has to come from the mouths of witnesses whose language will have to be interpreted to you. That will take more time. But the whole case will finally be presented to you substantially, I think, as I have stated it. I will now leave the matter with you."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Great Trial Opens — Bonfield's History of the Massacre — How the Bomb Exploded — Dynamite in the Air — A Thrilling Story — Gottfried Waller's Testimony — An Anarchist's "Squeal" — The Murder Conspiracy Made Manifest by Many Witnesses.

ON Friday, July 16, the day following the delivery of the State's Attorney's argument, the first witness was called. The defendants appeared flushed with excitement, and the throng in the court-room was eager in expectancy of the State's evidence. Some of the officers disabled at the Haymarket were among the interested spectators. All were in a flutter of suppressed excitement.

"Felix D. Buschick," called the State's Attorney.

The sound re-echoed through the room and floated out through the open windows. Buschick advanced with trepidation and took the witness-stand. Every neck was craned to catch a glimpse of him as he arose. He was a draughtsman, and his testimony had reference simply to maps and plans showing the location of the Haymarket Square, the surrounding streets and alleys, the spot where the bomb was thrown, and the location of the Desplaines Street Station.

Inspector JOHN BONFIELD followed next. He stated that he was Inspector of Police, had been on the force ten years, and had been in command of the men ordered to rendezvous at Desplaines Station on the night of May 4. His testimony then proceeded as follows:

"I got there about six o'clock. There were present Capt. Ward, Lieuts. Bowler, Penzen, Stanton, Hubbard, Beard, Steele and Quinn, each in charge of a company. During that day our attention was called to a circular calling a meeting at the Haymarket that evening. I saw the Mayor that afternoon, then went to Desplaines Street Station and took command of the forces there, all told about one hundred and eighty men. We stayed in the station until between ten and half-past ten. The men then formed on Waldo Place. We marched down north on Desplaines Street. Capt. Ward and myself were at the head, Lieut. Steele with his company on the right, and Lieut. Quinn on the left; the next two companies that formed in division front, double line, were Lieut. Bowler on the right, Stanton on the left; next company in single line was Lieut. Hubbard. Lieuts. Beard and Penzen's orders were to stop at Randolph Street and face to the right and left. We marched until we came about to the mouth of Crane Brothers' alley. There was a truck wagon standing a little north of that alley and against the east sidewalk of Desplaines Street, from which they were speaking. There were orders issued in regard to the arms of the men and officers."

Being asked what those orders were, defendants' counsel objected, but the objection was overruled. Bonfield continued:

"The orders were, that no man should draw a weapon or fire or strike anybody until he received positive orders from his commanding officer. Each officer was dressed in full uniform, with his coat buttoned up to the throat and his club and belt on, and the club in the holder on the side. Capt. Ward and myself had our weapons in our hand; pistols in pockets. As we approached the truck, there was a person speaking from the truck. Capt. Ward turned slightly to the right and gave the statutory order to disperse: 'I command you, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois, to immediately and peaceably disperse.' As he repeated that, he said, 'I command you and you to assist.' Almost instantly, Mr. Fielden, who was speaking, turned so as to face the Captain and myself, stepped off from the end of the truck toward the sidewalk and said in a loud tone of voice, 'We are peaceable.' Almost instantly after that I heard from behind me a hissing sound, followed, in a second or two, by a terrific explosion. In coming up the street, part of the crowd ran on Desplaines toward Lake, but a great portion fell back to the sidewalks on the right and left, partly lapping back onto our flanks. Almost instantly after the explosion, firing from the front and both sides poured in on us. There were from seventy-five to a hundred pistol shots fired before a shot was fired by any officer. There was an interval of a few seconds between that and the return fire by the police. On hearing the explosion I turned around quickly, saw almost all the men of the second two lines shrink to the ground, and gave the order to close up. The men immediately re-formed. Lieuts. Steele and Quinn with their companies charged down the street; the others formed and took both sides. In a few moments the crowd was scattered in every direction. I gave the order to cease firing and went to pick up our wounded. Mathias J. Degan was almost instantly killed. The wounded, about sixty in number, were carried to the Desplaines Street Station. Seven died from the effects of wounds."

After identifying circulars calling the Haymarket meeting and demanding revenge, he continued:

"As we approached there were about five or six on the truck. Did not see the direction of the bomb; it came from my rear. I was about ten feet from the wagon. The rear rank of the first company and the second company suffered the most. During the evening or during the continuance of the meeting I received reports as to what was going on, from officers detailed for that purpose."

On cross-examination, his testimony was as follows:

"I was the highest officer on the ground that night. The whole force was under my special charge and direction. As we marched down, the divisions of police occupied the full width of the street from curb to curb. Around the corner of Desplaines and Randolph there were a few persons scattered, apparently paying no attention to the meeting; the crowd attending the speaking was apparently north of that alley. The speakers' wagon was not more than five or six feet north of that alley. Fielden, when speaking, was facing to the north and west, was facing us when my attention was especially called to him; there were about one thousand people there; don't remember whether it was moonlight; there were no street lamps lit; there was a clear sky. As we marched along, the crowd shifted its position; the speaking went right on. My experience is, if the police were marching

in parade, the crowd would get to the sidewalk to look on; if to disperse a crowd or mob, the natural thing would be for them to run away. I saw Fielden that night for the first time. As Capt. Ward turned to the wagon to give the order to disperse, I saw the men were still advancing, and I turned to the left, gave the command to halt, and then came up alongside of Capt. Ward. Capt. Ward stood within a few feet of the south end of that truck, which stood lengthwise of the sidewalk, the tongue end north. The front rank of the first division was near up to the north line of the alley, probably not more than ten or fifteen feet from the wagon. Before Capt. Ward had finished his command I was beside him. Capt. Ward spoke as loud as he could speak. Between my calling the halt and the explosion of the bomb, I don't think it was a minute. As the Captain finished, Fielden stepped from the truck and faced us, and, stepping on the street, he turned to the sidewalk or curb, which is perhaps ten inches above the street, and said: 'We are peaceable.' Within two or three seconds the explosion followed. I did not hear anything said by Fielden from the truck. When he stepped on the street I could have reached out and touched him. He did not say: 'This is a peaceable meeting.' When I heard the hissing sound Fielden was in the act of getting to the sidewalk."

GOTTFRIED WALLER, a former associate of the defendants, testified through an interpreter. He stated his occupation, residence, etc., and proceeded as follows:

"On the evening of the 3d of May I was at Greif's Hall, 54 West Lake Street; got there at eight o'clock; went there pursuant to an advertisement in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung:* 'Y — Come Monday night.' Before that notice there is the word 'Briefkasten,' which means letter-box. This notice was a sign for a meeting of the armed section at Greif's Hall. I had been there once before, pursuant to a similar notice. There was no other reason for my going there. I had seen no printed document before. I spent no time in the saloon at Greif's place. I attended a meeting there in the basement which extends throughout the length of the building. The ceiling of basement is about seven or eight feet above the floor. I called the meeting to order at half-past eight. There were about seventy or eighty men. I was chairman. I don't know of any precautions taken about who should come into the meeting. Of the defendants there were present Engel and Fischer — none of the other defendants."

On a question as to what was said at that meeting after it had been called to order, objections were raised on behalf of six of the defendants other than Engel and Fischer, and overruled. Waller then resumed:

"First there was some talk about the six men who had been killed at McCormick's. There were circulars there headed 'Revenge,' speaking about that; then Mr. Engel stated a resolution of a prior meeting as to what should be done, to the effect that if, on account of the eight-hour strike, there should be an encounter with the police, we should aid the men against them. He stated that the Northwest Side group had resolved that in such case we should gather at certain meeting-places, and the word 'Ruhe' published in the Letter-box of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* should be the signal for us to meet. The Northwest Side group should then assemble in Wicker Park, armed. A committee should observe the movement in the city, and if a

conflict should occur the committee should report, and we should first storm the police stations by throwing a bomb and should shoot down everything that came out, and whatever came in our way we should strike down. The police station on North Avenue was referred to first. Nothing was said about the second station — just as it happened. I then proposed a meeting of workingmen for Tuesday morning on Market Square. Then Fischer said that was a mouse trap; the meeting should be on the Haymarket and in the evening, because there would be more workingmen. Then it was resolved the meeting should be held at 8 P.M. at the Haymarket; it was stated that the purpose of the meeting was to cheer up the workingmen so they should be prepared, in case a conflict would happen. Fischer was commissioned to call the meeting through handbills; he went away to order them, but came back after half an hour and said the printing establishment was closed. It was said that we ourselves should not participate in the meeting on the Haymarket; only a committee should be present at the Haymarket and report in case something happened, as stated before. Nothing was said as to what should be done in case the police interfered with the Haymarket meeting. We discussed about why the police stations should be attacked. Several persons said, 'We have seen how the capitalists and the police oppressed the workingmen, and we should commence to take the rights in our own hands; by attacking the stations we would prevent the police from coming to aid.' The plan stated by Engel was adopted by us with the understanding that every group ought to act independently, according to the general plan. The persons present were from all the groups, from the West, South and North sides."

A question being raised as to what was said about attacking the police in case they should attempt to disperse the Haymarket meeting, he replied:

"There was nothing said about the Haymarket. There was no one who expected that the police would get as far as the Haymarket; only, if strikers were attacked, we should strike down the police, however we best could, with bombs or whatever would be at our disposition. The committee which was to be sent to the Haymarket was to be composed of one or two from each group. They should observe the movement, not only on the Haymarket Square, but in the different parts of the city. If a conflict happened in the daytime they should cause the publication of the word 'Ruhe.' If at night, they should report to the members personally at their homes. On the 4th of May we did not understand ourselves why the word 'Ruhe' was published. It should be inserted in the paper only if a downright revolution had occurred. Fischer first mentioned the word 'Ruhe.' I only knew one of the members of the committee, Kraemer. Engel moved that the plan be adopted. The motion was seconded, and I put it to a vote.

"During the discussion was anything said about where dynamite or bombs or arms could be obtained, that you remember of?" "Not on that evening," answered the witness. "I left the meeting about half-past ten. I went home. I was present at the Haymarket meeting on Tuesday evening for some time. I did not go there on account of the meeting, but because I had to go to Zepf's Hall, to a meeting of the Furniture Workers' Union. I saw the word 'Ruhe' in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* about 6 P.M., on Tuesday, at Thalia Hall, a saloon on Milwaukee Avenue, where the second company of the Lehr und Wehr Verein and the Northwest Side group used to meet. I went to the Haymarket and stayed there about a quarter of an

hour, while Mr. Spies spoke. Mr. Spies spoke English; I didn't understand it, and I went to the meeting of the furniture workers. On my way to the Haymarket I had stopped at Engel's. There were some people of the Northwest Side group there. Engel was not at home. Breitenfeld was not there. I was at Zepf's Hall when the bomb exploded. There was some disturbance, and the door was closed. After the door was opened again we went home. I went alone. On my way home I stopped at Engel's and told him what had happened at the Haymarket. They had assembled in the back part of their dwelling-place around a jovial glass of beer, and I told them that a bomb was thrown at the Haymarket, and that about a hundred people had been killed there, and they had better go home. Engel said yes, they should go home, and nothing else."

"Mr. Waller," asked the State, "did you ever have any bombs?"

This was objected to by the defense, but after a full argument the objection was overruled. Waller resumed:

"Formerly, about half a year ago, I had one. It was made out of an eight-inch gas or water pipe. I did not investigate what it was filled with. Got it from Fischer, the defendant, on Thanksgiving day of last year, at Thalia Hall."

"What did he say to you, if anything, when he gave it to you?"

Another objection was raised, but it was overruled. Waller continued:

"I should use it. There were present members of the Northwest Side group and several men of the Lehr und Wehr Verein when he gave me that bomb."

Asked as to a public meeting on Thanksgiving day, Waller answered in the affirmative, stating that the meeting was held at Market Square. After explaining that the members of the Lehr und Wehr Verein were known not by names, but by numbers, he said:

"Everybody had to know his own number; my number was 19. The numbers of the different men were not exactly secret, but we did not pay particular attention to it. Of those who were present at the meeting at 54 West Lake Street, on Monday night, I knew Fischer, Engel, Breitenfeld, Reinhold Krueger and another Krueger, Gruenwald, Schrade, Weber, Huber, Lehman, Hermann."

"What became of the bomb which you had?"

"I gave it to a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein; he had it exploded in a hollow tree. I had a revolver with me when I went to the Haymarket; had no bomb. Schnaubelt was present at the Lake Street meeting. (Witness identified photograph of Schnaubelt.) Schnaubelt at that meeting said we should inform our members in other places of the revolution so that it should commence in other places also. On Sunday, before that meeting at Lake Street, I was present at a meeting at Bohemian Hall, at No. 63 Emma Street. August Krueger invited me; he is also called the little Krueger, while Reinhold is known as the large Krueger. I got to the meeting at Emma Street at 10 A.M. There were present Engel and Fischer, the defendants, besides Gruenwald, the two Kruegers, Schrade, myself."

"What was said at the meeting?"

"The same that I stated — Engel's plan. Engel proposed the plan. Somebody opposed this plan, as there were too few of us, and it would be better if we would place ourselves among the people and fight right in the midst of them. There was some opposition to this suggestion to be in the midst of the crowd, as we could not know who would be our neighbors; there might be a detective right near us, or some one else. Engel's plan was finally accepted."

An effort was made to have Waller's testimony all stricken out, but the motion was overruled. He was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, but he did not waver in any of his statements. He proceeded as follows:

"Before I ceased to be a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, I belonged to it for four or five months. I learned that the objects of the Lehr und Wehr Verein are the physical and intellectual advancement of its members. None of the defendants were members of that society about the 4th of May. I had seen a call by the letter 'Y' in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* once before, one or one and a half months before. On the 3d of May a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein, by the name of Clermont, called for me. I spoke with Engel before I went to Greif's Hall, but had no conversation with him about the purpose of the meeting. We did not know for what purpose it was called. When more people arrived, I requested Engel to lay his plan again before the meeting. Engel stated both at the meeting on Sunday and at the Monday night meeting that the plan proposed by him was to be followed only if the police should attack us. Any time when we should be attacked by the police, we should defend ourselves.

"Nothing was said with reference to any action to be taken by us at the Haymarket. We were not to do anything at the Haymarket Square. The plan was, we should not be present there at all. We did not think that the police would come to the Haymarket. For this reason no preparations were made for meeting any police attack there. When I saw the word 'Ruhe' in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on Tuesday, May 4, about 6 P.M., I knew the meaning, but I didn't know why it was in the paper. On the Haymarket, on my way to the meeting of the Furniture Workers' Union, I met Fischer. We were walking about some time. I don't think he said anything to me about why I was not at Wicker Park. We once walked over to Desplaines Street Station. The police were mounting five or six patrol wagons, and I made the remark: 'I suppose they are getting ready to drive out to McCormick's, so that they might be out there early in the morning.' Fischer assented to my remark. That was all that was said about the police between us. At that time there were about three hundred and fifty or four hundred people assembled at the Haymarket. The principal purpose of the Haymarket meeting was to protest against the action of the police at the riot at McCormick's factory. While I was with Fischer at the Haymarket, nothing was said between us about preparations to meet an attack by the police. When I came to Engel's, at about half-past ten, there were in his house Breitenfeld, the little Krueger, Kraemer, and a few others. Kraemer, I think, lived in the rear of the house.

"I know that I am indicted for conspiracy. I was arrested about two weeks after the 4th of May by two detectives, Stift and Whalen, and taken to East Chicago Avenue Station. I saw there Capt. Schaack, and, in the evening, Mr. Furthmann. I was released about half-past eight of the same



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day. No warrant was shown to me. I was never arrested since my indictment. I was ordered to come to the station four or five times. At every occasion I had conversations with Furthmann about the statements made here in court. I live now at 130 Sedgwick Street, since one month. Capt. Schaack gave me $6.50 for the rent. Whenever I used my time sitting in the station, I was paid for it. Once we had to sit all day, and we were paid two dollars for that day. I was out on a strike, and Capt. Schaack gave my wife three times three dollars. He gave me, twice before, five dollars each time. I have been at work for the last two weeks for Peterson. When I went there to commence work I was told that I was on the black list, and could not work, and Capt. Schaack helped me to get the job. By the black list I mean that the bosses put all those upon a list who were in any way connected with the strike to obtain eight hours' work, and they were not to be employed any further.

"I know Spies by sight. I never had any conversation with him. I spoke to Mr. Neebe once a few words, at a meeting of the basket-makers. I have no acquaintance whatever with Schwab, Parsons, Fielden or Lingg. I saw Lingg once make a speech."

Bernhard Schrade, another confidant of the Anarchists, stated that he had resided in this country nearly five years and had been a member of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. He was present at the meeting in the basement of Greif's Hall, on the evening of May 3, and found the meeting in order when he got there. His testimony was as follows:

"Waller was presiding. There were about thirty or thirty-five people —Waller, Engel, Fischer, Thielen, the Lehmans, Donafeldt. Lingg was not there. When I entered, the chairman explained what had been spoken about until then. He stated the objects of the meeting; that so many men at the McCormick factory had been shot by the police; that a mass-meeting was to be held at Haymarket Square, and that we should be prepared, in case the police went beyond their bounds — attacked us. Afterwards we talked among ourselves, and the meeting adjourned. I heard nothing about assembling in other parts of the city. That same evening I had been to the carpenters' meeting, and it was said there that the members of the L. u. W. V. should go around to the meeting on Lake Street. I stayed there from eight until half-past nine. Circulars headed 'Revenge' were distributed there by one Balthasar Rau. That carpenters' meeting was held at Zepf's Hall. At the meeting at 54 West Lake Street I stayed from half-past nine until about a quarter after ten. On the preceding Sunday I was at a meeting at the Bohemian Hall, on Emma Street. We got there about half-past nine in the forenoon. The big Krueger called for me. There were, besides me, Waller, Krueger, Fischer, Engel and Grueneberg. I don't know the others.

"Those present belonged to the second company of the L. u. W. V., and the Northwestern group. We talked there about the condition of the workingmen after the 1st of May, and the remark was made that it might not go off so easy after the 1st of May, and if it should not, that they would help themselves and each other. It was said that if we were to get into a conflict with the police, we should mutually assist one another, and the members of the Northwestern group should meet at Wicker Park, in case it should get so far that the police would make an attack, and should defend

themselves as much as possible, as well as any one could. Nothing was said about dynamite; the word "stuff" was not used. Nothing was said about telegraph wires. The revolutionary movement was talked about; it was mentioned that the firemen could easily disperse large masses of the people standing upon the street, and in such a case it would be the best thing to cut through their hose, annihilate them. I was at the Haymarket on the night when the bomb was thrown. Went there with a man named Thielen. Got there about half-past eight. I walked up and down on Randolph Street, and at the corner of Desplaines I heard all the speakers. When the bomb was thrown I was at a saloon at 173 West Randolph Street. I had left the meeting because a rain and a shower came up. I know all the defendants. I saw Engel and Fischer, about an hour previous to the meeting, upon the corner of Desplaines and Randolph. After the bomb was thrown I went to my home, 581 Milwaukee Avenue. I met the little Krueger in the saloon. He was there; also the big Krueger. The L. u. W. V. used to meet at Thalia Hall, Milwaukee Avenue. We had our exercise, marched in the hall—drilled. We had Springfield rifles, which we kept at home.

"We had our military drills for pleasure. Most of the members had been soldiers in the old country, and we were drilling here for fun—pleasure. We drilled once a week, at times. The members knew each other, but on the list each one had his number. My number was 32. There were four companies of the L. u. W. V. in this city. I dont know the number of members.

"I saw 'Revenge' circulars at the meeting at 54 West Lake Street. I know Schnaubelt by sight. Don't remember whether he was at 54 West Lake. (Witness was shown the signal "Y," in *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.) I saw this in the paper when I read it at Thalia Hall. It is a sign for the armed section to meet at 54 West Lake Street. The armed section means certain members of certain societies—trades-unions who had bought weapons with which they practiced continually." (Witness is shown paper containing the word "Ruhe.") "I never saw that before. Did not hear anything said about 'Ruhe' in the meeting at 54 West Lake Street."

Schrade was shown a book of Most's and stated that he had seen it sold at meetings of workingmen. On cross-examination he testified:

"I know Spies, Parsons, Fielden, Neebe and Schwab only by sight; never had any business or conversation with any of them. Lingg and I belonged to the same Carpenters' Union, but we were not on terms of friendship. None of the defendants are members of the L. u. W. V., to my knowledge. I paid attention to all that was done while I was at the 54 West Lake Street meeting. I was at the Sunday meeting from half-past nine until half-past eleven. The discussion was, that if the police made an attack upon workingmen we would help the workingmen to resist it, and if the firemen helped, we would cut the hose. Nothing was said about dynamite or bombs at any of the meetings. Nothing was said about a meeting at any particular night to throw bombs. It was not agreed to throw bombs at the Haymarket meeting. While at the Haymarket I had no bomb; I don't know dynamite. I knew of no one who was going to take a bomb to that meeting. When I left the Haymarket meeting everything was quiet; I did not anticipate any trouble. I had seen the signal 'Y' before. It was understood that the meetings were to be called by that kind of notice. I left the

Haymarket meeting only on account of the approach of the storm. There were about two hundred people there when I left."

Edward J. Steele, Lieutenant of Police at the West Chicago Avenue Station on May 4th, gave some details as to marching to the Haymarket, and stated that he had been in command of a company of twenty-eight men. He further testified:

"Two or three seconds after that — Captain Ward's command to the meeting to disperse — the shell was thrown in the rear. It exploded on the left of my company. There was then also a smaller report in the rear of me, like a large pistol shot, and at that time the crowd in front of us and on the sidewalks fired into us immediately; by immediately I mean two or three seconds after. The crowd fired before the police did. Mine and Quinn's were the front companies. My men had their arms in their pockets and their clubs in their belts; their hands by their side. I was six or eight feet from the speakers' wagon when the command to halt was given. Prior to that I could hear speaking going on in front of us. I heard somebody say, 'Here come the bloodhounds. You do your duty and we will do ours.' I could not say who made the remark. The sound came from in front of us as we were marching. Ward spoke in a loud tone of voice to the speakers on the wagon when he commanded them to disperse. There were three or four men on the wagon. I saw Mr. Fielden there. I did not hear him make any response to Ward's declaration. After the pistol shots from the crowd we returned the fire. Fielden stepped off the wagon, turned to the sidewalk, and I lost sight of him. When we got some few feet north of Randolph Street, the crowd in front of us separated to the right and left. I heard nothing said by the crowd. The bomb lit in the rear of the left of my company, and the right of Lieut. Quinn's, between that and the next company behind us. When I heard the explosion I was facing north. The word 'fire' was not given by anybody, but we began firing when they fired on us. The explosion of the bomb affected about twenty-one of our men in the two companies, and the firing commenced at once."

On cross-examination, Lieut. Steele stated:

"My experience is that where the police make a descent upon a riotous gathering, a mob, the latter scatter to all sides, so as to get out of the way. But when we pass through a peaceful, quiet body of men, they separate to the sides instead of rushing down the alleys and out the other way. I do not mean to say that the remark about the bloodhounds coming was made by the speaker from the wagon. Mr. Fielden was on the sidewalk when the bomb exploded. Capt. Ward was just a step or two in front of me when he gave the order to disperse. Any loud exclamation made by Mr. Fielden, either in the wagon, or getting out of the wagon, or immediately after he got out, I would have heard. I did not hear him make any."

Martin Quinn, Lieutenant of Police, had a company of twenty-five men on the left of Lieut. Steele, and when they marched to the Haymarket they had their clubs in their belts and their pistols in their pockets. He heard the remark: "Here they come now, the bloodhounds. Do your duty, men,

and I'll do mine." The man who was speaking at the time they came up was Fielden. Quinn's testimony then runs as follows:

"Just as he was going down, he said: 'We are peaceable.' Some person had hold of his left leg. He reached back, and just as he was going down he fired right where the Inspector was, Capt. Ward and Lieut. Steele. After that I dropped my club, took my pistol and commenced firing in front. The crowd formed a line across the street in our front, and immediately when that bomb was fired, and almost instantaneously with it that shot from the wagon, they commenced firing into our front and from the side, and then from the alley. I fired myself. Fourteen men of my company were injured. I lost sight of Fielden as he got on the sidewalk. I could not distinguish which was first, the explosion of the bomb or the shot fired by Fielden. There was another very loud report immediately after this first explosion. I did not know what it was. The bomb exploded about the same instant that the remark, 'We are peaceable,' was made. And at the same time he fired that shot. Ward at that time had not quite finished his expression. The pistol was aimed in a downward direction, towards where Ward, Steele and Bonfield stood. After I was looking to the front, and had discharged my weapon, I looked back and saw the explosion of the bomb — it was just the same as you would take a bunch of firecrackers and throw it around, just shooting up in all directions, in the rear. Some of the men were lying down, some of them lying dead, some crippled around. All along on Desplaines Street the lamps were dark. Where the speaker was there was a torch on the wagon, and also the lamp was lit there. I had emptied my pistol. Then I turned around to look at the result of the explosion. Then I went over in under the wagon, and where the speaker was, and I found a pistol there that was loaded. I picked it up and emptied it myself afterwards. It was a thirty-eight Smith & Wesson. I saw Fielden fire only that one shot. It was not aimed at the man who had hold of his leg. There were Ward, Bonfield and Steele there right in a bunch, close by together, and it should have hit some one of them."

The cross-examination did not change the testimony; he only added to its force, and with reference to Fielden only modified it so far as to say:

"I would not swear that it was or was not Fielden who fired the pistol, but it was a speaker, that I know, that fired at the instant he finished saying, 'We are peaceable.' While standing in the wagon, in the presence of the police force and all the audience, he fired a revolver right where Lieut. Steele was and Capt. Ward, and the right of Lieut. Steele's company; fired right into them. The torch was still on the wagon at that time, and the street lamp near by was lighted."

James P. Stanton, Lieutenant of Police, had charge of eighteen men and saw the shell coming through the air. He shouted to his men: "Look out, there is a shell," and just then it exploded. It fell just four feet from where he stood, and his men were scattered upon the street. All but one or two of his command were wounded. He himself was injured, his body being hit in eleven different places with pieces of the shell, and he was confined to a bed at the hospital for two weeks and a half, after which he was taken home.

"After that I commenced to limp around. I had to suffer from a nervous shock. The holes in my clothing are larger than the holes in my limbs. My company was on the west side of the street, Bowler on the east. When I first saw the shell it was in the air, very near over my head. It came from the east, I think, a little north of the alley. It was about three inches in diameter. The fuse was about two inches long when I saw it. When we advanced I heard speaking from the north. I saw some parties standing on the wagon. Don't know anything about what transpired after the officers came to a halt. No shot was fired to my knowledge before the explosion of the bomb. Immediately after that shots were fired. I turned myself and drew my revolver and immediately commenced to fire. I cannot swear from whom the firing began first. My men were supposed to be armed; they had their clubs in their belts."

The cross-examination brought out no new points.

H. F. KRUEGER, a police officer, heard the cry, "Here they are now, the bloodhounds!" from the wagon at the Haymarket, and thought it was Fielden who uttered it. "I saw Fielden," said he, "pistol in hand, take cover behind the wagon and fire at the police. I returned his fire and was myself immediately shot in the knee-cap. I saw Fielden in the crowd and shot at him again. He staggered, but did not fall, and I lost him. There were no pistol-shots fired before the bomb exploded." This testimony was in every detail corroborated by John Wessler, another police officer, the next witness, and by Peter Foley, an officer.

LUTHER MOULTON, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, an officer of the Knights of Labor, testified to a conversation which he had had with August Spies when the latter went to Grand Rapids to deliver a lecture, on February 22, 1885. Spies told the witness that the only manner in which the laborers could get a fair division of the product of their labor was by force and arms. He said they had three thousand men organized in Chicago, with superior weapons of warfare. There might be bloodshed, Spies said to him, for that happened frequently in revolutions. If they failed, it would be a punishable crime. If they succeeded, it would be a revolution. George Washington would have been punished had he failed. "I am quite certain," Moulton said, "that the term 'explosives' was used in connection with arms." On cross-examination Moulton stated that the Grand Rapids police had furnished him the means to come to Chicago. All of Moulton's material statements were repeated on the stand by Geo. W. Shook, who had been present at the conversation referred to.

JAMES BOWLER, Lieutenant of Police, in command of twenty-seven men. testified that he did not recognize any one firing.

"After the explosion I said to my men: 'Fire and kill all you can.' I drew my own revolver; I had it in my breast coat side pocket. In marching, I heard the words: 'Here come the bloodhounds,' said by somebody close to the wagon. I fired nine shots myself. I reloaded. While march-

ing, the men had their arms in their pockets. I noticed the lamp at Crane's alley was out."

On cross-examination he stated that he heard the remark about bloodhounds, but did not know who uttered it. He continued:

"There was a kind of light on the wagon, a kind of a torch. I saw firing close by the wagon after the explosion, but not from in the wagon. I saw no one either in the wagon or getting out of the wagon do any firing. I saw Mr. Fielden coming off of the wagon very plainly."

Several officers testified to the scene about the wagon, and Thomas Greif, the occupant of the premises 54 West Lake Street, described the basement where the "Ypsilon" meeting was held. Following him was proffered more direct evidence that Fielden had fired the shot, and then JAMES BONFIELD took the stand, and described the search that was made in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. Said he:

"In Mr. Spies' office I found a small piece of fuse, a fulminating cap, and a large double-action revolver; about five inches of fuse. I found the revolver under a wash-stand in the office; that dirk file was along with them (indicating), with a paper doubled over them loosely. The fuse is an ordinary fuse; the fulminate is in the end of the cap. The fuse is inserted that way (indicating), and the cap is pinched, and that is inserted in dynamite and the hole closed. I never saw the cap used for anything except dynamite and nitro-glycerine. I have used it in mines for that purpose. The power of the cap itself don't amount to anything. I found that 'Revenge' circular, as it is called, in Spies' office, where I arrested him. This box (indicating) contains a great many empty shells, evidently for the Winchester improved rifle; there are also some empty and some loaded sporting cartridges. The pistol is a 44-caliber, I think. On the 5th, after the arrest of Spies, that night I took down some reporters. I had a conversation with Spies that night, and I think with Fielden. The reporter carried on the major part of the conversation. Mr. Spies stated there had been a meeting of the Central Labor Union that evening previous to the Haymarket meeting. He mentioned a man by the name of Brown, and a man by the name of Ducey that attended that meeting, and when they adjourned there they went down to the Haymarket. He spoke of the gathering of the crowd, how it threatened to rain, how they went on the side street, and about Fielden speaking at the time the police came. He said he was on the wagon at that time, and a young Turner was there who had told him the police were coming, told him to come down, took him by the hand and helped him down. He afterwards gave his name as Legner; he claimed the police had opened fire on them. He said when he got off the wagon he went in the east alley and came out on Randolph Street. He approved of the method, but thought it was a little premature; that the time had hardly arrived to start the revolution or warfare. After that I took the reporters around to Fielden.

"Fielden said he was there when the police came up; he got wounded in this alley. Then he got a car, and, I think, went around to the corner of Twelfth and Halsted, or Van Buren and Halsted, and then he got another car and went down to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office to see if any of his friends had got back there; that from there he went over to the Hay-

market again to see if any more of his comrades were hurt. I know Fischer. I was at his house. He was arrested at the same time, or a few minutes after Spies and Schwab were arrested. His house is 170 or 176 North Wood Street. I went there with Mr. Furthmann and, I think, Officer Doane. It was about nine or ten o'clock. I made a search of the house. In a closet, under the porch at the front door, I found a piece of gas-pipe about three and a half feet long. There was no gas connection in the house. The gas-pipe was an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. I laid it down again. I searched around and went back again, and couldn't find it in a day after. I remember a conversation with Fischer afterwards, in the office. He was asked to explain how he came by a fulminating cap which was found in his pocket at the time of the arrest. He said he got it from a Socialist who used to visit Spies' office about four months previous. He claimed he didn't know what it was, and had carried it in his pocket for four months. After some conversation he acknowledged that he knew what it was, and had read an account of it and the use of it in Herr Most's 'Science of War.' That conversation was at a detective's office. The fulminating cap looked to be perfectly new, and the fulminate was fresh and bright in the inside. There was no fuse attached to it. He told of being at the Haymarket meeting until a few minutes before the explosion of the bomb, and he went from there to Zepf's Hall, and was there at the time of the explosion. He acknowledged that he had gotten up the circular headed 'Attention, Workingmen,' and that it was printed at Wehrer & Klein's. I think their own office was closed, and he went over to Wehrer & Klein's and got it printed over there; I think 2,500 copies — 25,000 or 2,500."

On cross-examination witness testified as follows:

"I am in the detective branch of the police force. I arrested Spies and Schwab in the neighborhood of nine o'clock. I found Spies in the front office. He was to the left of the door as I entered. My recollection is, he was talking to somebody. Schwab was over to the right, and was sitting down. That was on the second floor. I think I went up two flights of stairs. There were three or four men in the office besides those two. There was no resistance by either of the gentlemen. Had no warrant for their arrest. I don't know of any complaint having been made against them before any magistrate. While I was talking to Spies and Schwab Spies' brother came in. I placed him under arrest too. I took them with me. I took them to police headquarters. We went on foot. It was in the back part of the room that I found that revolver. The main part of the room in which I arrested them was perhaps twelve feet deep, and then there was a wing that ran back further. The box I mentioned was on the floor, and against the south wall. One could see it readily on entering the room. I found that box on my third visit. I don't remember having seen it on my first visit. That third visit was some time in the afternoon, perhaps two or three o'clock. On my second visit I went over to the printer, to pick out the type similar to the one in the 'Revenge' circular. I went to the composing-room. The printer's name is John Conway. That was near twelve o'clock. On my fourth visit I took away a lot of red flags and such stuff as that. When I made the arrest of Spies and Schwab that morning Mrs. Schwab was present. I should think, by the looks of things, they were transacting business, or ready for it. When I was in the

composing-room there were several men there. I found the red flags principally in what they termed the library in that building. It was, I think, in the rear part, on the second floor. Twenty or twenty-one compositors of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* were arrested during that day. I was not present at the time. I found that copy of the 'Revenge' circular on one of the desks in the front room. I was there when the form and the type of the circular were found. We had no search warrant at the time any of them were taken. I do not know to whom that revolver belongs. I took Spies and Schwab into the front room of the Central Station. Lieutenant Shea sent out for the key. In the meantime we searched Spies and took the personal effects away from him. I took Mr. Spies' keys out of his pocket—everything I found, little slips of paper and the like. I literally went through him. I had no warrant for anything of that kind. I took those reporters to see Spies down to the cell-house in the basement of the Central Station. The cell-house is very near the center of the building, and fronts on the inside court between the county and city building. I went down with the reporters about eight or nine o'clock. Spies, Schwab and Fielden were in separate cells. Spies said the action taken at the Haymarket was premature. It was done by a hot-head that could not wait long enough. I cannot use the words. That is the sentiment, and perhaps the words. Fielden said the police came up there to disperse them, and they had no business to. He claimed that they had a right to talk and say what they pleased, under the Constitution, and they should not be interfered with. I don't think it was ever questioned whether the meeting was a peaceable and quiet meeting. I don't think that he ever claimed that it was either quiet or disorderly. The fulminating cap which I found in that box did not look fresh and bright. It looked as though it might have lain there a good while. When Chief Ebersold came into the office at Central Station he was quite excited, and talked to Spies and Schwab in German and made motions, and I got between them, and I told him this was not the time or place to act that way. I took the liberty to quiet him down a little. He used a word which I understood to compare a man to a dog or something lower."

The incendiary speeches that were made by some of the defendants at the riot at McCormick's were testified to by different newspaper men, and the scenes at the riot described by officers and others, the whole showing very distinctly the direct connection of Spies with the outrage, and the manner in which he incited the mob to violence.

CHAPTER XXII.

"We are Peaceable" — Capt. Ward's Memories of the Massacre — A Nest of Anarchists — Scenes in the Court — Seliger's Revelations — Lingg, the Bomb-maker — How he cast his Shells — A Dynamite Romance — Inside History of the Conspiracy — The Shadow of the Gallows — Mrs. Seliger and the Anarchists — Tightening the Coils — An Explosive Arsenal — The Schnaubelt Blunder — Harry Wilkinson and Spies — A Threat in Toothpicks — The Bomb Factory — The Board of Trade Demonstration.

DURING the progress of the trial the court-room was thronged daily. The prisoners sat radiantly throughout the whole proceedings as if supremely certain of acquittal, and they manifested great pride in the boutonnieres which were handed in every morning by admiring friends. As the testimony of the State's witnesses proceeded, the defense raised innumerable objections to the admission of parts particularly criminative, and at times hours were consumed in arguments on the points involved. The objections were almost invariably overruled, and exceptions taken. Having finished the evidence then at hand with reference to the McCormick riot, the State resumed the Haymarket massacre.

WILLIAM WARD, Captain of Police at the Desplaines Street Station, a member of the force since 1870, a resident of Chicago for thirty-six years and a veteran of the Rebellion, was subjected to a long and interesting examination. He first stated the facts with reference to marching to the Haymarket and his order to the meeting to disperse, corroborating the testimony of Inspector Bonfield in every particular, and then concluded as follows:

"As the speaker was getting from the wagon he said, 'We are peaceable.' That was this gentleman (indicating Fielden). I heard some utterances of the speaker before I addressed him, but could not understand them — quite a noise there. Our men had their clubs in their belts, pistols in their pockets. A few seconds after Fielden said, 'We are peaceable,' I heard the explosion in my rear. I turned to look and see, and pistol-firing began from the front and both sides of the street by the crowd. I did not recognize anybody firing. Then the police began firing, and we charged into the alley, Crane's alley, and north on Desplaines Street. Seven policemen died from the effects of wounds; one was brought dead into the station — Mathias J. Degan. There were in all killed and wounded sixty-six or sixty-seven — about twenty-one or twenty-two out of Desplaines Street Station; forty-two in all out of my precinct. It was only several seconds from the time that Fielden said, 'We are peaceable,' and the time the police charged down the alley and up Desplaines Street."

The cross-examination resulted as follows:

"I had a detail there that night from the Central Police Station under command of Lieut. Hubbard. At the time I gave the command to disperse

I was right close to the rear part of the wagon, close to the outside wheel, southwest of the wheel. I could almost touch it; could have touched it with my club. Some of the men carried their pistols in the breast pocket of the coat, some the hip pocket. At the time I gave the command, Inspector Bonfield stood at my left; Lieut. Steele was in the rear of me, might have been a little to the right. There were four to six persons on the wagon. Fielden was standing on the south end of the truck, facing southwest, facing me, when I commenced to speak, until I was through. Then he got off the truck, on the southeast end of it, on the corner toward the sidewalk. All I could understand of what Mr. Fielden said was: 'We are peaceable.' I did not see Fielden after that. There was no pistol-firing of any kind by anybody before the explosion of the bomb. I was several feet in advance of the front rank of the police in marching down, sometimes eight or ten feet in advance; sometimes not so far. The only utterance from any source that I can recall that was heard by me, before the bomb exploded, was that of Fielden, 'We are peaceable,' that he spoke to me, or looking right at me when he spoke. It was a little louder than ordinary, than if he was addressing me. I think the accent was on the last word, 'We are *peaceable.*' I don't remember whether I related this utterance of Fielden on the occasion of the Coroner's inquest when I testified there. I think Steele's line was about on a line with the center of the alley. Quinn's line had swung a little further forward. A block and a half south of there, there were eight or ten electric lights on the front of. the Lyceum Theater, and they lit up the street considerably. I don't remember whether there was a torch-light or any other light on the truck."

MICHAEL HAHN, a tailor working on Halsted Street, stated that he was at the Haymarket and received an injury in his back, one in his thigh, and one in the leg:

"I went to the hospital that same night. Dr. Newman removed something from my person that night; that is what he said; he showed it to me. It was some kind of a nut. (Witness is handed an ordinary iron-threaded nut.) I guess that was about the size. I left the hospital two weeks after. I think that is the same nut."

REUBEN SLAYTON, a policeman on the force fourteen years, testified that he arrested Fischer:

"I searched him and found that gun (producing and exhibiting a revolver). It is a 44-caliber; was loaded when I found it; self-acting. I found this file ground sharp on three edges (producing it), and that belt and sheath (producing same). The belt and sheath were buckled on him; the file in the sheath, revolver stuck into the slit in the belt, and he had ten cartridges in his pocket. He also had this fulminating cap in his pocket. It was brighter when I found it. He said he carried that revolver because he carried money, and going home nights to protect himself. I took him to the Central Station. He said he had worked at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* as a compositor for two years. When I arrested him he was coming down the stairs. I was going up into the building. I felt this revolver and took him back up, and searched him and took these things from him. The belt was under his coat. You could not see the pistol and this stuff. I also arrested Fielden at his house the same day, May 5th, in the morning, at No. 110

West Polk Street. When I locked him up at the Central Station, he took the bandage off his knee and put it on. I asked him where he got it dressed. He told me when he got shot he came down the alley and took a car and went to, I think he said, Twelfth and Canal Streets — had his knee dressed there that night."

On cross-examination, Officer Slayton stated that he met with no resistance from Fischer or Fielden and that he found no munitions of war at the latter's house. He had no warrant, he said, for their arrest.

THEODORE FRICKE, business superintendent of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, once its bookkeeper, testified to Spies' handwriting on the manuscript containing the word "Ruhe," and identified several other documents as in Spies' handwriting. He continued:

"The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* is the property of a corporation. Fischer was a stockholder, so was I, so is Spies and Schwab. I was employed by this corporation. Parsons is not a stockholder. Neebe belongs to this corporation. I have known Neebe about two years; I saw him at picnics and in our office. There was a library in the building belonging to the International Working People's Association — a Socialistic association composed of groups, known by names. I belonged to the group 'Karl Marx,' which met at No. 63 Emma Street. Before that I belonged to the Northwest Side group, which met at Thalia Hall, No. 633 Milwaukee Avenue. Hirschberger was the librarian. I know Fischer; he belonged to the Northwest Side group. Engel belonged to the same. Spies formerly belonged to the Northwest Side group, later to the American group. Parsons belonged to the American group. Schwab, I guess, to the North Side group, I don't know for sure. I don't know about Lingg. I guess Neebe belonged to the North Side group. These groups, except the Northwest Side group, had a central committee, which met at No. 107 Fifth Avenue. The Northwest Side group was not represented. They had strong Anarchistic principles. Fielden, I guess, belonged to the American group. This book here (Johann Most's book) I saw at the library in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building. I have seen that book sold at picnics by Hirschberger, at Socialistic picnics and mass-meetings. At some of those meetings Spies, Parsons and Fielden were present; sometimes Neebe, sometimes Schwab, maybe Fischer."

SPIES' MANUSCRIPT OF THE FAMOUS "RUHE' SIGNAL.
Engraved direct from the Original.

Counsel for defendants objected to this line of inquiry, because, as they said, it is not shown that any of the defendants knew or participated in the selling, or that they had anything to do with, or that they saw the selling. This led to some words between court and counsel:

The Court—"If men are teaching the public how to commit murder, it is admissible to prove it if it can be proved by items."

Mr. Black—"Well, does your Honor know what this teaches?"

The Court—"I do not know what the contents of the book are. I asked what the book was and I was told that it was Herr Most's 'Science of Revolutionary Warfare,' and taught the preparing of deadly weapons and missiles, and that was accepted by the other side."

Mr. Black—"Does that justify your Honor in the construction that it teaches how to commit murder, or of stating that in the presence of the jury?"

The Court—". . . . I inquired what sort of book it was, and it was stated by the other side what sort of book it was, and you said nothing about it, so that in ruling upon the question whether it may be shown where it was to be found, where it had been seen, I must take the character of the book into consideration in determining whether it is admissible; whether it is of that character or not we will see when it is translated, I suppose. I suppose the book is not in the English language."

"Y—COME MONDAY EVENING."
Reduced *Fac-simile*, engraved direct from the Original Manuscript.

"Where were the picnics at which you have seen this book sold?" asked the State's Attorney.

"I saw this book sold at a picnic at Ogden's Grove, on Willow Street, on the North Side, in July of last year. There were present Spies, Neebe, Parsons and Fielden. Also at a picnic at Sheffield, Indiana, last September, where were present Spies, Neebe, Parsons and, I guess, Fischer."

Fricke then identified copies of the *Alarm*, Parsons' paper, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, the *Fackel*, the Sunday edition of that paper, and the *Vorbote*, its weekly edition, of various dates from May 1st to May 5th.

On cross-examination, he testified that he had never seen any of the defendants sell Most's books anywhere, not even at the Sheffield, Indiana, picnic, where there were 2,000 people, and that all communications to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* went through the hands of the editor, Spies.

EDMUND FURTHMANN testified as follows:

"I am assistant in the State's Attorney's office. I was in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office between eleven and twelve o'clock on the 5th of May. All the matter shown to Mr. Fricke was obtained by me in the typesetting-room

of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and has been in my possession since then. The typesetting-room was full of desks and cases of type, and there were several tables covered with stone, and at every case there was a hook containing a lot of manuscript, which I took away. I found the doors locked. I found some twenty or twenty-five of the 'Revenge' circulars there."

On cross-examination he said:

"A locksmith opened the door. We had no search warrant. We also carried away two mail-bags from there. We placed all this manuscript into them. Mr. Grinnell, the State's Attorney, Officer Haas, Lieut. Kipley and myself were in the party."

EUGENE SEEGER translated a paragraph in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of March 15 and testified that it read as follows:

"'Revolutionary Warfare has arrived, and is to be had through the librarian, 107 Fifth Avenue, at the price of 10 cents.'

"This appears among what I would call, as a newspaper man, editorial notices in the local column. These translations here (holding type-writer copy, purporting to be the translation of certain articles), are correct trans-



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF HEADING OF THE FACKEL.

lations. There is an editorial here in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of May 4 headed 'Editorial.' 'Blood has flowed' is the first phrase of it. There is another article on the fourth page of May 3, headed 'A Hot Conflict.' In the local column of May 4 a report headed, 'Lead and Powder is a Cure for Dissatisfied Workingmen.' All these articles were also translated by Professor Olson, of the Chicago University. We compared notes and found the translations correct."

Assistant State's Attorney Furthmann then read the translation of Most's volume.

WILLIAM SELIGER testified:

"I am a carpenter. Have lived in Chicago three years and a half Before that I lived at Charlottenburg, Germany. I was born at Eilau, near Reichenbach, in Silesia. On May 4th last I lived at 442 Sedgwick Street, in the rear of the lot. I occupied the second floor. Louis Lingg, the defendant, boarded with me. On Monday, May 3, I worked for Mr. Meyer. Quit work at half-past 4 P.M. In the evening of that day I was at Zepf's Hall, at a meeting of the Carpenters' Union. I was recording secretary of the union. I stayed there until half-past eleven. I was not at the meeting at 54 West Lake Street that night. I heard somebody call upon us, that all that knew should come to 54 West Lake Street. This here

(holding paper), 'Y — Komme Montag Abend,' means that all the armed men should come to the meeting at 54 West Lake Street. The armed men were divers ones — all the Socialistic organizations. There were several organizations in existence which were drilled in the use of arms. After I left Zepf's Hall I took a glass of beer in the saloon and then went to 71 West Lake Street and took another glass of beer. Then I went home with several other parties. I saw a copy of the 'Revenge' circular at Zepf's Hall. Balthasar Rau brought it to the meeting about nine o'clock.

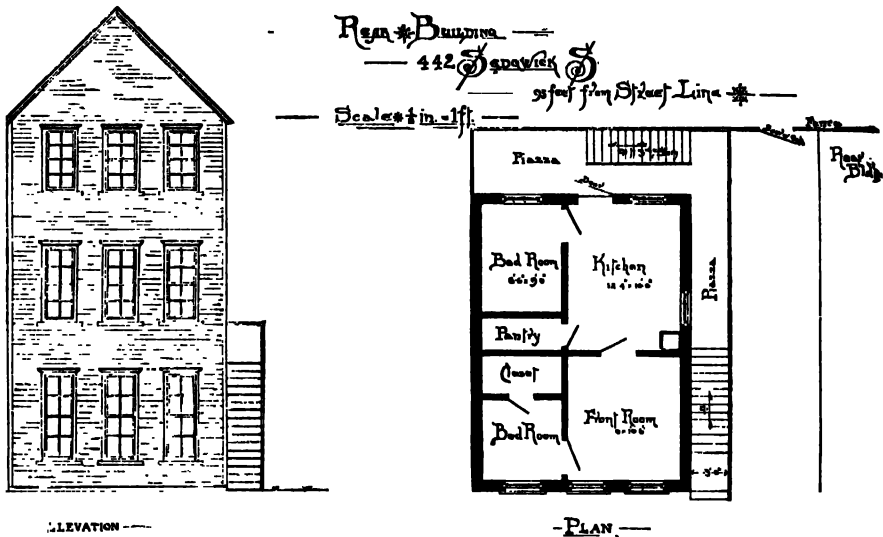
"On Tuesday I did not work at my trade. I got up at half-past seven, and after I got up Lingg came. I had previously told him that I wanted those things removed from my dwelling. He told me to work diligently at these bombs, and they would be taken away that day. I took some coffee, and after a time I worked at some shells, at some loaded shells. I drilled holes through which the bolt went. A shell like this (indicating shell introduced in evidence). I worked on the shells half an hour. Lingg went to the West Side to a meeting. Got back probably after one o'clock. He said: 'I didn't do much. I ought to have worked more diligently.' I said I hadn't any pleasure at the work."

"What did Lingg reply?"

"Lingg said, 'Well, we will have to work very diligently this afternoon.' During the afternoon I did different work at the shells. In the morning I had a conversation about the bolts. He told me he had not enough of them. He gave me one and told me to go to Clybourn Avenue and get some that he had already spoken to the man about. I got about fifty. I worked at the bombs during the whole of the afternoon at different times. Hubner, Muntzenberg, Heuman, were helping. I worked in the front room, also in Lingg's room and the rear room. Lingg first worked at gas or water pipes, such as these (indicating). There were probably thirty or forty or fifty bombs made that afternoon. The round bombs had been cast once before by Lingg, in the rear room, on my stove, probably six weeks previous to the 4th of May. The first bomb I ever saw was in Lingg's room. That was still before that. At that time he told me he was going to make bombs. I saw dynamite for the first time in Lingg's room, about five or six weeks previous to the 4th of May. Lingg said every workingman should get some dynamite; that there should be considerable agitation; that every workingman would learn to handle these things. During that Tuesday afternoon Lingg said those bombs were going to be good fodder for the capitalists and the police, when they came to protect the capitalists. Nothing was said about when they wanted the bombs completed or ready. I only told him that I wanted those things out of my room. There was only a remark that they were to be used that evening, but nothing positive as to time. I left the house at half-past eight that evening. Hubner was at the house probably from four to six o'clock. I did not see what he did. He worked in the front room with Lingg. I was in Lingg's room. Muntzenberg was there as long as Hubner. Thielen was there half an hour — quite that. I did not see what he was doing.

"The Lehmans were at the house for a little while. I did not see what they were doing. They were in the front room. Heuman also worked at the bombs. I left the house in the evening with Lingg. We had a little trunk with bombs in. The trunk was probably two feet long, one foot high and one foot wide. It was covered with coarse linen. There were round and pipe bombs in it. They were loaded with dynamite and caps fixed to

them. I don't know how many there were. The trunk might have weighed from thirty to fifty pounds. We pulled a stick, which Lingg had broken, through the handle. That is the way we carried the trunk, which was taken to Neff's Hall, 58 Clybourn Avenue. On the way to Neff's Hall, Muntzenberg met us. He took the package into the building through the saloon on the side into the hallway that led to the rear. After the bombs were put down into that passageway, there were different ones there, three or four, who took bombs out for themselves. I took two pipe bombs myself; carried them in my pocket. We went away from Neff's Hall and left the package in that passage. The back of Neff's Hall is known under the name of the Communisten-Bude. Different Socialistic and Anarchistic organizations met there. The North Side group met there. I heard that the Saxon Bund met there. I don't know any others that met there. When I left Neff's Hall, Thielen and Gustav Lehman were with me. Later two



PLAN OF THE SELIGER RESIDENCE, USED IN EVIDENCE.

large men of the L. u. W. V. came to us. I believe they all had bombs. We went on Clybourn Avenue north towards Lincoln Avenue, to the Larrabee Street Station, where we halted. Lingg and myself halted there. I don't know what had become of the others. Some went ahead of us. Lingg and I had a conversation, that there should be made a disturbance everywhere on the North Side to keep the police from going over to the West Side. In front of the Larrabee Street Station Lingg said it might be a beautiful thing if we would walk over and throw one or two bombs into the station. There were two policemen sitting in front of the station, and Lingg said if the others came out these two couldn't do much. We would shoot these two down. Then we went further north to Lincoln Avenue and Larrabee Street, where we took a glass of beer. Webster Avenue Station is near there. After we left the saloon we went a few blocks north, then turned about and came back to North Avenue and Larrabee Street. While we stood there a patrol wagon passed. We were standing south of North Avenue and Larrabee Street. Lingg said that he was going to throw a

bomb—that was the best opportunity to throw the bomb—and I said it would not have any purpose. Then he became quite wild, excited; said I should give him a light. I was smoking a cigar, and I jumped into a front opening before a store and lighted a match, as if I intended to light a cigar, so I could not give him a light. When I had lighted my cigar the patrol wagon was just passing. Lingg said he was going to go after the wagon to see what had happened, saying that something had certainly happened on the West Side—some trouble. The patrol wagon was completely manned, going south on Larrabee Street. We were four or five houses distant from the station. Then I went into a boarding-house between Mohawk and Larrabee Streets and lighted a cigar; then we went towards home. First Lingg wanted to wait until the patrol wagon would come back, but I importuned him to go home with me. We got home probably shortly before eleven; I cannot tell exactly. On the way home Lingg asked me whether I had seen a notice that a meeting of the armed men should be held on the West Side. I said I had seen nothing. Lingg wanted to go out. I took the *Arbeiter-Zeitung;* tore it into two parts. He took one, and I one. Thereupon he said, 'Here it is,' and called my attention to the word 'Ruhe.' This here is the same that I saw in my house. I did not know the meaning of the word 'Ruhe' until the time I saw it. Lingg said there was to have been a meeting on the West Side that night, and he was going to go at once to it. 'Ruhe' meant that everything was to go topsy-turvy; that there was to be trouble. He said that a meeting had been held at which it was determined that the word 'Ruhe' should go into the paper, when all armed men should appear at 54 West Lake Street; that there should be trouble. After that talk we went away. Lingg wanted to go to the West Side, and I talked with him to go with me to 58 Clybourn Avenue. Lingg and I went there. There were several persons present at Neff's Hall. I did not speak with Lingg at Neff's Hall. A certain Hermann said to him, in an energetic tone of voice, 'You are the fault of it all.' I did not hear what Lingg said to that. They spoke in a subdued tone. Somebody said a bomb had fallen, which had killed many and wounded many. I did not hear what Lingg said to that. On the way home Lingg said that he was even now scolded, chided for the work he had done. He got home shortly after twelve. We laid the bombs off on our way on Sigel Street, between Sedgwick and Hurlbut, under an elevated sidewalk. I laid two pipe bombs there. I saw Lingg put some bombs there. I don't know what kind. The next morning I got up about six o'clock. I don't know when Lingg got up. On Wednesday evening, when Lingg got home, we spoke about the Haymarket meeting. He said if the workingmen only had had the advantage of it they would have gained the victory. Then we went together to a meeting on Fifth Avenue, at Seamen's Hall.

'On Friday, I believe, before that Tuesday, the 4th of May, Lingg brought some dynamite to the house in a wooden box about three feet in length, about sixteen to eighteen inches in height, and about the same width. Inside this box there was another box. The dynamite with which we filled the bombs on Tuesday was in that large wooden box. We handled the dynamite with our hands and with a flat piece of wood which Lingg had made for more convenience. This here (indicating) is the pan to cast those shells in. (Same offered in evidence.) Lingg used to cast shells in them. Lingg once told me he had made eighty to one hundred

bombs in all. The bolts which I got on that Tuesday were something like this (referring to bolt about two and one-half inches long).

"I am a member of the North Side group of the International Workingmen's Association. During the last year I was financial secretary. My number was, at last, 72. Two years ago the members began to be given numbers. I heard Engel make a speech to the North Side group last winter at Neff's Hall. He said that every one could manufacture those bombs for themselves; that these pipes could be found everywhere without cost; that they were to be closed up with wooden plugs fore and aft, and that in one of the plugs was to be drilled a hole for the fuse and cap. He said they were the best means against the police and capitalists. I never heard him make any other speech.

"I saw two bombs at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* last year at the time of the car-drivers' strike. Rau showed them to some one. I don't know precisely who were present. Spies was there. It was in the evening. There was one round bomb and one long one — not very long. I was at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* as a delegate from the North Side group to the meeting of the general committee of all the groups of Chicago.

"I know Schwab and Neebe. They were members of the North Side group of the Internationale. I know Fischer. He is a member of some group, but I don't know positively. Lingg belonged to the North Side group. Engel belonged to a group, I cannot tell to which one. The North Side group met every Monday evening. There were speeches made, or a review of what had happened during the week. On Sundays some members exercised with rifles. I don't know how many members had rifles. Every one took his own rifle home with him. I had a rifle. I kept it at my dwelling. This book here (Herr Most's book) I saw at public meetings of the North Side group. Hubner had charge of them latterly. The North Side group bought them and sold them. Hubner was the librarian. This here (indicating photograph) is Rudolph Schnaubelt."

On cross-examination he gave the following testimony:

"I was arrested after the 4th of May. I was kept at the Chicago Avenue Station. The first time fully a week. Then I was on the West Side three weeks and one day; then I went back to the station of my own accord and stayed there voluntarily. Was locked up there ever since. When first arrested I made a statement, but not of all that I have testified to-day. I made a full statement of all that I testified to here, at the Chicago Avenue Station. Capt. Schaack, Mr. Furthmann and some detectives were present. That was after I had been in prison seven days. The day after and the second day after. I have made statements in writing, signed by me, three times. In the first statement I had not said much. I have done no work, earned no money, during the time I have been in jail. I received money from Capt. Schaack; once a dollar and a half, at another time five dollars. While I was at liberty I read in the paper that I was indicted for the murder of Degan. I did not know before this case was begun that I was not to be tried. I did not know whether I was going to be tried for the murder of Degan along with Mr. Spies and the other defendants. When the trial was commenced I did not inquire of any of the officers why I was not brought out for trial. I did not know I was to be used as a witness instead of being a defendant at this trial. Capt. Schaack did not tell me anything about my trial. If I would come in and tell the story which was in the written state-

ment that I have signed — he only told me that it would be the best if I would tell the truth, and asked me whether I would tell the truth before the court, and I said yes."

Seliger was then given a breathing-spell, and Mr. Buschick was recalled. Buschick testified with regard to a map of the rear building of No. 442 Sedgwick Street, and was excused.

Seliger, continuing on cross-examination, said:

"Lingg, I think, is twenty-one or twenty-two years old. He is not a man of family. He has boarded with me since Christmas last. My house where I lived on May 4th is about three-quarters of a mile distant from the Haymarket. When Lingg and I, on Tuesday night at eleven o'clock, after we had seen the word 'Ruhe' in the paper, spoke about going over to the West Side, we meant Zepf's Hall, or Greif's Hall, or Florus' Hall. One of those halls was certainly meant, for there is no other place. It was not understood or agreed between me and any other men who had the bombs that night at Clybourn Avenue, that any one of us was to go to the Haymarket meeting. I know that Capt. Schaack paid my wife money at different times since my arrest. I don't know how much. I think $20 or $25. Lingg had made the same remark about bombs being the best food for capitalists and police before that Tuesday afternoon. When he brought the first bomb into the house he said they were to be applied on occasions of strikes, and where there were meetings of workingmen and were disturbed by the police. On that Tuesday afternoon we agreed to go to Clybourn Avenue that night, before the bombs were done. It was said that the bombs were to be taken to Clybourn Avenue that evening. I don't believe it was agreed that the bombs were to be taken anywhere else than Clybourn Avenue. When they were taken to Clybourn Avenue, I don't know whether they were to remain there, or were to be taken to further places. There was no agreement as to where the bombs should be taken after they got to Clybourn Avenue. I did not hear anything about an agreement that any of the bombs manufactured on the afternoon of May 4th were to be taken by anybody to the Haymarket; we were not making bombs to take to the Haymarket and destroy the police. They were to be taken to Clybourn Avenue for use on that evening. I can not say that one single bomb was made for use at the Haymarket meeting. They were made everywhere to be used against capitalists and the police. I cannot say who had the bomb at the Haymarket on the night of May 4th. I don't know anybody who was expected to be at the Haymarket. I became acquainted with Lingg in August of last year. I saw Engel once last year in the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and again at the meeting of the North Side group. I did not see whether the bombs which I saw last summer at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building were loaded. The room where I saw them was the library-room that belonged to the International Workingmen's Association. The bombs were below the counter. I never saw any bombs in the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, neither in the editorial room nor the printing-room, nor in the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The office is the front room. This library-room is in the rear. I saw those bombs in the rear room. I don't know precisely whether that library-room is a part of the office, or whether it is rented as a library-room. I believe that it belonged to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Those drills on Sunday, of which I spoke,

were in the day-time. We kept our guns at home, in broad day-light, and in the presence of our neighbors, or any one who might be on the streets, walked to the hall on Sunday and drilled. We had a shooting society, We went to the Sharpshooters' Park or to the prairie to exercise. We used to meet and march publicly on the streets with our guns exposed. We didn't try to keep it away from the police force that we had arms and drilled and marched. I knew that I was indicted for conspiracy and for murder. I did not employ the services of any lawyer. The only lawyers that I talked with were Mr. Grinnell and Mr. Furthmann."

On redirect examination witness stated:

"During the time I was at liberty I went to the West Side to the house of Mr. Gloom, on Twenty-second Street. I stayed with him two weeks and one day. He is not a Socialist. I went there from fear of revenge by the Socialists."

MRS. BERTHA SELIGER testified as follows:

"I have lived in this country two years. Am the wife of William Seliger. We lived at 442 Sedgwick Street from the 12th of October to the 19th of May. I have known Louis Lingg since two weeks before Christmas. He came to us to board with us. He boarded with us until May. He took his meals with us and slept in the house. We occupied the middle floor of that house. His room was next to the front room, and there was a door opening into a clothes closet. Shortly before May 1st I saw some bombs as Lingg was about to hide them—about half a dozen lying on the bed. They were round bombs and long ones. After Lingg had left the house I did not see any more of them; they were all gone. On the Tuesday on which the bomb was thrown at the Haymarket there were several men at our house. About six or eight. Perhaps more. Those I knew were Hubner, Heuman, Thielen, Lingg and my husband. I think they were there until past seven o'clock. They were going and coming during most of the afternoon. They were in the front room and in Lingg's room, working at bombs. I saw Heuman working and filling at them. What the others were doing I don't know. I was in the kitchen, and when supper was ready I went into the bed-room. I was so mad I could have thrown them all out. I frequently saw Lingg make bombs. I always saw him cast. I did not pay any particular attention. I simply saw him melt lead on the cooking-stove in my house—twice with Heuman, once with my husband and Thielen, and frequently he worked by himself. He said to us: 'Don't act so foolishly. You might do something too.' On Monday, the day before the bomb was thrown, Lingg was away. In the morning some young fellows had come and had their names entered on the list of the union, and then he was writing pretty much all day.

"On Wednesday, the day after the bomb was thrown, Lingg was at home in the forenoon. That was the day on which he wanted to hide those bombs in the clothes closet, and Lehman was with him. I heard some knocking, and I went in, and I said to him: 'Mr. Lingg, what are you doing there? I will not suffer that,'—and he was tearing everything loose below, and he sent that man Lehman after wall-paper, and he wanted to cover up everything afterwards—nail up everything afterwards. He had the wall-paper already there, and he said to me: 'I suppose you are crazy. You ought to have said before you wouldn't suffer that, that I

would have looked for a place where I am allowed to do that.' He was tearing up things all around about in the closet, and he had loosened the baseboards and taken out the mortar. He said if he needed something he couldn't first go to the West Side to get it. On the Friday following, on the 7th of May, he left my house. Lingg had a trunk which he kept in his bed-room. This instrument (referring to ladle identified by William Seliger) Lingg was always casting with."

On cross-examination Mrs. Seliger stated:

"I have been locked up on account of this bomb business—on account of Lingg—by Capt. Schaack. The first time I was there from Saturday to Tuesday. Of course it was Lingg's fault that I got locked up. I talked with Capt. Schaack about this matter several times. I was locked up twice. Capt. Schaack paid my rent. I made no memoranda of the money I received from Capt. Schaack. He gave me money at different times, from the time I made my statement down to the present time. He paid my rent and gave me so much money with which to live. When I said to Lingg that I wouldn't allow that wall-paper to be put into the closet, and 'what would the landlord say when he comes,' Lingg said, 'Well, then, I will say to him that I will not dirty my clothes.' Those boards were about a foot high from the floor. The closet did not reach up as far as the ceiling. He intended to put those things in the wall. There was nothing in at that time. I stopped him at that juncture. I don't like Mr. Lingg very well, because he always had wrong things in his head. I blame him for me and my husband having been locked up. My husband and myself talked this thing over together. I said to my husband, 'I will tell the truth, and you tell it also.' Capt. Schaack told us we had better tell it. I am forty years old.

"I was locked up in the Larrabee Street Station, and my husband was in the Chicago Avenue Station. I never occupied the same cell with my husband while under arrest. I only heard after I came out again that my husband was arrested in another station. While I was arrested I didn't see my husband. No one came to see me. I told that story, and then they turned me out. When arrested the second time they kept me from Monday until Friday. I made the same statement as at first and signed it, and then they turned me out again. The second time I was arrested they brought a statement, which they said my husband had made, and asked me to sign it, and I put my name below that of my husband's, and then they turned me out. My husband was a Socialist before he got acquainted with Lingg."

Marshall H. Williamson, reporter for the *Daily News*, witnessed the procession of the Socialists in 1885 at the time of the opening of the Board of Trade building, and was also present at No. 107 Fifth Avenue, from which place they started, and where they finally separated. He heard Parsons and Fielden speak from the windows of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. Said the witness:

"Parsons spoke of the police interfering with them in marching on the Board of Trade that night. He called the police bloodhounds and called on the mob to follow him in an assault on Marshall Field's dry goods house and various clothing-houses, and take from there what he called the neces-

sities of life. They spoke from the second floor. There were about 1,000 people in front of the building. Fielden in his speech also called upon the mob to follow them, and he agreed to lead them to rob these places or go into them and take from them what they needed in the way of clothing and dry goods. They both said that the new Board of Trade was built out of money of which they had been robbed; that all the men who transacted business there were robbers and thieves, and that they ought to be killed. Nothing was said in the speeches as to the means or mode of killing. Later I went up-stairs. I saw Fielden and Parsons and some others whose names I didn't know. I didn't know Spies at that time, but remember of seeing him there. I asked Parsons why they didn't march upon the Board of Trade and blow it up. He said because the police had interfered, and they had not expected that and were not prepared for them. I told him I had seen revolvers exhibited by some in the procession. He told me when they met the police they would be prepared with bombs and dynamite. Mr. Fielden was standing at his elbow at the time. He said the next time the police attempted to interfere with them, they would be prepared for them. That would be in the course of a year or so. Spies was in the room. It was the front room of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. Spies was not standing immediately with the party. I was shown what they told me was a dynamite cartridge. The package was about six or seven inches long, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. It was wrapped in a piece of paper. The paper was broken. After I had conversed with Mr. Parsons a while, he took out of the broken place a small portion of the contents. It was of a slightly reddish color, and he again said it was dynamite, and that was what they would use when they went against the police; he also said he had enough of that where he could put his hands on it to blow up the business center of the city. I was shown a coil of fuse about fifteen or twenty feet; also a fulminating cap by which they said dynamite bombs were exploded. The cap was exploded in the room while I was there. It made quite a noise and filled the room with smoke. It was copper and about an inch long and perhaps one-eighth of an inch in diameter—about the size of a No. 22 cartridge cap. Mr. Parsons called for these articles. They were in a drawer in a desk, and Mr. Spies handed them to him to be shown to me. Parsons told me they were preparing for a fight for their rights; that they believed they were being robbed every day by capitalists and the thieving Board of Trade men. He said it must stop. He told me that they had bombs, dynamite and plenty of rifles and revolvers, and he said their manner of warfare would be to throw their bombs from the tops of houses and stores, and in that way they could annihilate any force of militia or police brought against them without any harm to themselves. After this conversation I went down-stairs, where I met Detectives Trehorn and Sullivan. I was acquainted with them. I took them up-stairs and renewed the conversation with Mr. Parsons, and left him talking with the police officers. The conversation I had had with Mr. Parsons was in effect repeated with the police officers in my presence. The officers were in citizens' clothes. The red flags in that procession were carried by some women. I was at 54 West Lake Street, in some of the halls there, on several occasions, within a year before the opening of the Board of Trade. That is where I got acquainted with Parsons and Fielden. I heard them speak there. That was during the winter months of 1884 and 1885. Mr. Fielden, on one occasion, wanted them to follow him to those clothing stores and grocery stores and some

other places and get what they needed to support their families. He told them to purchase dynamite. He said that five cents' worth of dynamite carried around in the vest pocket would do more good than all the revolvers and pistols in the world. Mr. Parsons also told them they were being robbed, and offered to lead them to the grocery stores and other places to get what they wanted. That is all I remember of those speeches. I heard them some eight or ten times. There were never over between ten and twenty-five people present."

On cross-examination witness stated:

"The first of these meetings I attended was about two years ago. I wrote reports of those meetings, which I think were published in the *Daily News* in each instance the day following, in the morning edition. The circulation of the *Daily News*, about a year and a half and two years ago, was, I think, 121,000 per day, as claimed by the paper.

"When I went to the meetings at 54 West Lake Street I had no trouble to get in. The meetings were held in the front rooms on the top floor. There were no guards at the door. I simply went in and sat down and took my notes publicly. Fielden and Parsons learned very soon that I was a reporter on the *Daily News*. Those speeches of Parsons and Fielden which I related were made at the first meeting I attended. When Fielden suggested the five cents' worth of dynamite carried in the vest pocket, he gave no instructions whatever on the subject of how to carry or use it. The proposal to go out to Marshall Field's and some clothing store was a proposal for immediate action. He did not start, however. After he got through with his talk and proposal, he sat down until the meeting was over. The meeting quietly dispersed and went home. I did not see that army of less than twenty-five men start for Field's that night, or upon any subsequent occasion. I heard that same proposal at every single meeting I attended at 54 West Lake Street and 700 and something West Indiana Street, and various other places. I do not think there was ever over twenty-five present at their meetings in halls. I have seen larger numbers of people at open-air meetings. Sometimes the attendance did not exceed about ten men. The same proposition was made when there were only ten persons present.

"In that procession on the night of the opening of the Board of Trade I marched at the head. After Mr. Parsons had finished his speech from the window of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office that night, in which he proposed to lead the multitude against those stores, he quietly went back into the room, and I entered into a conversation with him. Mr. Fielden, after he had got through proposing, joined in the conversation with Mr. Parsons and myself. He didn't go down to the street and lead anybody anywhere, either. The proposals that night, both by Fielden and Parsons, were proposals for immediate action, but they simply proposed to, and then gracefully retired from the window. There were about twenty people in the room. Among them, I think, was Mr. Spies. There were two reporters besides myself there. I think both Fielden and Parsons knew me as a reporter at the time. I presume they knew I was connected with the *Daily News*. Parsons never manifested any reluctance in detailing to me what he did; but in one conversation he refused to reveal the remainder of their plans. I saw some three or four revolvers in that procession. I don't know who had them. There were not to exceed five hundred people in the procession. I saw two revolvers in the right-hand side coat pocket, and two more in the hip pocket,

carried by four persons. I have informed various police officers of what I have seen and heard regarding these people. I had frequent conversations with police officers of Chicago. I think there were about four women in that procession carrying banners. There were about half a dozen women in the room while they spoke from the windows. I think some women spoke from the same windows to the same mob. I think the meetings which I attended were regularly advertised in the *Daily News.*"

On redirect examination, Williamson was asked by the State's Attorney: "You were about to say something about some interview that you had with Parsons in regard to the plans, also in regard to leaders and privates in their army. Will you please state what that was?"

"Parsons told me there were some 3,000 armed Socialists in the city of Chicago, well armed with rifles and revolvers, and would have dynamite and bombs when they got ready to use them; that they were meeting and drilling at various halls in the city. He refused to give me a list of those halls. He refused to tell me where they bought rifles. He said the society was divided into groups, and that they knew each other by twos and threes. He showed me an article in the *Alarm*, I think, about street warfare. In that connection I think he told me it was their intention to occupy the Market Place and the Washington Street tunnel, and in that position they could successfully encounter any force that could be brought against them."

On re-cross-examination witness related:

"There was nobody present when I had that conversation with Mr. Parsons. I think it was after New Year's day of 1885, in the winter. I did not ask him how they managed to drill if they only knew each other by twos and threes. He said that in that organization of 3,000 no man knew more than two or three others."

JOHN SHEA, Lieutenant of Police, and at the head of the detective force, testified about the search of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office and proceeded:

"I know a man that is called Rudolph Schnaubelt. He was in the station a couple of days after the arrest of those other gentlemen. This here (indicating photograph) I recognize as Schnaubelt's picture. When I saw him he had a mustache. I had a conversation with Mr. Spies at police headquarters, in my office, after he was arrested. We had a conversation about that manuscript referred to by me. I asked Spies if he was at the meeting at the Haymarket. He said he was; that he opened the meeting; that Schwab was there, but that he understood he went to Deering. He said Parsons was there, and Fielden; that both spoke there — Fielden at the time the police came. He said he spoke at a meeting on May 3, near McCormick's factory, and some of the parties there in the rear had commenced to halloa, and said, 'Let's go to McCormick's,' and they had started, and most of the crowd had started with them. Spies said he had heard later what had happened at McCormick's; that he had got on a street car and come down town. I asked him if he knew anything about that circular that was circulated on the street. I don't remember that I had present with me the circular which I referred to during that conversation. He said he did not know anything about the circular, but heard that it had been circulated. I asked him if he wrote this manuscript (indicating manuscript

previously produced). Mr. Grinnell was sitting in the office at the time. Spies said, 'I refuse to answer.' Then Mr. Spies said he was the editor there. I said, 'Now, would not anything of that kind be likely to go through your hands before it would go to print?' He said, 'I refuse to answer.'

"I had a conversation with Fischer the next day. He said that on the night of May 4 he and several others, Schwab, Fielden, were at a meeting in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office; that Rau brought word to the meeting that there was a large crowd at the Haymarket, that Spies was there and very few speakers; and they immediately started to the Haymarket. He said he didn't hear Spies, but heard Fielden and Parsons. That pistol and dagger he had had to protect himself. He had not had it with him that night. It was in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. On Wednesday morning he had put it on because he didn't intend to stay. He was going away. That fulminating cap he had got from a man in front of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office some three months before that. He had never paid any attention to it. He had made the sharpened dagger himself for his own protection.

"In the conversation with Spies, my recollection is that he said he got on the wagon, and said something to Parsons or Fielden about its going to rain, and left the wagon. I don't recollect where he said he went to. Fischer said he was at Zepf's Hall at the time of the explosion."

FRED. L. BUCK was called to testify with reference to some experiments he had made with dynamite which he had received from the detectives' office. He had gone to the lake front with Officer McKeough and another officer and a newspaper reporter and there made several tests, all of which demonstrated the immense force of the dynamite.

Lieut. GEORGE W. HUBBARD, now Superintendent of the force, had charge of the company that composed the third division at the Haymarket. Being a large company, it was divided into two, he himself commanding one wing and Sergt. (now Capt.) Fitzpatrick, who was drill master, being in command of the other.

"I was about four feet behind Stanton's and Bowler's companies. My company was about six feet behind me. I could hear the sound of the voices at the wagon, but couldn't hear exactly what was said. I saw the bomb when it was about six feet from the ground — a little tail of fire quivering as it fell not more than six feet in front of me. The bomb immediately exploded, and as far as I could see the entire division in front of me disappeared, except the two ends; but a great many of them got up again in a kind of disorder, and then I flanked the left of the division. There was no firing before the explosion of that bomb. The firing began almost immediately on both sides of the street and north of me. I, being on the left, rushed my division of the company right around toward the sidewalk, and commenced answering the charge from that quarter, and Fitzpatrick went the other way, to the east, and he commenced shooting right into the crowd on the sidewalk, faced them right and left. In our company we had our regular revolvers in our pockets, and we had a larger revolver in the sockets attached to our belts, on the outside. The club in the socket and the revolver in the socket were both hanging to the left side of each officer. Pistols and clubs were all in the pockets until the explosion of the bomb."

S. J. WERNEKE, police officer, who was hit with a bullet in the head at the Haymarket, testified that he heard Engel at 703 Milwaukee Avenue in February, 1886, "advise every man in the audience to join them, and urged the people to save up three or four dollars to buy a revolver that was good enough to shoot these policemen down. I was at the Haymarket in Lieut. Steele's company. Got hit with a bullet in the head."

JOHN J. RYAN next took the witness-stand. He testified:

"I am a retired officer of the United States navy. Live at 274 North Clark Street. Lived in Chicago for three years. Have seen the defendants Spies, Neebe, Parsons, Fielden and Schwab on the occasion of their Sunday afternoon meetings during the summer of last year and the year previous. I heard some of them speak there, namely, Spies, Parsons and Fielden, in the English language. I can only designate particularly two meetings, one previous to the picnic they had last year, and one on the Sunday directly after it. That was in July of last year, I think. I cannot say that I saw Mr. Spies at either of those meetings. Mr. Parsons I remember at one of them."

"State what he said," put in the State's Attorney.

"He was speaking in a general way," said the witness, "about trouble with the workingmen and the people, what he called the proletariat class, and spoke about their enemies, the police and the constituted authorities; that the authorities would use the police and militia and they would have to use force against them. He advised them to purchase rifles. If they had not money enough for that, then to buy pistols, and if they couldn't buy pistols they could buy sufficient dynamite for twenty-five cents to blow up a building the size of the Pullman building?"

"What, if anything, did you hear Fielden say at that meeting?"

"The speeches were very nearly alike; they spoke about dynamite and fire-arms to be used against the police, and any one who opposed them in their designs; they wanted things their way and to regulate society. The speeches were alike Sunday after Sunday. I heard Spies speak on the lake front before and after the meetings I mention; he represented, as he said, the oppressed class, the workingmen, as opposed to the capitalists and property-owners; the latter were the enemy of the workingmen; if they couldn't get their rights in a peaceable manner they must get them in a forcible way. I heard that talk about ten or fifteen times; the meetings were held there every Sunday until late in the fall. After the picnic, Mr. Parsons, I think — I won't be sure of that — spoke about the young German experimenting with dynamite at this picnic; that this young German had a small quantity of dynamite in a tomato-can; it was thrown into a pond or lake, and he spoke of the force this amount of dynamite exerted, and what could be done with it in destroying buildings and property in the city."

On cross-examination Mr. Ryan stated:

"Those lake front meetings were held publicly in plain view to everybody in every instance. The largest number of persons I ever saw attend one of these meetings was not more than 150. The meetings that I attended usually lasted two or three hours. I heard two or three other persons speak on the lake front at those meetings — Mr. Henry, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Holmes,

and, one Sunday, a young Englishman whose name I did not hear; also an Irishman whose name I never heard. The meetings were held about half past two. The speeches were made in a loud, clear tone, sometimes very loud when they would get excited. A policeman who evidently had charge of the park was usually around there. It was a general propagation of ideas and doctrines, down there on the lake front. Once I heard Mr. Parsons say that now was the time to do it. I heard the opinion expressed there that the workingmen would have to secure their rights by force, and therefore should be prepared for it."

HARRY WILKINSON, a reporter for the *Daily News*, testified as follows:

"On Thanksgiving Day, last year, I heard Mr. Parsons speak on the Market Square. He advised the workingmen who were present (there were several hundred there), to stand together, and to use force in procuring their rights. He told them that they were slaves; that out of a certain sum of money the per cent. they got was too small; it ought to be more evenly divided with the man who employed them. I don't recollect that he said at that time anything as to the means or manner of force to be used, or against whom.

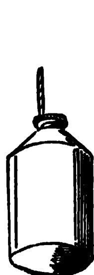


Fig. 1.



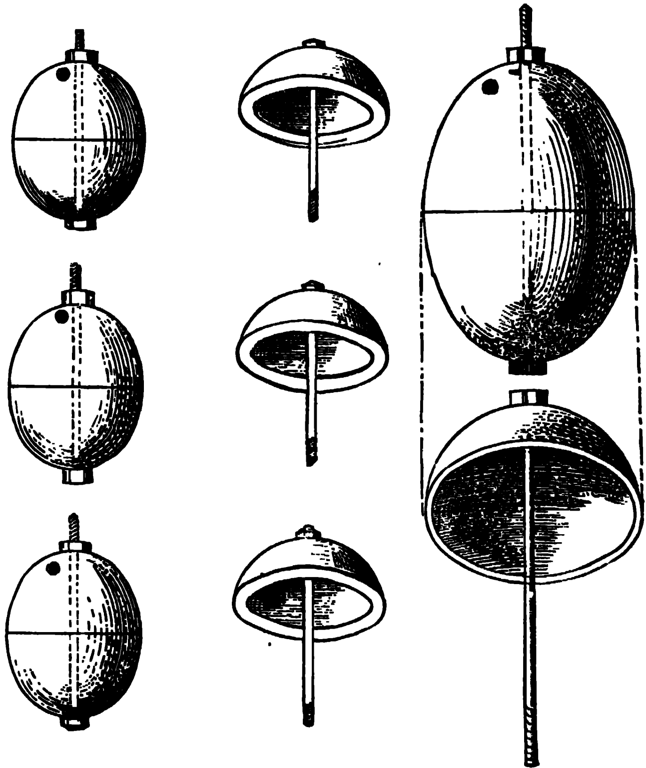
Fig. 2.

1. Package left t Judge Tree's house.

2. Package left C. B. & Q. offices.

"Last January I had several conversations with Mr. Spies, probably half a dozen. I first saw Mr. Spies a few days after the 1st of January of this year in regard to the matter published in this paper (indicating copy of Chicago *Daily News* of January 13, 1886). I wrote up the result of my talk with Mr. Spies for that paper; it was not all published. I inquired of Spies about an explosive which had been placed on Judge Lambert Tree's steps, and one that was placed in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad offices, and he emphatically denied that those machines were either made or placed by Socialists or Anarchists, and proved it by showing me that they were entirely different in character to those used by the Socialists. He showed me this bomb (indicating), which he described as the Czar; I took it with me. He spoke of the wonderful destructive power of the Czar bomb; said it was the same kind that had been used by Nihilists in destroying the Czar. I told him that I thought it was a pretty tall story, and he became somewhat excited and produced this, and said that there were others, larger than that, run by mechanical power — clock-work bombs — and he gave me that in a small room adjoining the counting-room office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He denied that those things were made at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office; he said they were made by other persons and that there were several thousand of them in Chicago distributed, and that at some times they were distributed through the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office; that those who could make bombs made more than they could use, and those that could make them gave them to those that could not; that that one was one of the samples. I asked Mr. Spies if I could take that (the bomb) and show it to Mr. Stone, and I took it over there and didn't bring it back. On another occasion, Mr. Spies and Mr. Gruenhut and myself went to dinner together, and he told us there about the organization of their people in a rather boastful manner; how they had gone out on excursions on nice summer mornings, some miles out of the city, and practiced throwing these bombs; the man-

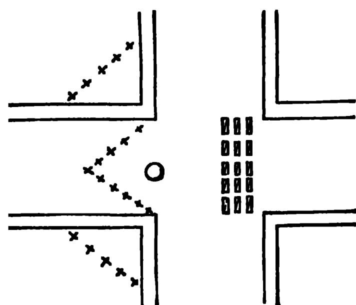
ner of exploding them; that they had demonstrated that bombs made of compound metal were much better than the other kind, and that a fuse bomb with a detonating cap inside was by far the best; and how at one attempt made in his presence one of their machines had been exploded in the midst of a little grove, and that it had entirely demolished the scenery; blown down four or five trees. He further described to me some very tall and very strong men, who could throw a large-size bomb weighing five pounds, fifty paces; and stated how, in case of a conflict with the police or militia, when the latter would come marching up a street, they would be received by the throwers formed in the shape of the letter V in the mouth of the street just crossing the intersection, illustrating this by taking some little toothpicks out of a vase on the table, laying them down and making a street intersection. He stated the militia would probably not stay to see a second or a third bomb go off. If the conflict should occur at any of the principal street intersections in the city, some of those organized men would be on the tops of houses ready to throw bombs overboard among the advancing troops or police. All these matters had been investigated; the men were all thoroughly trained and organized. The means of access to the housetops of street intersections was a matter of common information among their adherents. He said they had no leaders; one was instructed as well as another, and when the great day came each one would know his duty and do it. I tried to find out when this would probably occur, and he did not fix the date precisely or approximately at that time. At another of those interviews he said it would probably occur in the first conflict between the police and the strikers; that if there would be a universal strike for this eight-hour system there would probably be a conflict of some sort brought about in some way between the First and Second Regiment of the Illinois National Guards and the police, and the dynamite upon the other hand. In trying to get at



SOCIALISTIC BOMBS.
As illustrated in *Daily News* of Jan. 14, 1886, from specimens shown and description given by August Spies.

the probable number of them, I understood him that there were probably eight or ten thousand.

" He spoke of other larger bombs, as large as a cigar-box, to be exploded by electricity, which would be placed under a street in case they decided to barricade any section of the city, that they had experimented with. That certain members of the organization had in their possession a complete detail, maps and plans of the underground system of the city. That these machines would either destroy everybody that was above them when they went off, or so tear up the street as to make it impassable. He told me that the ordinary dynamite of commerce was about a 60 or 66 per cent. dynamite; that they made a finer quality by importing infusorial earth and mixing it themselves; that was about a 90 per cent. quality. He showed me no dynamite. I don't think he gave me any information about Herr Most's 'Science of Revolutionary Warfare.' I understood that the object of all this was the bettering of the workingmen's condition by the demolition of their oppressors. He vaguely spoke of a list of prominent citizens who might suddenly be blown up one at a time or all at once. I frequently said that I didn't believe much in the story he told me. He simply uttered the renewed declarations.


CHART OF STREET WARFARE.
As published in *Daily News*, Jan. 14, 1

" I had this conversation with Spies in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* at his own desk, on the left-hand side as you entered the door in the editorial room. Mr. Schwab was there once or twice when I was in. I was not acquainted with him personally. The conversations which I have chiefly detailed here took place in the Chicago Oyster House and in a little room detached from the counting-room down-stairs where he kept those specimen bombs. He got this bomb from one of those little pigeonholes in that room.

" He particularly mentioned the Market Square, and that it would take a very few men to fortify that street against all the police and militia in Chicago, and that they would have the tunnel at their back for a convenient place of retreat for those who were not engaged in throwing the shells. or for women and children whom they might care to take there. They were to receive the police or militia with their line formed in the shape of a letter V, the open end of the letter V facing toward the street intersection. Then there were to be others to reinforce them, as it were, on the tops of houses, at those corners. The plan here in this copy of the *Daily News* of January 14th, I drew from one that he made right on the table cloth as we sat at dinner together, except that he did not put in these little squares, but explained to me where these would be, and laid toothpicks to make these lines. Those dotted lines and the other dotted lines are to represent the dynamiters on tops of houses."

On cross-examination Mr. Wilkinson testified:

"I got leave of Mr. Spies to carry the bomb off and show it to Mr. Stone. I am now twenty-six years old. Have been in the newspaper business about four years. I came to Chicago in September of last year. I was assigned to this work with Mr. Spies by Mr. Stone personally. I

advised Mr. Spies of that fact. The circulation of the *Daily News*, according to its official statistics, was about 165,000. After that conversation in the presence of Joe Gruenhut, I had also an interview with Gruenhut. Mr. Gruenhut said that the conflict to which our conversation referred at the table would occur probably on the 1st of May, or within a few days thereafter, and that it might extend all over the country. He spoke of the conflict between the workingmen who were to strike for eight hours and their natural enemies, the police and militia. I don't remember that anything was said about the capitalists. The Haymarket was not mentioned.

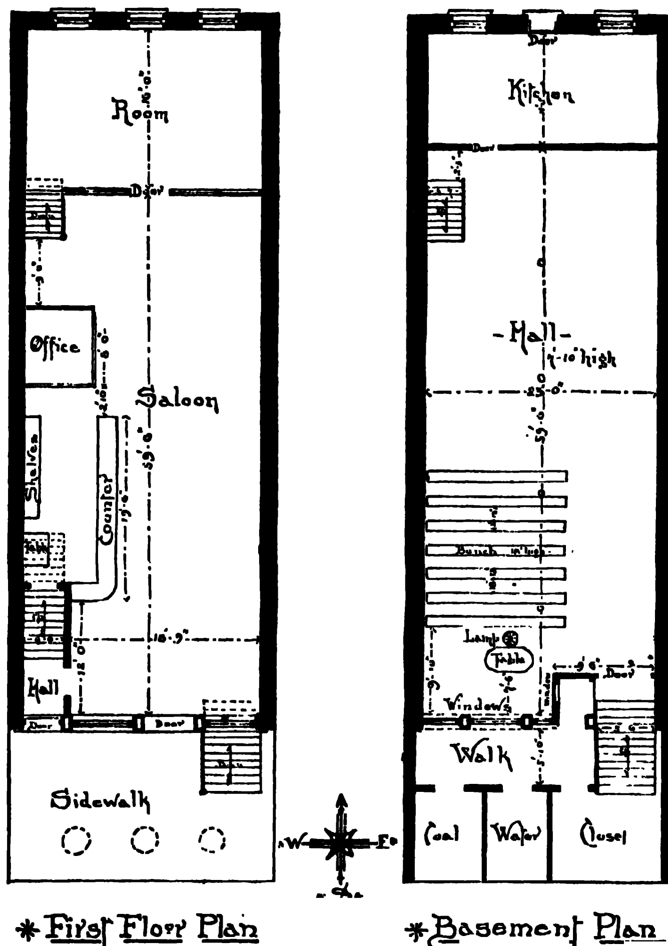
"I did not take any notes while the conversation with Mr. Spies was going on. I wrote them up the first opportunity I afterwards had. Spies said, as near as I could calculate, that they had about 9,000 bombs. As to those tall men who could throw a five-pound bomb fifty paces, my recollection is that it was a company referred to, without number. There were four or five only of that company, as I understood, who could throw a five-pound bomb — that is a large-sized shell — and fifty yards is a long distance to throw a shell. He described the character of the organizations; that if there were three the first would know the second and the second the third, but not the third the first; that it was Nihilistic in its character, and that they were known by other means than names. I don't think I asked Spies about how many men were interested in this project that were drilling and getting ready. I don't recollect his saying anything about that, but I concluded that there were as many men as there were bombs, or more. There was some delay of about three or four days in the publication of my article after it was prepared.

"I did not believe all Spies said. I believed about half of it. The article written by me is wound up by the suggestion that when dressed to cold facts it was like a scare-crow flapping in the corn-field. I did not write that. That was edited by some one who told me he didn't believe as much of the matter as I did. I remember a communication from Mr. Spies in the *Daily News*, after this article. I think I helped 'fix it up,' put a head-line on it. The original was then used as copy. I never saw it afterwards. Joe Gruenhut is a Socialist."

GUSTAV LEHMAN gave his testimony as follows:

"I am a carpenter On May 4th I lived at 41 Freeman Street. I lived there six months. Have been in this country and in this city four years. I was born in Prussia. I attended a meeting at 54 West Lake Street on the evening of May 3d. Got there a quarter of nine. I went there from my home by myself. I was about to go to a carpenters' meeting at Zepf's Hall, but I met several persons who were going to 54 West Lake Street. I saw a copy of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* containing the notice 'Y— Komme Montag Abend.' It meant that the armed ones should attend the meeting at 54 West Lake Street. When I got there the meeting was in session. Somebody made a motion to post somebody at the door, and then I went out to the sidewalk, by the door, that no one who was going to the water-closet could remain there and listen. I was stationed on the sidewalk, where the steps were leading down, maybe a good half hour. I went into the meeting twice. I heard that large man, with the blonde mustache, say he was going to have handbills printed and distributed. There were present at the meeting Seliger, Thielen, myself, my brother, Fischer, Breitenfeld and the Hermanns. That is about all I remember. I don't know how Engel looks.

"I cannot tell whether Lingg was in the basement, but he went home with me. We had a little quarrel. Lingg came up to us from behind, on the sidewalk, and said to us, 'You are all oxen, fools.' I asked him what had taken place at the meeting, where we were just coming from. Lingg told me that if I wanted to know something I should come to 58 Clybourn Avenue the next evening. There were present Seliger, my brother, and one other man. The next day I worked on Sedgwick Street. After I quit work, at three o'clock, I met a gentleman, Schneideke, and we went to Lingg's. Got there about five o'clock. I saw there Lingg, Seliger, and a blacksmith, whose name I don't know, and Hubner. I stayed there about ten minutes. They did some work in the bed-room. I couldn't understand what they were doing. I did not work at anything. Lingg and Huebner had a cloth tied around their faces. I had gone there because my countryman wanted to buy a revolver. After I left I went home with my countryman. At about seven o'clock I went back to Lingg's, and stayed there perhaps ten minutes. They were



INTERIOR PLAN OF GREIF'S HALL.

still busy in the bed-room. Hubner was cutting a fuse, or a coil of fuse, into pieces. I saw something like that fuse (indicating a coil of fuse) and caps. I didn't do anything there. They were making these fuse and caps in the front room. That afternoon Lingg gave me a small hand satchel, with a tin box in it, and three round bombs, and two coils of fuse and some caps. This here (indicating) is the box which he gave me. It was said that dynamite was in it. It was nearly full. This box of caps

(indicating) I found afterwards in the satchel. Lingg said to me he wanted me to keep these things so that no one could find them. I took them home with me, to the wood-shed; got up at three o'clock that night and carried them away to the prairie, about Clybourn Avenue, behind Ogden's Grove.

"After supper on that Tuesday evening I was about to go to Uhlich's Hall, but there was no carpenters' meeting there. Then I was about to go home, but we went to 58 Clybourn Avenue, Neff's Hall, because of what Lingg had told us Monday night. Schneideke was with me. We stayed at Neff's Hall about ten minutes. We got there about half past nine. I did not see anybody there whom I knew but the barkeeper. After leaving Neff's Hall we went up Clybourn Avenue to Larrabee Street. We had no special place in view. I got home about eleven o'clock. We met Seliger and Lingg standing together on the sidewalk on Larrabee Street, near Clybourn Avenue. We stood there with them, but one — I don't know whether it was Seliger or Lingg — remarked: 'We four should not keep together.' Then we went towards North Avenue, along Larrabee Street. Near North Avenue we met Thielèn. I afterwards went to the prairie with a detective, about May 19th or 20th, to find the things that Lingg had given me. The bombs and the dynamite, the fuse and the caps were still there."

"Have you ever been a member of any Socialistic organization?"

"I have been a member of the North Side Group of the International Workingmen's Association. I belonged to the group about three months prior to the 4th of May. The group met at 58 Clybourn Avenue, regularly, every Monday evening. We talked together there, advised together, and reviewed what had happened among the workingmen during the week. We had hunting-guns and shot-guns with which we drilled. I kept my gun at my house."

"Did you ever attend a dance at Florus' Hall?"

"Yes, about March of this year. It was a ball of the Carpenters' Union. Lingg was present there. There was about ten or ten and a half dollars' profit on the beer. The money, according to a resolution passed at the next meeting of the Carpenters' Union, at 71 West Lake Street, was handed over to Lingg, with the instruction to buy dynamite with it, and experiment with it to find out how it was used. I heard Engel make a speech at 58 Clybourn Avenue, about January or February of this year, before the assembled workingmen of the North Side. He said those who could not buy revolvers should buy dynamite. It was cheap and easily handled. A gas-pipe was to be taken and a wooden plug put into the ends, and it was to be filled with dynamite. Then the other end is also closed up with a wooden plug, and old nails are tied around the pipe by means of wire. Then a hole is bored into one end of it, and a fuse with a cap is put into that hole. I was chairman at that meeting. Engel said some gas-pipe was to be found on the West Side, near the river, near the bridge."

On cross-examination Lehman stated:

"The meeting at which Engel spoke was a public, open-door meeting. A notice under the signal 'Y,' which was understood to be the call for a meeting at 54 West Lake Street, I have seen once before. I belonged to the armed section for about three or four months. The meetings of the armed section at 54 West Lake Street were irregular, governed by such a notice in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I did not see Lingg at 54 West Lake Street that Monday night. I don't know that he was there. As we went home

he came up to us from behind on the sidewalk. Whether he was there or not I cannot say. When I went to Clybourn Avenue Tuesday night, Lingg was not there. Seliger went down in the basement at the meeting at 54 Lake Street Monday night. He was there for some time, but I cannot tell how long. I am sure about that. We went there together from where the carpenters' meeting was to have taken place. I, my brother, he and several others went down together. I am as sure of Seliger's having been down there in the basement that night as of any fact that I have testified to."

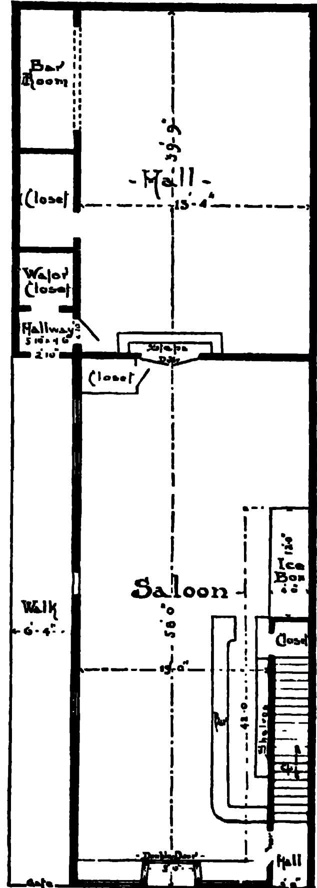
JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, a detective, testified:

"I was on the Market Square on the night of the inauguration of the Board of Trade with Officer Trehorn. When we got down there, there was quite a large crowd. One or two people were talking in German and trying to hold the crowd until the speakers came. Mr. Schwab came there first, and Parsons and Fielden came, and I believe this man (indicating Lingg). Parsons spoke about the Board of Trade, and showed some figures how the poor man was robbed. Then he denounced the police as bloodhounds, the militia as servants of the capitalists, robbing the laboring classes, and invited them all in a body to go there and partake of some of those twenty-dollar dishes that they had up at the Board of Trade building. They were to get there by force. Mr. Fielden spoke after him. He denounced the police and militia as bloodhounds. At that time there was a company of militia on Market Square for the purpose of drilling. Mr. Schwab was there at the time, and called the attention of the crowd to the militia, and they all started off toward the militia. Schwab spoke in German. Officer Trehorn and I went over there and asked the militia to disperse, and they marched up Water Street. Then I came back and listened to Mr. Fielden, who urged the crowd to force themselves in in a body and partake of those dishes. Then they all marched in a body, some carrying red flags. I saw in the procession Schwab, Parsons, Fielden, and I am not positive as to that young fellow (Lingg). There was no United States flag in the procession. There was a platoon of police at every crossing. The procession stopped at 107 Fifth Avenue. Parsons went in and spoke from the window. He denounced the policemen as bloodhounds, and the militia also, and stated how they stopped them from going in there and partaking of the food; that a good many of his audience did not have clothes and could not afford to pay twenty cents for a meal, let alone twenty dollars, and wanted them to go and follow him, and he would make a raid on those different places, mentioning Marshall Field's and one or two other places. After him Fielden spoke, and wanted them all to go down with him in a body and he would lead them. I met Williamson, the reporter, just as he was coming down-stairs, that evening. We went up-stairs with him. I shook hands with Mr. Fielden and spoke to him. They did not know me as a policeman. Fielden, Parsons and Schwab were there. Spies was at the desk. Parsons asked Spies for this dynamite. He brought it over, and Parsons told how it could be used; that if it was thrown into a line of police or militia it would take the whole platoon. He also exhibited a coil of fuse. I said: 'You can get that in any quarry. They use that in blasting powder.' He said: 'It comes in good to load these with — to touch these off with,' referring to dynamite shells. I saw some caps there about the size of a 22-caliber cartridge. The substance which he showed was dynamite. It looked like red sand. It was shaped about a foot long, and about an inch

and a half in diameter. I asked one of them why they didn't go into the Board of Trade building. They said that they were not prepared that night; that there were too many of the bloodhounds before them on the street, but the next time they would turn out they would meet them with their own weapons and worse."

MORITZ NEFF testified:

"I live at 58 Clybourn Avenue, known as Thüringer Hall, also as Neff's Hall, since seven years. I keep a saloon there. Back of the saloon is a hall. The North Side group used to meet there. I know all the defendants. On the night when the bomb was thrown I was at my saloon. Louis Lingg came in, in company with Seliger and another man whom I had not seen before. This stranger carried the satchel. It was a common bag, probably about a foot and a half long and six inches wide. He put it on the counter, after that on the floor. Lingg and Seliger were standing by, and Lingg asked me if some one had asked for him. That stranger, whose name I afterwards found out to be Muntzenberg, carried the satchel on his shoulder; that was ten or fifteen minutes after eight. I told Lingg that nobody had inquired for him. Then Muntzenberg picked up the bag and went out the side door, in the rear of the room, followed by Lingg and Seliger. I have not seen the bag since. There was a large meeting of painters, probably two hundred, in the hall that evening. For this reason I opened this door in the rear of the saloon, so that people going to that meeting would not be compelled to go through the saloon. I saw Lingg and Seliger again that night about eleven o'clock. Nobody had inquired in the meantime for Lingg. I saw Hubner there before Lingg came. I saw Thielen on the sidewalk in front of the saloon, but not inside. The two Lehmans were there after Lingg had left. They were out on the sidewalk, not inside. The first time Lingg stayed about five or ten minutes. He went out through the saloon. I did not see Seliger and Muntzenberg go out through the saloon. Before Lingg and Seliger came back, at about eleven o'clock, several individuals had come into the saloon, among them the Hermanns, the two Lehmans, the two Hagemans and Hirschberger. Lingg and Seliger dropped in a little later. They were all talking together. I didn't pay much attention to it. I heard one of them halloa out very loud, 'That is all your fault.' I heard them also say that the bomb had been thrown among the police and some of them had been killed. They came from the meeting.



INTERIOR PLAN OF NEFF'S HALL.

"Engel addressed the North Side group in my hall in February last winter. It was a public agitation meeting of the North Side group, advertised in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*."

"What did Engel say?'

"He wanted money for a new paper, the *Anarchist*, started by the Northwest Side group and two of the South Side groups. He said the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was not outspoken enough in those Anarchistic principles; therefore they started this paper. They distributed some of these papers. Later on he gave a kind of history of revolutions in the old country, stated that the nobility of France were only forced to give up their privileges by brute force; that the slaveholders in the South were compelled by force to liberate their slaves, and the present wage-slavery would be done away with only by force also. And he advised them to arm themselves, and if guns were too dear for them they should use cheaper weapons — dynamite or anything they could get hold of to fight the enemy. To make bombs, anything that was hollow in the shape of gas-pipes would do. That is all I heard him say. I wasn't present all the time. I bought a copy of the *Anarchist* that night for five cents. This here (indicating) is one of the copies, dated January 1, 1886. This is one of the copies distributed that night. Engel did not distribute it himself. Two other gentlemen who were there did that."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Pinkerton Operative's Adventures — How the Leading Anarchists **Vouched for a Detective — An Interesting Scene — An Enemy in the Camp — Getting into the Armed Group — No. 16's Experience — Paul Hull and the Dynamite Bomb — A Safe Corner Where the Bullets were Thick — A Revolver Tattoo — "Shoot the Devils" — A Reformed Internationalist.**

THE examination of witnesses continued from day to day before a crowded court-room. At times tilts between the attorneys and long arguments on knotty legal points varied the proceedings. Every coigne of vantage occupied by the State was stubbornly contested by counsel for the defendants. But the prosecution maintained its position and brought out all the material evidence it had accumulated. The theory of the State with reference to conspiracy, murder and "accessory before the fact" was gradually being developed with force and effect. Newspaper reporters proved important witnesses and rendered the State great service.

The greatest interest at this stage of the trial was taken in the testimony of ANDREW C. JOHNSON, a Pinkerton detective, who became a member of the International Workingmen's Association February 22, 1885, or rather on March 1, 1885, a few days later, for it was on that day that he got his red card of membership, bearing his number, and began his series of reports to the agency.

Among a number of minor particulars, Johnson told how the blowing up of the Board of Trade was proposed on March 29 by Fielden, and indorsed by others. The most interesting part of his story, however, is the description of his admission into the armed group. This took place on August 24, at Greif's Hall. Said Johnson:

"There were twenty or twenty-three men and two women present. It was Monday night. Among them Parsons, Fielden, besides Walters, Bodendick, Boyd and Larson, Parker, Franklin and Snyder. After having been there a short time, a man armed with a long cavalry sword, dressed in a blue blouse, wearing a slouch hat, came into the room. He ordered all those present to fall in. He then called off certain names, and all those present answered to their names. He then inquired whether there were any new members who wished to join the military company. Those who did should step to the front. Myself and two others did so. We were asked separately to give our names. My name was put down in a book, and I was told my number was 16. Previous to my name being put down the man asked whether any one present could vouch for me as a true man. Parsons and Bodendick vouched for. me. The same process was gone through in regard to the other two. The man then inquired of two other men in the room, whether they were members of the American group, and asked to see their cards, and as they were unable to produce their cards he told them to leave the room. Two others were expelled. The doors were

closed and the remainder were asked to fall in line. For about half an hour or three-quarters we were put through the regular manual drill, marching, counter-marching, turning, forming fours, wheeling, etc. That man with a sword drilled us. He was evidently a German. After that he stated he would now introduce some of the members of the first company of the German organization. He went out and in a few minutes returned with ten other men dressed like himself, each one armed with a Springfield rifle. He placed them in line in front of us and introduced them as members of the first company of the L. u. W. V., and proceeded to drill them about ten minutes. After that a man whose name I do not know — he was employed by the proprietor of the saloon at 54 West Lake Street — came into the room with two tin boxes, which he placed on a table. The drill instructor asked us to examine them, as they were the latest improved dynamite bomb. They had the appearance of ordinary preserve fruit cans, the top part unscrewed. The inside of the cans was filled with a light brown mixture. There was also a small glass tube inserted in the center of the can. The tube was in connection with a screw, and it was explained that when the can was thrown against any hard substance it would explode. Inside of the glass tube was a liquid. Around the glass tube was a brownish mixture which looked like fine saw-dust. The drill instructor told us we ought to be very careful in the selection of new members of the company, otherwise there was no telling who might get into our midst. After that a man named Walters was chosen as captain, and defendant Parsons for lieutenant. We decided to call ourselves the International Rifles. The drill instructor then suggested that we ought to choose some other hall, as we were not quite safe there, and added, 'We have a fine place at 636 Milwaukee Avenue. We have a short range in the basement, where we practice shooting regularly.' Parsons inquired whether we couldn't rent the same place, and the drill instructor said he didn't know. Then the time for the next meeting of the armed section was fixed for the following Monday. Parsons and Fielden drilled with us that evening. They were present also with a number of others at the next meeting, on August 31, at 54 West Lake Street. Capt. Walters drilled us for about an hour and a half. Then we had a discussion as to the best way of procuring arms. Some one suggested that each member pay a weekly amount until he had enough to purchase a rifle for each member of the company. Parsons suggested: 'Look here, boys; why can't we make a raid some night on the militia armory? There are only two or three men on guard there, and it is easily done.' This suggestion was favored by some members, but after some more discussion the matter of the raid on the armory was put off until the nights got a little bit longer."

The witness, whose testimony was very lengthy, refreshed his memory from copies of reports which he had made at the time. On cross-examination he was asked why the reports were countersigned by L. J. Gage. He replied that he did not know why they were so countersigned, but he found that they were. The history he had to tell bore chiefly upon the facts leading up to the riot at the Haymarket.

JOSEPH GRUENHUT, a factory and tenement-house inspector of the Health Department of the city, had known Spies for six years, Parsons about ten years, Fielden and Schwab about two years, more or less.

"I have known Neebe perhaps fifteen or twenty years. I was in the habit of meeting some of them daily, at labor meetings or at the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I am myself interested in labor movements, formerly the Labor Party of the United States. It changed its name into the Socialistic Labor Party. I am a Socialist. I don't consider myself an Anarchist. I am not a member of any group of the Internationals in the city, nor of the Lehr und Wehr Verein. I was present at interviews between the reporter Wilkinson and Mr. Spies. I introduced Mr. Wilkinson to Mr. Spies at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office in the forenoon, and on the evening of the same day, I believe, I was present at a conversation between them at a restaurant on Madison Street. We took supper there together."

"State the conversation which took place there between Spies and the reporter."

"Mr. Wilkinson asked him how many members belonged to the military societies of organized trade and labor unions. Spies said that there were many thousand; that these organizations were open to everybody, and at meetings people were asked to become members, but their names would not be known, because they would be numbered, and they didn't keep any record of names. Mr. Spies laid some toothpicks on the table so as to show the position of armed men on tops of houses, on street corners, and how they could keep a company of militia or police in check by the use of dynamite bombs. The conversation was carried on in a conversational tone, half joking, etc., and it lasted perhaps a quarter of an hour, while we were taking our supper."

On cross-examination Mr. Gruenhut stated that he had heard no reference to any attack to be made on the first of May, and in the re-direct examination he said, with reference to Spies' attitude on the eight-hour movement:

"At the start he said he did not believe they would get it, and then it would not amount to anything anyhow; it was only a palliative measure—not radical enough. As I recollect, I brought him a list of the different organizations in Chicago, and we were trying to pick out those which needed organization, and the packers and a great many others were directly organized by these men for the eight-hour movement. We were in constant consultation about organizing those trades which had not been organized before. I don't suppose he ever said that he was in favor of the eight-hour movement. I don't know that he was ever enthusiastically in favor of the eight-hour movement, but he was enthusiastically in favor of the eight-hour movement that we had talked about on Monday. There never had been a general eight-hour mass-meeting. There had been a mass-meeting representing the great assemblies, at the Armory, but not the Central Labor Union. It was a Socialistic organization; was not represented there. In October, 1885, there had been a mass-meeting of the Socialistic organizations in favor of the eight-hour movement at West Twelfth Street Turner Hall. I was not there. At the time I had that conversation with Mr. Spies and the others present about a mass-meeting to be held, we did not know where the meeting was to be held at all. We only considered the advisability of holding a mass-meeting on the question of the eight-hour movement in the open air. There are only three or four places where you can hold

such a meeting; either the lake front or Market Square or the Haymarket. At that time I am sure I saw Spies, Rau and Neebe almost every day, but I could not tell whether the meeting was agreed upon on Saturday or Monday, night or day; but there was a general agreement upon having one general mass-meeting in the open air. It was not sure whether the meeting was to be in the forenoon, afternoon or night, but at last we came to the conclusion it ought to be at night. My recollection is that Spies said to Wilkinson, at the time of that conversation, that the military associations were open and free to everybody; that they meet, advertise their meetings, have picnics and advertise them, and meet in halls, even in open ground, at Sheffield, or out on the prairie. That proposed mass-meeting was to be an eight-hour meeting and an indignation meeting over the killing of men at McCormick's at the same time. Parsons and Spies, during conversations within the twelve months before the bomb was thrown, said that arming meant the use of dynamite bombs by individuals; all men should individually self-help, as against a squad of policeman or company of militia, so that they need not be an army."

F. H. NEWMAN, a physician, attended some of the officers wounded at the Haymarket, and identified an iron nut extracted from Hahn. He had also examined some ten or twelve officers, and had found some bullets and fragments of a combination of metals much lighter than lead. "The fragments were also much lighter," he said, "than the bullets, varying very much in size, from perhaps what we would call 22-caliber up to 45-caliber. The bullets also varied in size. This piece of metal I took from the heel of Officer Barber. It made a ragged wound and was buried in the bone; crushed the bone considerably, fractured it in several places. I examined the wounds of one officer who had a large ragged wound in the liver. He died within a few hours. It could have been a wound produced by a bullet, if the bullet was very ragged, spread out considerably, as they do sometimes."

MAXWELL E. DICKSON, a newspaper reporter, had had several interviews with Parsons. He said:

"The last time I met Mr. Parsons, either the latter part of last year or the commencement of this year, he gave me two or three papers, and one of them contained one or two diagrams, a plan of warfare. Parsons stated that the social revolution would be brought about in the way that paper would describe. In November of last year, some time after that demonstration on the Market Square, I remarked to Parsons, in a sort of joking way, 'You are not going to blow up anybody, are you?' He said: 'I don't say that we won't, I don't know that we won't, but you will see the revolution brought about, and sooner than you think for.' I attended a number of meetings at which some of the defendants spoke.

"The Twelfth Street Turner Hall meeting was a meeting called for the purpose of discussing the Socialistic platform. A circular had been issued, in which public men, clergy, employers and others who were interested in the social question were invited to be present to discuss the question of the social movement. The hall was crowded. During the meeting Mr. Parsons made a speech, during which he said that the degradation of labor was

brought about by what was known as the rights of private property; he quoted a long line of statistics, showing that an average man with a capital of five thousand dollars was enabled to make four thousand dollars a year, and thus get rich, while his employé, who made the money for him, obtained but $340, and there were upwards of two million heads of families who were in want, or bordering on want, making their living either by theft, robbery or any such occupation as they could get work in; and he said that, while they were the champions of free speech and social order, it would be hard for the man who stood in the way of liberty, fraternity and equality to all. Later on Fielden spoke and said that the majority of men were starving because of over-production, and went on to show that overcoats were being sent to Africa, to the Congo states, which were needed at home, and he could not understand how that was. As a Socialist, he believed in the equal rights of every man to live. The present condition of the laboring man was due to the domination of capital, and they could expect no remedy from legislatures, and there were enough present in the hall to take Chicago from the grasp of the capitalists; that capital must divide with labor; that the time was coming when a contest would arise between capital and labor. He was no alarmist, but the Socialist should be prepared for the victory when it did come. Several other persons spoke after that. Then Spies spoke in German, advising the workingmen to organize in order to obtain their rights, and that they might be prepared for the emergency. Then there were resolutions adopted denouncing the capitalists, the editors and clergymen, and those who had refused to come to hear the truth spoken and discuss the question, whereupon the meeting adjourned.



ADOLPH LIESKE.

BEHEADED Nov. 17, 1885.—From Photograph found in the possession of Anarchist Bodendick, on back of which was written: "Revenge is Sweet."

"At the meeting at Mueller's Hall Fielden presided and Mr. Griffin spoke first, advocating the use of force to right social wrongs. A young man named Lichtner said he was in favor of Socialistic ideas, but opposed to the use of force. Schwab, in German, said that the gap between the rich and the poor was growing wider; that, although despotism in Russia had endeavored to suppress Nihilism by executing some and sending others to Siberia, Nihilism was still growing. And he praised Reinsdorf, who had then been recently executed in Europe, but stated that his death had been avenged by the killing of Rumpf, the Chief of Police of Frankfort, who had been industrious in endeavoring to crush out Socialism; that murder was forced on many a man through the misery brought on him by capital; that freedom in the United States was a farce, and in Illinois was literally unknown; that both of the political parties were corrupt, and what was needed here was a bloody revolution which would right their wrongs.

"A young man named Gorsuch was against all government, which was made for slaves. The only way the workingmen could get their rights was

by the Gatling gun, by absolute brute force. Then Mr. Fielden called upon the capitalists to answer these arguments and to save their property, for when the Socialists decided to appropriate the property of the capitalists it would be too late for the capitalists to save anything.

"Then Spies said in German that the workingmen should revolt at once. He had been accused of giving this advice before, it was true, and he was proud of it. That wage slavery could only be abolished through powder and ball. The ballot was a sort of skin game. He compared it to a deck of cards in which there was a marked deck put in the place of the genuine, and in which the poor man got all of the skin cards, so that, when the dealer laid down the cards, his money was taken from him. Then Spies offered these resolutions, which were adopted :

"'Whereas, our comrades in Germany have slain one of the dirtiest dogs of his Majesty Lehmann, the greatest disgrace of the present time — namely, the spy Rumpf.

"'*Resolved*, That we rejoice over and applaud the noble and heroic act.'

"Then Parsons offered some resolutions favoring the abolition of the present social system, and the formation of a new social coöperative system that would bring about an equality between capital and labor.

"The next meeting I attended was on the Market Square, on Thanksgiving day. Mr. Parsons asked what they had to be thankful for, whether it was for their poverty, their lack of sufficient food and clothing, etc., and argued that the capitalists on the avenue spent more money for wine at one meal than some of them received pay in a month. Fielden said they would be justified in going over to Marshall Field's and taking out from there that which belonged to them. A series of resolutions were adopted, offered, I believe, by Parsons, denouncing the President for having set apart Thanksgiving day — that it was a fallacy and a fraud ; that the workingmen had nothing to be thankful for ; that only a few obtained the riches that were produced, while the many had to starve."

On cross-examination Mr. Dickson said :

"Parsons said to me that when the social revolution came, it would be better for all men ; it would place every man on an equality. He pictured me personally as a wage slave, referring to my position as a newspaper reporter, and that all reforms had to be brought about through revolution, and bloodshed could not be avoided. I frequently heard him give expression to such ideas in friendly conversation, in which the social outlook of the country was talked over, and Parsons frequently insisted that any method would be justifiable to accomplish the object which he advocated as the intended result of a social revolution. Parsons once stated to me that if it became necessary they would use dynamite, and it might become necessary. Parsons never expressed any distinct proposal to inaugurate the revolution at any particular time, or by the use of any particular force. He simply spoke of the social revolution as the inevitable future. I am not certain as to whether the paper which Parsons gave me, which contained those diagrams, was a copy of the *Alarm* or of some other paper. This article here in the *Alarm* of July 25, 1885 (indicating), under the title, 'Street Fighting — How to Meet the Enemy,' is, to the best of my recollection, the article to which my attention was called by Mr. Parsons at the time. I am positive these diagrams here (indicating) are the same as in the article given me by Parsons.

"The position of these parties in meetings that I have attended, since January 18, 1885, when they spoke of the industrial condition, was that they predicted a social revolution, and they also advised the workingmen to bring about that revolution. It was Mr. Fielden on the lake front — I cannot fix the date — who used language of that import, advised the men to go forward and get that which did belong to them by force."

PAUL C. HULL, a reporter of the *Daily News*, attended the Haymarket meeting and heard Fielden speak. He testified as follows:

"When the bomb exploded I was on the iron stairway, about four steps from the top landing. After the bomb exploded the firing began from the crowd before the police fired. I saw the bomb in the air. My head was probably within twelve or fifteen feet above the crowd. It was quite dark. Directly opposite me was a pile of boxes on the sidewalk, and an area-way surrounded by an iron railing. My eyes were directed toward the speakers' wagon. As the words were in his mouth, I saw arching through the air the sparks of the burning fuse. According to my recollection it seemed to come from about fifteen or twenty feet south of Crane's alley, flying over the third division of police and falling between the second and third. It seemed to throw to the ground the second and third divisions of police. At almost the same instant there was a rattling of shots that came from both sides of the street and not from the police. The meeting was noisy and turbulent. When the speaking began there were about eight hundred to one thousand people in the crowd. At the time the police came it had dwindled away a third from what it was at its largest number. About a quarter of the crowd, that part which clustered about the wagon, were enthusiasts, loudly applauded the speakers and cheered them on by remarks. The outskirts of the crowd seemed to regard the speakers with indifference, often laughed at them and hooted them.

American Group meets to-night (Tuesday) at 107 Fifth Ave. Important business. Every member should attend. 7:30 O'Clock — Sharp. Agitation Committee

PARSONS' HANDWRITING.

The Manuscript of an Advertisement calling a Meeting of the "American Group."

"Spies told his version of the McCormick riot. He had been charged with being responsible for the riot and the death of those men, by Mr. McCormick. He said Mr. McCormick was a liar and was himself responsible for the death of the six men which he claimed were killed at that time; that he had addressed a meeting on the prairie, and when the factory bell rang a body of the meeting which he was addressing detached themselves and went toward the factory, and that there the riot occurred. He then touched upon the dominating question of labor and capital and their relations very briefly, and asked what meant this array of Gatling

guns, infantry ready to arms, patrol wagons and policemen, and deduced from that that it was the Government or capitalists preparing to crush them, should they try to right their wrongs. I don't remember that he said anything in his speech about the means to be employed against that capitalistic force.

"Parsons dealt considerably in labor statistics. He drew the conclusion that the capitalists got eighty-five cents out of the dollar, and the laboring man fifteen cents, and that the eight-hour agitation and the agitation of the social question was a still hunt after the other eighty-five cents. He advised the using of violent means by the workingmen to right their wrongs. Said that law and government was the tool of the wealthy to oppress the poor; that the ballot was no way in which to right their wrongs. That could only be done by physical force.

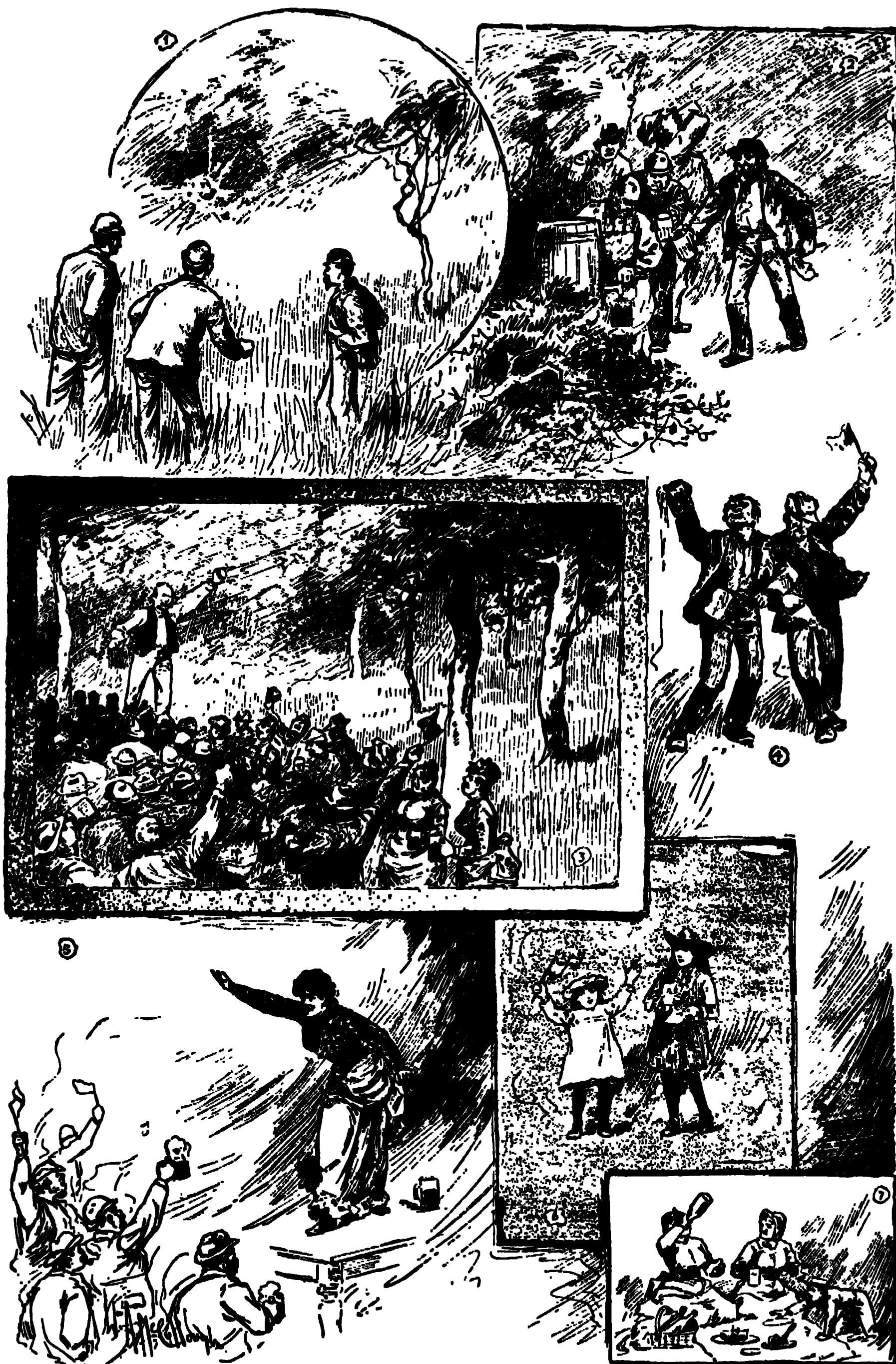
"I only heard a part of Fielden's speech. He said Martin Foran had been sent to Congress to represent the Labor Party, and he did not do it satisfactorily. When McCormick's name was mentioned during the speeches there were exclamations like 'Hang him,' or 'Throw him into the lake.' Some such a remark would be made when any prominent Chicago capitalist's name was used. When some one in the crowd cried 'Let's hang him now,' when some man's name was mentioned, one of the speakers, either Spies or Parsons, said, 'No, we are not ready yet.'"

On cross-examination Mr. Hull said:

"The firing of the revolvers startled me. I considered my position dangerous and tried to get around the corner. A few moments before the explosion of the bomb a threatening cloud came up, and Mr. Spies said the meeting would adjourn to 54 West Lake Street, I believe. At no time during the meeting was I as near as eight or ten feet from the speaker. I don't believe I heard Fielden say, in a loud voice, 'There come the bloodhounds! Now you do your duty and I'll do mine,' when the police were coming up. I remember that Mr. Fielden said 'in conclusion,' after I got my position on the stairs again, and when the police were forming and marching below. I was confused at the time I wrote my reports. (After examining his report in a copy of *Daily News* of May 5th, 1886:) I have said nowhere in this report that the crowd fired upon the police. I did say that the police required no orders before firing upon the crowd. I wrote this up about an hour after the occurrence. After describing the explosion of the bomb, I used this language in my report: 'For an instant after the explosion the crowd seemed paralyzed, but, with the revolver shots cracking like a tattoo on a mighty drum, and the bullets flying in the air, the mob plunged away into the darkness with a yell of rage and fear.' My recollection is that the bomb struck the ground about on a line with the south line of the alley. The bomb apparently fell north from the point where I first saw it in the air. I judge it came from the south, going west-northwest."

WHITING ALLEN, another reporter, was present at the Haymarket meeting in company with Mr. Tuttle, another newspaper man, and heard some of the speeches. Said the witness:

"Parsons was speaking when we got there. About the only thing that I could quote from his speech is this: 'What good are these strikes going to do? Do you think that anything will be accomplished by them? Do



A PICNIC OF THE "REDS" AT SHEFFIELD.

1. Experimenting with Dynamite. 2. Getting Inspiration. 3. Engel on the Stump. 4. "Hoch die Anarchie!" 5. Mrs. Parsons addressing the Crowd. 6. Children peddling Most's Literature. 7. A Family Feast.

you think the workingmen are going to gain their point? No, no; they will not. The result of them will be that you will have to go back to work for less money than you are getting.' That is his language in effect. At one time he mentioned the name of Jay Gould. There were cries from the crowd, 'Hang Jay Gould!' 'Throw him into the lake!' and so on. He said, 'No, no; that would not do any good. If you would hang Jay Gould now, there would be another, and perhaps a hundred, up to-morrow. It don't do any good to hang one man; you have to kill them all, or get rid of them all.' Then he went on to say that it was not the individual, but the system; that the government should be destroyed. It was the wrong government, and these people who supported it had to be destroyed. I heard him cry, 'To arms!' I cannot tell in what connection. The crowd was extremely turbulent. It seemed to be thoroughly in sympathy with the speakers; was extremely excited, and applauded almost every utterance. I staid there some ten or fifteen minutes. I then left and went to Zepf's Hall. Later I came back again, when Fielden was speaking. When the bomb was thrown I was in the saloon of Zepf's Hall, standing about the middle of the room at the time. I did not see any of the defendants there. They were not there to my knowledge. When I was down at the meeting, I pointed out to Mr. Tuttle Mr. Parsons, Fielden, Spies, and a man that I presume was Mr. Schwab, but was not certain. The general outline was that of Mr. Schwab. I could not get a full view of his face. That must have been half past nine."

Charles R. Tuttle said he did not remember much of what Parsons spoke:

"Parsons made a series of references to existing strikes — one was the Southwestern strike — and to Jay Gould, the head of that system of railways, and the winding up of the peroration in connection with that created a great deal of excitement and many responses from the audience. He then spoke of the strike at McCormick's, and detailed the suffering of the people who had wives and children, and who were being robbed by one whom I took to be Mr. McCormick, although I cannot say that was the idea; who were being robbed, anyway, by capitalists. And he said it was no wonder that these persons were struggling for their rights, and then said that the police had been called on by the capitalists to suppress the first indications of any movement on the part of the working people to stand up for rights, and he asked what they are going to do. One man — I believe the same one who had spoken when he referred to Gould — stuck up his hand with a revolver in it, and said, 'We will shoot the devils,' or some such expression, and I saw two others sticking up their hands, near to him, who made similar expressions, and had what I took to be at the time revolvers."

Edward Cosgrove, a detective connected with the Central Station, was on duty at the Haymarket. He gave the substance of some of the speeches, and, referring to Spies, said:

"Then he talked about the police, the bloodhounds of the law, shooting down six of their brothers, and he said: 'When you are ready to do something, do it, and don't tell anybody you are going to.' A great number of the crowd cheered him loudly. The enthusiastic part of the crowd

was close to the wagon. Sometimes there would be some on the outskirts. I did not hear all of Spies' speech and only part of Parsons'. Parsons talked of statistics—about the price laboring men received. He said they got fifteen cents out of a dollar, and they were on the still hunt for the other eighty-five. He talked of the police and capitalists and Pinkertons. He said he was down in the Hocking Valley region, and they were only getting twenty-four cents a day, and that was less than Chinamen got. And he said his hearers would be worse than Chinamen if they didn't arm themselves, and they would be held responsible for blood that would flow in the near future. There was a great deal of cheering close to the wagon during his speech. I was in Capt. Ward's office when the police were called out. I came down the street at the time the police did. When the police came to a halt, I was on the northwest corner of Randolph and Desplaines. I heard no firing of any kind before the explosion of the bomb, but immediately after that. I can't tell from what source the pistol shots came, whether the police fired first or the other side. I reported at the station from time to time what was going on at the meeting."

On cross-examination Cosgrove said:

"I was twice at the station reporting. My second report was that Mr. Parsons said they would be held responsible for the blood that would flow in the streets of America in the near future. The police remained at the station after this report. I didn't hear any part of Fielden's speech. When I came out before the police quite a number of the crowd had gone away. When I saw Schwab he was about forty feet south of the south sidewalk of Randolph Street, on Desplaines. I saw Schwab about half past eight, or a little later, at the wagon. My impression is that I saw Mr. Schwab near the close of Parsons' speech, but I am not sure. When I saw him at the wagon it was about the time Mr. Spies came back the second time to speak."

TIMOTHY MCKEOUGH, a detective, was present when the meeting opened.

"Spies got on the wagon and called out twice: 'Is Mr. Parsons here?' He received no answer, and said: 'Never mind, I will go and find him myself.' Somebody said: 'Let us pull the wagon around on Randolph Street and hold the meeting there.' Mr. Spies said: 'No, that might stop the street-cars.' He started away then, and Officer Myers and myself followed him as far as the corner. There was a man with him who, I think, was Schwab, but I am not very sure about that, and in about fifteen minutes he returned, and when I got back he was addressing the meeting, talking about what happened to their brethren the day before at McCormick's. He had been down to McCormick's and addressed a meeting, and they wanted to stop him; tried to pull him off the car because he was a Socialist; that while he was talking a portion of the crowd started toward McCormick's and commenced to throw stones, the most harmless amusement they could have; how wagons loaded with police came down the Black Road and commenced firing into the crowd. Somebody halloaed out: 'Let us hang him,' and he said: 'My friends, when you get ready to do anything, go and do it, and say nothing about it.' About that time Parsons arrived and Spies introduced him, saying Parsons could talk better English than he, and would probably entertain them better. The crowd in the neighborhood of the wagon appeared very much excited when Spies spoke

about the shooting down of workingmen at McCormick's. Parsons quoted from some book on labor statistics, which he thought his hearers probably had not read, because they didn't have the money to buy it or leisure to read it, as they had to work too much. He said out of every dollar the laboring man makes for capitalists he only gets fifteen cents, and they are on a still hunt for the other eighty-five. He had been down to the coal mines, and, according to labor statistics, they received 24½ cents for their daily labor on the average during a year. That was just half as much as the Chinaman would get, and he said: 'If we keep on we will be a great deal worse than Chinamen. I am a tenant and I pay rent to a landlord.' Somebody asked, 'What does the landlord do with it?' Parsons said the landlord pays taxes, the taxes pay the sheriff, the police, the Pinkertonites and the militia, who are ready to shoot them down when they are looking for their rights. He said: 'I am a Socialist from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, and I will express my sentiments if I die before morning.' The crowd near the wagon loudly cheered him. Later I heard Mr. Parsons say, taking off his hat in one hand: 'To arms! to arms! to arms!' Then I went over to Desplaines Street Station and reported to Inspector Bonfield. When I came back Fielden was speaking. He criticised Martin Foran, the Congressman that was elected by the working people. Speaking about the law, he said the law was for the capitalists. 'Yesterday, when their brothers demanded their rights at McCormick's, the law came out and shot them down. When Mr. McCormick closed his door against them for demanding their rights, the law did not protect them.' If they loved their wives, their children, they should take the law, kill it, stab it, throttle it, or it would throttle them. That appeared to make the crowd near the wagon more excited, and I made another report to Inspector Bonfield. I saw Spies, Parsons and Fielden on the wagon. I saw Schwab on the wagon in the early part of the evening, and a man named Schnaubelt."

HENRY E. O. HEINEMAN, a reporter of the Chicago *Tribune*, testified:

"I saw the bomb, that is the burning fuse, rise out of the crowd and fall among the police. It rose from very nearly the southeast corner of the alley. I didn't hear any shots before the bomb exploded. Almost instantly after it shots were heard. I could not say whether the first shots came from the police or the crowd. It seems to me as if I heard some bullets close to myself, whizzing from the north as I was going south.

"Spies started out by saying that the meeting was intended to be a peaceable one—it was not called to raise a disturbance—and then gave his version of the affair at McCormick's, the day before. The crowd near the speaker's wagon was in sympathy with the speakers. There was occasionally applause. I heard a few Germans talk with one another. I heard Parsons call out toward the close of his speech, 'To arms! to arms! to arms!' Fielden, towards the end of his speech, told the crowd to kill the law, to stab it, to throttle it, or else it would throttle them. I was formerly an Internationalist. I ceased my connection with them about two years ago. At that time the defendant Neebe belonged to the same group I belonged to. It is not in existence now. I met Spies and Schwab occasionally in the groups. I ceased my connection with the Internationale immediately after, and on account of the lectures Herr Most delivered in this city. I saw on the wagon at the Haymarket meeting Spies, Parsons, Fielden, and at one time Rudolph Schnaubelt."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reporting under Difficulties — Shorthand in an Overcoat Pocket — An Incriminating Conversation — Spies and Schwab in Danger — Gilmer's Story — The Man in the Alley — Schnaubelt the Bomb-thrower — Fixing the Guilt — Spies Lit the Fuse — A Searching Cross-Examination — The Anarchists Alarmed — Engel and the Shell Machine — The Find at Lingg's House — The Author on the Witness-stand — Talks with the Prisoners — Dynamite Experiments — The False Bottom of Lingg's Trunk — The Material in the Shells — Expert Testimony — Incendiary Banners — The Prosecution Rests — A Fruitless Attempt to have Neebe Discharged.

WHEN the public began to see the character of the evidence against the Anarchists, sentiment crystalized into a feeling that no fair-minded juror could be led astray by specious pleas or sophistical arguments into voting for an acquittal of any one of the defendants. The facts of the conspiracy had been brought out with startling boldness, and with every witness the points against the prisoners were fortified with added effect. One of the strongest witnesses as to the incendiary utterances of the speakers at the Haymarket meeting was G. P. English, then a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*, but at present private secretary of Mayor Roche. Another was M. M. Thompson, who testified as to a conversation between Spies and Schwab.

MR. ENGLISH testified as follows:

"I am a reporter for the *Tribune*, and have been for seventeen years. I am also a shorthand reporter. I got to the Haymarket meeting, on the 4th of May, about half-past seven. I went all around the Haymarket Square from Desplaines to Halsted, saw a few people on the street, but no meeting. Later on I saw some people going north on Desplaines beyond Randolph. I went over there, and in a little while Mr. Spies got up on the wagon and said Mr. Fielden and Mr. Parsons were to make a speech, but they hadn't come. Spies got down off the wagon and went toward Randolph Street. He was gone perhaps five or ten minutes. As he passed me in coming back, I asked him if Parsons was going to speak. I understood him to say yes. Then he got up on the wagon and said: 'Gentlemen, please come to order.' I took shorthand notes of his speech, as much as I could. I had a notebook and a short pencil in my overcoat pocket and made notes in the pocket. My notes are correct. Some of them I can read, some I can't. I don't recollect what he or the others said without my notes.

"Before Spies commenced to speak somebody in the crowd suggested that the meeting should go over to the Haymarket, but Spies said no, that the crowd would interfere with the street-cars. Here is what I have of Spies' speech:

"'Gentlemen and fellow workmen: Mr. Parsons and Mr. Fielden will be here in a very short time to address you. I will say, however, first, this meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the general situation of the eight-hour strike, and the events which have taken place during the last forty-eight hours. It seems to have been the opinion of the authorities that

this meeting has been called for the purpose of raising a little row and disturbance. This, however, was not the intention of the committee that called the meeting. The committee that called the meeting wanted to tell you certain facts of which you are probably aware. The capitalistic press has been misleading — misrepresenting the cause of labor for the last few weeks, so much so' — there is something here unintelligible that I can't read; some of it went off on the side of my pocket. The next is: 'Whenever strikes have taken place; whenever people have been driven to violence by the oppression of their' — something unintelligible here — 'Then the police' — a few unintelligible words, then there were cheers — 'But I want to tell you, gentlemen, that these acts of violence are the natural outcome of the degradation and subjection to which working people are subjected. I was addressing a meeting of ten thousand wage slaves yesterday afternoon in the neighborhood of McCormick's. They did not want me to speak. The most of them were good church-going people. They didn't want me to speak because I was a Socialist. They wanted to tear me down from the cars, but I spoke to them and told them they must stick together' — some more that is unintelligible — 'and he would have to submit to them if they would stick together.' The next I have is: 'They were not Anarchists, but good church-going people — they were good Christians. The patrol wagons came, and blood was shed.'

"Some one in the crowd said, 'Shame on them.' The next thing I have is: 'Throwing stones at the factory; most harmless sport.' Then Spies said, 'What did the police do?' Some one in the crowd said, 'Murdered them.' Then he went on: 'They only came to the meeting there as if attending church.' . . . 'Such things tell you of the agitation.' . . . 'Couldn't help themselves any more.' 'It was then when they resorted to violence.' . . . 'Before you starve.' . . . 'This fight that is going on now is simply a struggle for the existence of the oppressed classes.'

"My pocket got fuller and fuller of paper; my notes got more unintelligible. The meeting seemed to be orderly. I took another position in the face of the speaker, took out my paper and reported openly during all the rest of the meeting. The balance of my notes I have not got. From what appears in my report in the *Tribune*, I can give you part of what Spies, Fielden and Parsons said. It is, however, only an abstract of what they said. So far as it goes it is verbatim, except the pronouns and the verbs are changed.

"The balance of Spies' speech is as follows (reading): 'It was said that I inspired the attack on McCormick's. That is a lie. The fight is going on. Now is the chance to strike for the existence of the oppressed classes. The oppressors want us to be content. They will kill us. The thought of liberty which inspired your sires to fight for their freedom ought to animate you to-day. The day is not far distant when we will resort to hanging these men. (Applause and cries of 'Hang them now.') McCormick is the man who created the row Monday, and he must be held responsible for the murder of our brothers. (Cries of 'Hang him.') Don't make any threats, they are of no avail. Whenever you get ready to do something, do it, and don't make any threats beforehand. There are in the city to-day between forty and fifty thousand men locked out because they refuse to obey the supreme will or dictation of a small number of men. The families of twenty-five or thirty thousand men are starving because their husbands and fathers are not men enough to withstand and resist the dictation of a few thieves on

a grand scale, to put it out of the power of the few men to say whether they should work or not. You place your lives, your happiness, everything, out of the arbitrary power of a few rascals who have been raised in idleness and luxury upon the fruits of your labor. Will you stand that? (Cries of 'No.') The press say we are Bohemians, Poles, Russians, Germans—that there are no Americans among us. That is a lie. Every honest American is with us; those who are not are unworthy of their traditions and their forefathers.'

"Spies spoke fifteen or twenty minutes. What I have given here would not represent more than five or six minutes of actual talking.

"Parsons stated first that the remedy for the wrongs of the workingmen was in Socialism; otherwise they would soon become Chinamen. 'It is time to raise a note of warning. There is nothing in the eight-hour movement to excite the capitalists. Do you know that the military are under arms, and a Gatling gun is ready to mow you down? Is this Germany, Russia or Spain? (A voice: 'It looks like it.') Whenever you make a demand for eight hours' pay, an increase of pay, the militia and the deputy sheriffs and the Pinkerton men are called out, and you are shot and clubbed and murdered in the streets. I am not here for the purpose of inciting anybody, but to speak out, to tell the facts as they exist, even though it shall cost me my life before morning.' Then he spoke about the Cincinnati demonstration, and about the rifle guard being needed. Then the report continues: 'It behooves you, as you love your wives and children, if you don't want to see them perish with hunger, killed, or cut down like dogs on the street, Americans, in the interest of your liberty and your independence, to arm, to arm yourselves. (Applause and cries of 'We will do it, we are ready now.') You are not.' Then the rest of it is the wind-up. Besides what I have stated above he spoke for a long while about the fact that out of every dollar the workingman got fifteen cents, and the capitalists—the employers—got eighty-five cents. When he said, 'To arms, to arms,' he said that in his ordinary way of talking. I did not notice any difference in him when he said that.

"The first that I have written out of Fielden's speech is: 'There are premonitions of danger—all know it. The press say the Anarchists will sneak away; we are not going to. If we continue to be robbed it will not be long before we will be murdered. There is no security for the working classes under the present social system. A few individuals control the means of living and hold the workingmen in a vise. Everybody does not know that. Those who know it are tired of it, and know the others will get tired of it, too. They are determined to end it and will end it, and there is no power in the land that will prevent them. Congressman Foran says the laborer can get nothing from legislation. He also said that the laborers can get some relief from their present condition when the rich man knew it was unsafe for him to live in a community where there are dissatisfied workingmen, for they would solve the labor problem. I don't know whether you are Democrats or Republicans, but whichever you are, you worship at the shrine of heaven. John Brown, Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry and Hopkins said to the people, "The law is your enemy." We are rebels against it. The law is only framed for those that are your enslavers. (A voice: 'That is true.') Men in their blind rage attacked McCormick's factory and were shot down by the law in cold blood, in the city of Chicago, in the protection of property. Those men were going to do some damage to a certain person's interest who was a large property-owner; therefore the law came to his

defense; and when McCormick undertook to do some injury to the interest of those who had no property, the law also came to his defense and not to the workingman's defense, when he, McCormick, attacked him and his living. (Cries of 'No.') There is the difference. The law makes no distinctions. A million men hold all the property in this country. The law has no use for the other fifty-four millions. (A voice: 'Right enough.') You have nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it and throttle it until it makes its last kick. It turns your brothers out on the wayside, and has degraded them until they have lost the last vestige of humanity, and they are mere things and animals. Keep your eye upon it, throttle it, kill it, stab it, do everything you can to wound it — to impede its progress. Remember, before trusting them to do anything for yourself, prepare to do it yourself. Don't turn over your business to anybody else. No man deserves anything unless he is man enough to make an effort to lift himself from oppression.'

"Then there was an interruption on account of some storm-clouds. Everybody started to go away. Mr. Parsons suggested that they adjourn over to Zepf's Hall. Fielden said no, the people were trying to get information, and he would go on. And he went on: 'Is it not a fact that we have no choice as to our existence, for we can't dictate what our labor is worth? He that has to obey the will of another is a slave. Can we do anything except by the strong arm of resistance? The Socialists are not going to declare war, but I tell you war has been declared upon us; and I ask you to get hold of anything that will help to resist the onslaught of the enemy and the usurper. The skirmish lines have met. People have been shot. Men, women and children have not been spared by the capitalists and minions of private capital. It has no mercy — so ought you. You are called upon to defend yourselves, your lives, your future. What matters it whether you kill yourselves with work to get a little relief, or die on the battle-field resisting the enemy? What is the difference? Any animal, however loathsome, will resist when stepped upon. Are men less than snails or worms? I have some resistance in me; I know that you have, too. You have been robbed, and you will be starved into a worse condition.'

"That is all I have. At that time some one alongside of me asked if the police were coming. I was facing northeast, looked down the street, and saw a file of police about the middle of Randolph Street. At once I put my paper in my pocket and ran right over to the northwest corner of Randolph and Desplaines. Just when I reached the sidewalk, the front rank of the police got to the southwest corner of Randolph and Desplaines. I stood there until some of the police marched by, and the first thing I knew I heard an explosion; and the next thing there was a volley of fifteen or twenty or thirty shots, and I thought it was about time to leave, so I skinned down Randolph Street. While I was running I heard a great lot of shots, and somebody tumbled right in front of me, but I didn't stop to see whether he was hurt. I didn't see who shot first. As to the temper of the crowd, it was just an ordinary meeting."

On cross-examination Mr. English said:

"It was a peaceable and quiet meeting for an out-door meeting. I didn't see any turbulence. I was there all the time. I thought the speeches they made that night were a little milder than I had heard them make for years. They were all set speeches, about the same thing. I didn't hear

any of them say or advise that they were going to use force that night. Before I went to the meeting my instructions from the *Tribune* office were to take only the most incendiary part of the speeches. I think when Mr. Parsons spoke about the Cincinnati meeting he said he had been at Cincinnati and seen the procession. I heard the announcement to the crowd to disperse, distinctly. I did not hear Mr. Fielden say: 'There come the bloodhounds now; you do your duty and I'll do mine.' I heard nothing of that import at all."

M. M. THOMPSON testified:

"I am at present employed in the dry-goods business of Marshall Field & Co. Prior to the 4th of May last I was running a grocery store at 108 South Desplaines. I was at the Haymarket Square on the evening of May 4th. I walked west on Randolph Street about half past seven o'clock, and somebody handed me a circular headed 'Revenge,' and signed 'Your Brothers.' About twenty-five minutes to eight I got to the corner of Desplaines and Randolph. I met Mr. Brazleton of the *Inter-Ocean*. We talked about fifteen minutes. I asked the time. It was ten minutes of eight. Brazleton pointed out to me Mr. Schwab, who came rushing along Desplaines Street in a great hurry. I then went over to the east side of Desplaines Street. I walked up Desplaines Street near the corner of Lake, and came back again to the alley back of Crane Bros'. and stood just back of that alley. Then I saw Spies get up on the wagon and he asked for Parsons. Parsons didn't respond. He then got down, and Schwab and Spies walked into that alley at Crane Bros'., near which the wagon was situated. The first word I heard between Schwab and Spies was 'pistols;' the next word was 'police.' I think I heard 'police' twice, or 'pistols' twice. I then walked just a little nearer the edge of the alley, and just then Spies said: 'Do you think one is enough, or hadn't we better go and get more?' I could hear no answer to that. They then walked out of the alley and south on Desplaines Street, and west on the north side of Randolph to Halsted, and cut across the street and went over to the southwest corner; they were there about three minutes, came out of that crowd again and came back. On the way back, as they neared Union Street, I heard the word 'police' again. Just then I went past them, and Schwab said: 'Now, if they come, we will give it to them.' Spies replied he thought they were afraid to bother with them. They came on, and before they got up near the wagon they met a third party, and they bunched right together there, south of the alley, and appeared to get right in a huddle; and there was something passed between Spies and the third man — what it was I could not say. This here (indicating picture of Schnaubelt, heretofore identified) is, I think, the third man; I think his beard was a little longer than in this picture; this is the picture of the third man. I saw the third man on the wagon afterwards. Whatever it was that Spies gave him, he stuck it in his pocket on the right-hand side. Spies got up on the wagon, and I think that third man got up right after him. I noticed him afterwards sitting on the wagon, and that he kept his hands in his pockets. I stayed there until Mr. Fielden commenced to speak; then I left.

On cross-examination Thompson said:

"My grocery store was closed by the Sheriff under an execution. I worked for Marshall Field before. I had never seen any of the defendants,

to my knowledge, before that night, in my life. When I saw Spies and Schwab go into the alley, there was a crowd there. I was standing right near the alley, or alongside north of it, up against the building. I couldn't see down the alley unless I turned my face to it. The first time I had ever seen Spies was when he got up on the wagon. Spies got out of the wagon and went into Crane's alley with Schwab. I was right around the corner of the alley within three feet probably at the farthest, and I moved down to within half a foot. I did not look down the alley, only when they came out of the alley I did look. The conversation between Spies and Schwab was in English. I don't understand German. I didn't hear any words between 'police' and 'pistols.' They were in there probably two or three minutes. When I drew up within a foot of the alley, I heard: 'Do you think one enough, or had we better go for more?' Going up Randolph Street, I heard some words spoken in German between them, but not in the conversation at the alley. I cannot say that I knew Mr. Schwab's voice at that time. I only knew Mr. Spies' voice from what I heard him ask on the wagon. Spies was the one who used the words 'pistols' and 'police.' I did not see him when he said it. I could not see him without putting my head around the corner. They went out of my sight when they went into the alley. The whole conversation was done in three minutes, I should judge. The first remark that I heard was about a minute and a half after they went into the alley and went out of sight. When they came out and walked south on Desplaines I followed them within a few feet. It was then about a quarter past eight. They walked west on Randolph Street to Halsted, and I trailed after them all the time, part of the time beside them, part of the time ahead, and past them, but all the time close to them. When they came to Halsted there were a few people there, not much of a crowd. I was still tagging after them with no other object than looking for the meeting, to find where the audience was assembled. I don't know whether they saw me; there was nothing whatever to prevent their seeing me. When they were going west I couldn't hear a word of what they did say. The street lamps were lighted. When they got down on Halsted there was a crowd, of about twenty-five people. They were right in the thickest of the crowd, and I stood on the sidewelk, about ten feet from them. I didn't hear either of them say a word. Then they went back east on Randolph Street. I was about six feet behind them. They said nothing. There was nobody else following them besides me. I couldn't hear what they said until they came to Union Street. Then I got past them. It was light at the time; they could see me. Near Union Street Schwab said: 'Now, if they come, we will give it to them,' and Spies said he did not think they would bother them, because they were afraid. This conversation was carried on in the English language. I was behind them when I heard the first of it, but they kind of slackened, and I got by them. I was making my gait quicker to get by them. Schwab finished his remark when I got about three feet by them. Schwab made his remark in an ordinary tone of street conversation, loud enough for me to hear. I heard no more conversation between Schwab and Spies. I testified before the Coroner's jury. I testified to this conversation at Union Street. If I didn't, it was an oversight on my part, or it was because nobody asked me any question, but I say that I did say that before the Coroner's inquest.

"Coming back, I stopped on the northwest corner of Randolph and Desplaines. I was then about ten or fifteen feet ahead of Spies and

Schwab. They came up. I can't say that they were talking. They went right through the street, moving diagonally to the wagon. I staid at the corner. I did not go after them until they got onto the wagon. That was the last time that I saw Schwab. I saw Spies when he got up to make a speech. Oh, no, that wasn't the last time that I saw Schwab that night. That was the last time that I saw him until they were out of sight and the third man met them. When they started from the corner northeast across the street, I stood at the corner just to let them cross the street. Then I started after them. They did not get out of my sight. I didn't catch up with them at all. When I got within eight or ten feet of them they were standing on the sidewalk. They stopped right there, about five feet south of the south line of Crane's alley. There wasn't probably more than half a dozen people on the east side of the street. There were a good many people on the West Side. It was then about twenty or twenty-five minutes past eight. When I got up within eight or ten feet of them and they stopped, I stopped too, and looked at them. They were in plain view of me. I don't think they did see me, though they could see me if they looked up. I think there are some electric lights near there, on the Lyceum building. I was between them and the electric light. When they stopped there, the next thing was that they met that third man. I had never seen that third man before. I have seen this picture of Schnaubelt before; I think Mr. Furthmann showed it to me about a week ago. That third party came from the east. He must have been standing up against the house, and he walked west to the front of the sidewalk. Schnaubelt was not facing me; he had his back to me. They did not go into the alley. One had his back south, one east, and Spies had his back north. I didn't hear what they were talking about. I was on the sidewalk near the curb-stone, partly south, not directly south of them. Spies stood directly to the north, which would bring his back to me. I don't know but what he did see me. They stood there about thirty seconds. I didn't hear a word. Spies handed that third man something, who put it into his pocket, and Spies got up on the wagon and made a speech. I did not see Schwab on the wagon. Spies got right up on the wagon and commenced to speak, but one or two minutes elapsed in the time."

August Huen, a printer in the employ of Wehrer & Klein, set up the German part of the circular headed "Attention, Workingmen!" and testified that the last line read, "Workingmen, arm yourselves and appear in full force." Mr. Fischer wrote it. On cross-examination, he testified that an hour after the form had been given to the pressman the last line was taken out.

Hugh Hume, a reporter for the *Inter-Ocean*, testified:

"I saw Mr. Fielden and other defendants in the sweat-box—that is, the cells down-stairs—at the Central Station, about midnight, between the 5th and 6th of May last. I had a conversation with Spies. He said he had been at the Haymarket meeting. He had gone up there to refute the statements of the capitalistic press in regard to what he had said at McCormick's. Up at McCormick's he had been talking to a lot of people whom he could not influence—all good Catholics. During his speech on the Haymarket, some people had shown a disposition to hang McCormick. He had told them not to make any threats of that kind. He had said,

'When you want to do a thing of that kind, don't talk so much about it, but go out and do it.' He then said to me that the people had reached a condition where they were willing to do any violence, and he had advocated violence of that kind. It was necessary to bring about the revolution that the Socialists wanted. He said he had advocated the use of dynamite. I asked him if he was in favor of killing police officers with dynamite. He hesitated a little, and then said the police represented the capitalists and were enemies of theirs, and when you have an enemy he has got to be removed. That is the gist of what he said. Spies said he didn't know anything about the bomb being exploded until afterwards. He had heard a noise that resembled the sound of a cannon, and thought the police were firing over the heads of the people to frighten them. He said he considered all laws as things you could get along without; they were inimical to the best interests of the people and of the social growth. He did not think that dynamite was in his office when he left it, and had an idea that the police put that dynamite there to get a case on him.

"I had a little talk with Mr. Fielden. He was suffering somewhat from his wound. When I asked him how the Haymarket affair accorded with his ideas of Socialism, he said, 'You are on dangerous ground now. There is an argument, though, that we have, that is to the effect that if you cannot do a thing peaceably, it has got to be done by force.' Something to that effect; I don't remember the language. Fielden said, as to the number of Socialists in Chicago, that there were a number of groups here, containing 250 men. Those were recognized Socialists, but they had people from all over the city, from nearly every wholesale house; but those people are afraid to come out yet, only awaiting an opportunity. He spoke about the decision of the Supreme Court prohibiting military companies from marching around with arms. He was inclined to think that the decision was not right.

"I had a short interview with Schwab. All he had to say was that Socialism was right, even with the blood shed at the Haymarket."

On cross-examination Mr. Hume said that Spies saw him write down answers to the questions and knew that he wanted the interview for publication.

HARRY L. GILMER proved a strong witness and testified as follows:

"I am a painter by trade. Reside at 50 North Ann Street. On the evening of May 4 last, I was at the Haymarket meeting on Desplaines Street. I got there about a quarter to ten o'clock. In going home, when I got to the corner of Randolph and Desplaines Streets, I saw a crowd over there, and went up to where the speaking was going on, on the east side of Desplaines Street. I saw the wagon; did not pay particular attention to the speaking. I stood near the lamp-post on the corner of Crane Bros'. alley, between the lamp-post and the wagon, and up near the east end of the wagon for a few minutes. The gentleman here (pointing to Fielden) was speaking when I came there. I staid around there a few minutes, was looking for a party whom I expected to find there, and stepped back into the alley between Crane Bros'. building and the building immediately south of it. The alley was south of the wagon. I was standing in the alley looking around for a few minutes; noticed parties in conversation, right across the alley, on the south side of the alley. Somebody in front of

me on the edge of the sidewalk said, 'Here comes the police.' There was a sort of rush to see the police come up. There was a man came from the wagon down to the parties that were standing on the south side of the alley. He lit a match and touched it off, something or another — the fuse commenced to fizzle, and he give a couple of steps forward, and tossed it over into the street. He was standing in this direction (illustrating). The man that lit the match on this side of him, and two or three of them stood together, and he turned around with it in his hand, took two or three steps that way, and tossed it that way, over into the street. I knew the man by sight who threw that fizzing thing into the street. I have seen him several times at meetings at one place and another in the city. I do not know his name. He was a man about five feet ten inches high, somewhat full-chested, and had a light sandy beard, not very long. He was full-faced, his eyes set somewhat back in his head. Judging from his appearance, he would probably weigh 180 pounds. My impression is his hat was dark brown or black; I don't know whether it was a soft hat, a felt hat or a stiff hat. This here (indicating photograph of Schnaubelt heretofore identified) is the man that threw the bomb out of the alley. There were four or five standing together in the group. This here (pointing to Spies) is the man who came from the wagon toward the group.

"I did not see the police myself, there were so many people between me and them. I don't recollect any declaration from any of the police officers about this person — nothing distinctly, anyway. That man over there (pointing at defendant Fischer) was one of the parties. After the bomb was thrown these parties immediately left through the alley. I stood there. The firing commenced immediately afterwards, and my attention was attracted by the firing, and I paid more attention to that than anything else."

On cross-examination Gilmer testified to having resided formerly in Des Moines, Iowa, Fort Dodge, Iowa, Kansas City, Mo., and in various localities in Chicago. He then proceeded as follows:

"I know the Coroner's jury was investigating the matter. I saw an account of the investigation of the grand jury in the paper. I first told a man by the name of Allen and another party whom I don't know, and a reporter of the *Times*, that I saw the match lighted, and saw the man who threw the bomb. I think that it was two or three days after the 4th of May. A number of people were talking the matter over on the west side of the City Hall, on La Salle Street, and I made the remark that I believed if I ever saw the party who threw the bomb I could identify him. They didn't ask me why I made that remark. I don't think they asked me any questions, what I knew about the matter. The reporter afterwards told me he had heard the remark. I think that was on the 6th of May. On May 5th, I was working on the corner of Twentieth Street and Wabash Avenue. On the 6th of May I went down to 88 La Salle Street to collect a bill. I went across the street, and there had the conversation with the reporter aod the others. That night I had a note left at my room for me to come dnwn to the Central Station. The name of James Bonfield was signed to the note. I went to the Central Station and had a conversation with Mr. Bonfield the next day; I couldn't tell exactly whether on the 6th or the 7th. I made my statement to Mr. Bonfield. I never appeared before a Coroner's

jury; was never subpœnaed to appear before any Coroner's jury that examined any of the dead policemen. I was at the Haymarket meeting about fifteen minutes from the time I got there to the explosion of the bomb. I was looking for a person who had told me he was going to the meeting. I kept looking through the crowd to see if I could find him. Fielden was speaking then. I don't remember anything of his speech, except that he made use of the word McCormick. Before I went down-town I had read in the paper that there had been a riot at McCormick's the day before, and that the police had shot some men. I was in the neighborhood of where Fielden talked for about fifteen minutes. I don't remember anything about the connection in which Fielden spoke of McCormick. I was looking for a gentleman by the name of Richard Roe, and didn't pay any attention to what Fielden said. When I stepped into the alley I think I was on the north side of the alley, about eight feet from the corner of Crane's building. That group of men was right across the alley on the south side. The lamp was burning on the corner of the alley at that time, and it shone right down. I could see the persons in that party distinctly; could see their countenances; they could see myself. They were also about eight or nine feet from the mouth of the alley. I could hear them talk. They spoke German. I didn't understand them. Before the man came from the wagon I stepped across the alley and was standing on the north side of the alley, perhaps three or four feet to the east of that group, so that I was standing about twelve or fourteen feet from the mouth of Crane's alley. I did not say that I saw the wagon from that point. I could just see the hind end of the wagon from where I stood when I went through the alley. I think there was a tail-board. The edges of the box of the wagon were perhaps ten inches high. I don't know whether there were side-boards on that wagon or not; I could not say positively as to the width of the side-boards on the wagon. They might have been higher than ten inches. I am sure there was a box of some kind on the wagon. My impression is it was a wagon about twelve or thirteen feet long, with low side-boards on. I didn't see anybody get off of the wagon after I went in the alley. I did not say Mr. Spies got down off the wagon. I said he came from towards the wagon. I saw him standing on the sidewalk before I went in the alley. I did not say I saw Spies in the wagon at all. Mr. Spies is the man that came down in the alley and lighted the bomb, to the best of my recollection. When I saw him standing on the sidewalk he was talking with somebody. I would be inclined to think it was this gentleman here (indicating Schwab). I could not say for sure. I think it was a dark-complexioned man. My impression is it might be him. I have very little doubt but Fischer is the man I saw in the group. I am very nearly as positive that Fischer is the man as I am that the picture is the picture of the man who threw the bomb. I am sure Fischer is the man. I think I saw Mr. Parsons there that night talking to some ladies. I had been down to the Palmer House that evening to see some gentlemen from Des Moines that I understood were in the city. One of them was Judge Cole, another was ex-Gov. Samuel Merrill. I didn't find either of them there. I went to the meeting, as I thought I would meet Mr. Roe, and we would go home together. That was the only business I had with Mr. Roe. It would have been eight or nine blocks from the Haymarket to where I lived.

"I did not run at the time of the shooting. I did not move at all. I stood right at the mouth of the alley. After it was all over I backed out

the alley, took a car and went home. There were no bullets coming in around my locality in the alley. On the street-car on my way home I didn't talk with anybody about the occurrence. There were quite a number of people in the car talking about the Haymarket occurrence, and there was considerable excitement in the car on account of it. The next morning I went down on the Wabash Avenue car to the corner of Twentieth Street and Wabash Avenue.

"I heard people speak about the Haymarket affair in the restaurant, on Madison Street, where I took my breakfast. I did not say to them anything about my seeing the match lighted and the bomb thrown. I bought the *News* on the car. I think I was working for Frank Crandle that day; to the best of my recollection, there was only one man working with me on the job. We worked alongside of each other some time. Talked about different things, about our business. I did not say to him that I saw the bomb thrown, nor that I saw the man light the match that lit the bomb. I told him I had been at the Haymarket and spoke of the Haymarket riot, and I think I said there were a number killed or wounded. In the evening I went home on the Wabash Avenue car. People were speaking about the Haymarket meeting in the car. I didn't tell them I knew anything about it. I think I got home about half past six. I had no conversation with the landlady. After my supper, my impression is I went to Mr. Roe's house. He was not at home. I stayed there about fifteen minutes talking with Mrs. Roe. Her daughter, about twelve or thirteen years old, was present during the conversation. We talked about the Haymarket meeting. I told her I was there. She said she would not let Mr. Roe go to the meeting. I did not tell her nor anybody on that occasion that I saw the bomb lighted and thrown. Since noon adjournment I had no talk with James Bonfield."

"Were not you just now walking back and forth in the corridor with him?"

"I did not have no—"

"Didn't you walk back and forth?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were talking to him?"

"Yes, sir."

"When I was at Central Station, I think, both Inspector Bonfield and Lieut. Kipley were present when I made the statement that I could recognize the man, if I ever saw him again, who threw the bomb. Afterwards I told all the details to Mr. Grinnell. I explained matters more to him than to anybody else. I would not be positive that I told Mr. Bonfield I saw the man light the match. I gave a description of the man that I saw throw the bomb. I think the man had a black or blue sack coat on. I think he had black eyes, and somewhat light whiskers. The bomb went in a westerly direction. I have seen Mr. Spies the last year and a half, and knew him by sight, not by name. I heard him speak at public meetings, seen him very frequently, but never knew his name. I heard him once on Market Street, a year ago last spring. I did not inquire who it was that spoke. I knew from hearing him and reading the papers that Spies was one of the speakers. I frequently heard the name of August Spies. At the time I had the conversation with Bonfield I described to him as well as I could the man that struck the match and lighted the fuse. It was either Bonfield or one of the officers in the Central Station. They were all together. I was twice over at police

headquarters. This picture here (photograph of Schnaubelt) was shown to me first some time last week, at the State's Attorney's office. I was in the city during the time the Coroner's jury was examining into the cause of the death of different policemen, and at the time the grand jury was examining into this case. The officers knew my name and address. They never called on me to go before the grand jury or the Coroner's jury.

"The man who threw the bomb was about five feet and eight, ten or nine inches high. I don't think he was a man over six feet tall. The first time I told Mr. Grinnell of my experience at the Haymarket was when I made my second visit to the Central Station, on Sunday after the Haymarket meeting. I think at that time I only told Mr. Grinnell that I could identify the person that threw the bomb, if I saw him. I think I told him at that time that I saw one man strike a match and light the fuse, and another man throw the bomb. Mr. Fischer was brought in while we had the conversation at the Central Station. I looked at him. I said nothing about his being the man that struck the match. I knew him by sight. I identified him as being one of the men who composed the group in the alley.

"I received some money two or three times when I have been over here from Mr. James Bonfield — ten or fifteen cents, sometimes a quarter. At the conversation at Central Station I was not told that I was wanted as a witness before the grand jury. I saw the picture of Rudolph Schnaubelt about six weeks ago, when Mr. Grinnell sent for me. I did not tell any person at any time, except the officers that I mentioned, that I saw the act of lighting the bomb accomplished. Neither Mr. Grinnell nor Bonfield, nor any other officer, told me to keep silent in regard to the matter.

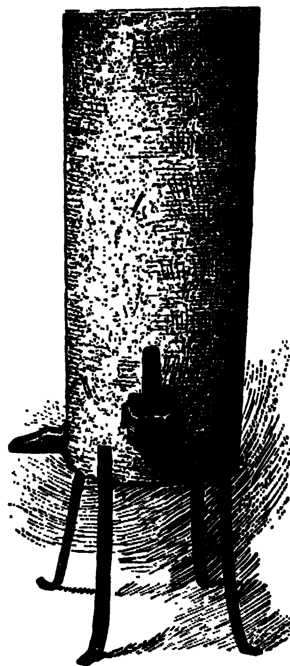
"I am six feet three in height. I could pretty near see right over the head of the fellow who threw the bomb. When I gave a description of the man who came from the wagon and lighted the match that lit the fuse they did not bring out Mr. Spies for me to look at. Spies had kind of dark clothes on that night. His hat was black or brown. My impression is it was a limber-rimmed hat. I first told Mr. Grinnell one day last week that this is the man that struck the match, when I saw him sitting here in court. I think Mr. Fischer had on a blue sack-coat that night. I think he had a black necktie. If Schnaubelt had any necktie that night it was a very light one. Spies had a turn-down collar that night and not any necktie. I think the upper buttons of Mr. Schnaubelt's coat were buttoned. I think Spies had one or two buttons of his coat buttoned up when he came from the wagon into the alley."

Martin Quinn was recalled and testified to finding, at Engel's house, a machine for making bombs.

"Engel said it had been left there by some man about four or five months previous to that time. Mrs. Engel gave a description of the man who left the machine down at the basement door, as a man with long black whiskers and pretty tall. Mr. Engel said he thought he knew the man, and he thought the machine was made for the purpose of making bombs. There had been a meeting at Turner Hall, where this man had made a speech about the manufacture of bombs, and the next thing was, this machine was brought over, and Engel had said to him he wouldn't allow him to make any bombs in his basement; so the man went away. Engel didn't know where he was."

JOHN BONFIELD was recalled and testified to being at the Central Station when Officer Quinn brought Engel and the machine there. Bonfield, being asked by State's Attorney Grinnell to explain the purpose of the apparatus, said:

"This is a blast furnace in miniature—a home-made one. This upright part could be lined with fire-clay. This shoulder, some two and a half inches from the bottom, could be filled in around with clay, leaving the holes open. This, in a blasting furnace, would be known as a tweer. It is filled up to a considerable height with clay to protect it from the hot fire inside, and the pressure of air is applied through those pipes, one or both of them, as may be necessary. When the fire is extinguished or removed, the debris or slag that comes from the metal, and the ashes and cinders from the material used for fuel, can be taken out through the trap at the bottom. The spout is for the purpose of passing out the melted metal. It is stopped with a plug of clay, and when the plug is removed the metal is poured through that tube."



ENGEL'S BLAST FURNACE.
From a Photograph.

LOUIS MAHLENDORF testified as follows:

"I am a tinner by trade, at 292 Milwaukee Avenue, since two years. I know the defendant Engel since about eight years. I made this machine (referring to blasting-machine) for Engel over a year ago. I cut off the iron and formed it up. Another gentleman, a kind of heavy-set man with long beard, was with him when he ordered it. Mr. Engel waited for it. He took it away with him."

HERMANN SCHUETTLER, a detective connected with the East Chicago Avenue Station, gave the facts with reference to his arrest of Lingg, and his search of the room on Sedgwick Street, with Officers Stift, Loewenstein and Whalen:

"We searched a trunk and found a round lead bomb in a stocking. The trunk was in the southeast room. In another stocking I found a large navy revolver. Both revolver and bomb were loaded. I turned them over to Capt. Schaack. We found a ladle and some tools, a cold chisel and other articles. This here (indicating) is the trunk I found in the room. The letters 'L. L.' were on it at the time. I recollect a round porcelain-lined blue cup made out of china that I found, and I believe a file. In the closet underneath the baseboard we found a lot of torn-off plaster. The lathing was sawed so you could get your hand between the floor and the bottom of the laths underneath. I saw those lead pipes (indicating) lying between the house Lingg lived in and the next house to it, in a small gangway. On the way to the Chicago Avenue Station I asked Lingg why he wanted to kill me. He said: 'Personally, I have nothing against you, but if I had killed you and your partner I would have

been satisfied. I would have killed myself if I had got away with you and your partner."

On cross-examination witness stated that he had had no search warrant for going through Lingg's trunk.

JACOB LOEWENSTEIN, another detective connected with the same station, testified to assisting Schuettler in arresting Lingg and that after they had vanquished him Lingg said several times: "Shoot me right here, before I will go with you. Kill me!" Witness further stated:

"I was with Officers Whalen, Stift, Schuettler, Cushman and McCormick, at Lingg's room, on May 7, between ten and eleven o'clock. Nobody was in the house. The door was locked. Finally we pushed in the door and went in. In a little bed-room in the southeast corner of the house there was a bed and a wash-stand and a trunk, and a little shelf up in the corner with some bottles on it. In the closet there were some shells, and some loaded cartridges, and on the floor some metal and some lead. Those here (indicating box containing shells) are the shells I found in the closet of Lingg's room. I found those bolts (indicating) in the wash-stand. This metal here (indicating) I found in a dinner-box with some loaded dynamite bombs in the trunk. There were four bombs in this box (indicating), gas-pipe bombs. The two in the bottom were loaded. When I first opened the trunk this cover (indicating) dropped down, and with this Remington rifle (indicating), which was loaded, fell down. I found a lot of papers and books in the top of the trunk. In a gray stocking I found this round dynamite bomb, loaded (indicating). I found two pieces of solder in that dinner-box. I found a blast hammer and one smaller hammer, a couple of iron bits and drills, a two-quart pail, with a little substance looking like saw-dust in the bottom of it, which I found out to be dynamite. I found a little tin quart basin under the bed with a little piece of fuse in it. In the bottom of the trunk I found two or three pieces of fuse. In the closet we tore off the baseboard, which had been freshly nailed down — the nails were projecting out a little bit — and found the plaster was torn out all the way around on the baseboard, and there were holes there."

JOSEPH B. CASAGRANDE, telephone operator at the East Chicago Avenue Station, but on duty at the Larrabee Street Station on the night of May 4, and John K. Soller, a police officer at the last-named station, testified to a call for a patrol wagon and its leaving at 10:40 o'clock for Desplaines and Randolph Streets with a full load of officers.

JOHN B. MURPHY, a physician and surgeon, was called to the Desplaines Street Station after the Haymarket explosion and remained until three o'clock in the morning. He was a surgeon at the Cook County Hospital, and when he left the station he proceeded direct to that institution. At the station Dr. Murphy said that he first dressed Barrett, who was complaining and crying with severe pain.

"He had a very large wound in his side, large enough to admit two fingers right into his liver, and severely bleeding. I could not reach with my finger the piece of shell that caused the injury. It was a lacerated wound, much larger than could be made by an ordinary pistol bullet. I tampened

the liver with gauze to prevent his bleeding to death at the station, and I went on to other officers in that way until I dressed in all between twenty-six and thirty at the station. When we got through with that, at three o'clock, Dr. Lee remained at the station while I went to the hospital to take care of those injured most severely, who were to be sent to the hospital. Officers Muller, Whitney, Keller, Barrett, Flavin and Redden are the principal men that I ordered him to send first to the hospital."

Dr. Murphy then gave a list of the men and specified the particular character of their wounds.

E. G. Epler, a physician and surgeon practicing at No. 505 South Canal Street, testified to having dressed a wound of Fielden between eleven and twelve at night on May 4.

"The wound was on the left side of the left knee joint, the bullet having passed in underneath the skin and passed out again five inches from the point of entry. He said he was crawling on the pavement trying to get away from the crowd when he received the injury, and the bullet glanced off from the pavement and struck him in that position."

Michael Hoffman, a detective connected with the Larrabee Street Station, gave evidence as to finding nine round bombs and four long ones.

"These two bombs (indicating) I found at the corner of Clyde and Clybourn Avenue, near Ogden's Grove, under the sidewalk. They were empty. I found another one there which was loaded, and which I gave to Capt. Schaack. Gustav Lehman, who was a witness in this case, was with me when I found them. I got two coils of fuse, a can of dynamite and a box of caps at the same time. I found these two pieces of gas-pipe (indicating) at 509 North Halsted Street, under the house of John Thielen, who was arrested, with two cigar-boxes full of dynamite and two boxes of cartridges, one rifle, one revolver. The revolver and one box of cartridges were buried under the floor of the coal-shed, and two bombs which were loaded, the dynamite and rifle and other box of cartridges were buried under the house in the ground. The can of dynamite which Lehman pointed out to me, and which I found near Ogden's Grove, held about a gallon. This can and the box of caps were on the stone of the pavement; the bombs were buried in the ground."

At this stage of the proceedings I was myself put on the stand. My testimony, as taken by the stenographers, was as follows:

"I am police captain of the Fifth Precinct. My headquarters are at East Chicago Avenue Station. I have charge of two other stations besides. Have been connected with the force for eighteen years. Have been captain one year. I have seen Spies, Schwab, Neebe and Fischer. Had no personal acquaintance with them. The defendants Engel and Lingg were arrested and confined in my station. Lingg was arrested on May 14th; Engel about the 18th. I had my first conversation with Lingg about this case about three o'clock on the afternoon of May 14th. Lingg told me his name, and that he had lived at 442 Sedgwick Street. He had been out of work for about four weeks. I asked him whether he was at the meeting held in the basement of 54 West Lake Street on Monday night, and he said, 'Yes.' On Tuesday night, May 4th, he said, he was at home—not all

the evening. He and Seliger had been on Larrabee Street, quite a ways north; had had several glasses of beer, and from there he went home. He said he had made some bombs to use them himself. He said he had reason for being down on the police; they had clubbed him out at McCormick's. He said he was down on capitalists, and found fault with the police for taking the part of the capitalists. If the capitalists turned out the militia and the police force with their Gatling guns, they couldn't do anything with revolvers, and therefore they had adopted these bombs and dynamite. He said he had learned to make bombs in scientific books of warfare published by Most, of New York. He had got his dynamite on Lake Street, somewhere near Dearborn, and had bought some fuse and caps, and told me what he paid for it. He had not used up all his dynamite. He said he had made bombs of gas-pipe, and also of metal and lead mixed. He found the gas-pipe on the street sometimes. The lead he got about the same way. He said the bombs they found in his place were all he made. We put Mrs. Seliger face to face with him, and she accused him that he had commenced making bombs a few weeks after he came to their house. He looked at the woman, but didn't say anything. John Thielen, who was arrested at the time, faced him too. Lingg admitted he had given to Thielen the two cigar-boxes full of dynamite and the two bombs which Officer Hoffman brought to me; at the same time Lingg looked right square at Thielen and shook his head for him to keep still. Thielen said to him, 'Never mind, you might as well tell it. They know it all, anyhow.'

"In Lingg's trunk I discovered a false bottom, and in there I found two long cartridges of dynamite, and some fuse four inches long, with caps on, and a big coil of fuse. I asked Lingg if that was the dynamite he used in his bombs, and he said yes. The dynamite in the package is lighter in quality than what was found in his bombs, except one that was black. I got three kinds of dynamite. That in the gallon-box that Lehman testified was given to him by Lingg looked like charcoal; the dynamite in the trunk was white, and the dynamite in most of those bombs is dark-colored. Lingg said he had tried a round bomb and a long one in the open air somewhere, and they worked well. He put one right in the crotch of a tree and split it all up. He said he had known Spies for some time. He had been at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office about five times, bringing reports of Socialistic and Anarchistic meetings to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He stated he had been financial secretary of a branch of the Carpenters' Union. He had been a Socialist ever since he could think. He told me he had been in this country since last July or August; he had been a Socialist in Europe."

"Now give the conversation which you had with Engel."

"Engel said, in the first conversation that I had with him, that on Monday, 3d of May, he was doing some fresco work for a friend by the name of Koch, somewhere out west. He had been for a little while at the 54 West Lake Street meeting that night, but made no speech there.

"Several days afterwards I had another conversation, when his wife and daughter came. Engel complained that his cell was dark and no water running in it, and I told him we would give him another cell if we had it. The cells were crowded right along that night. And his wife said, 'Do you see now what trouble you got yourself into?' and Engel answered, 'Mamma, I can't help it.' I asked him why he didn't stop that nonsense, and he said: 'I promised my wife so many times that I would stop this busi-

ness, but I can't stop it. What is in me has got to come out. I can't help it that I am so gifted with eloquence. It is a curse. It has been a curse to a good many other men. A good many men have suffered already for the same cause, and I am willing to suffer and will stand it like a man.' And I think he mentioned Louise Michel as having taken a leading part in the Anarchist business. Engel said on the evening of May 4th he was at home lying on the lounge.

"I have experimented with all dynamite that was brought me; also the bombs. I gave a portion of the lead bomb which Officer Schuettler testified he found in Lingg's room to Professor Haines. I took the dynamite from that bomb and put the dynamite in a piece of gas-pipe, about five inches long, with ends screwed on. I had a box made two feet square, of inch boards, pretty well nailed together, and we dug a hole three feet deep out at Lake View, in the bushes, put the box into the hole, cut a hole in the top of the box, let the bomb into it, put a fuse and cap to it, and touched it off. This was found as the result of the explosion (indicating fragments). The box was blown all to pieces, and some of the pieces flew up in the trees. Everything in that box was smashed to pieces. This bomb here (indicating) I have made in the same way, and filled it with some black dynamite from that gallon can which was given by Lingg to Lehman, as stated here. This here (indicating fragments of the exploded bomb) was the result of the examination. I put some dynamite also in a beer keg. It smashed the keg all to pieces.

"Now here are the fragments from a lead bomb which Lehman gave to Hoffman and Hoffman to me. We got a piece of boiler-iron a quarter of an inch thick, nineteen inches high, and thirty-four inches wide. Then we had a steel top weighing 140 pounds. On the ground I put two-inch plank. On top of the plank I put four large metal sheets. I put the bomb right in the center, and a big stone weighing about 125 pounds on top, and the inside of the boiler-iron, the tub, I had painted so we could see where the lead would strike. I touched it off myself. It knocked the tub away up in the air, and the stone on top was crushed all to pieces. This is the result of the lead after we picked it up on top of the boards (indicating fragments of the tub). Here is the bolt (indicating) that was on the bomb. The nut we did not find. I counted 195 places where the lead struck the painted boiler-iron. There is a crack clear through the boiler-iron. In six places it is bulged out. Professor Haines has got a piece of this bomb (indicating), and Professor Patton another piece. I gave to the professors pieces of metal from other bombs.

"Lingg in his conversations with me said there would likely be a revolution through this workingmen's trouble. There was a satchel brought from Neff's place. The satchel was filled with bombs. Thielen was present. I asked him if he brought the satchel there. He said he saw the satchel there, saw it stand there when he left, and that was the last he saw of it. Lingg said he made the molds to make these bombs himself. He made them of clay, and that they could be used to cast in only about twice. He said he saw the 'Revenge' circular on the West Side, I believe at 71 West Lake Street. I asked him when he had had his hair trimmed and his chin beard shaved. He said on or about the 7th of May. He said there had been several persons in his room on the afternoon of May 4th, among them the two Lehmans.

"I experimented with fuse. I cut a fuse four inches long and set it on

fire, and you could count just six until it struck the cap within. I experimented with dynamite cartridges. I drilled a hole in one end about an inch and a half deep, shoved a percussion cap in, put a fuse on, and exploded it. I had it stand free up in the air in a stone weighing about twenty or thirty pounds. When it went off it broke the stone all up. I put one right in the center of a lot of shrubs and bushes, and it broke everything up—took around about four feet each way."

On cross-examination I stated that I had never taken Lingg before any magistrate for examination. There was no complaint entered against him.

FREDERICK DREWS saw some cans underneath the sidewalk at his home, No. 351 North Paulina Street, about three miles from the Haymarket, and testified to having turned them over to me. His residence was about a mile and a half from Wicker Park.

MICHAEL WHALEN, a detective connected with the Chicago Avenue Station, testified to having seen the cans referred to by the preceding witness in the yard at No. 351 North Paulina Street, and that there were four of those cans, one of which they emptied.

DANIEL COUGHLIN, a police officer, testified as to the explosive character of one of the cans found at North Paulina Street, with a fulminating cap and fuse about eight inches long. After igniting the fuse an explosion was caused which shattered the can, throwing the contents, some kind of vitriol, four or five feet around.

CHARLES E. PROUTY, manager of a gun-store at No. 53 State Street, recalled a visit of Mr. and Mrs. Engel at the store the previous fall.

"They made some inquiries in regard to some large revolvers. They found one there that seemed to be satisfactory, and wanted to know at what price they could get a quantity of them, perhaps one or two hundred, and wanted to buy that one and pay for it and present it at some meeting of some society. They took the pistol and paid for it. A week or two after they returned, said the pistol was satisfactory, and wanted to know if I could get them a lot. I said I knew of one lot in the East, and would inquire. I wrote East, and found the lot had been disposed of. They were somewhat disappointed, but said they had found something else for a little less money that would answer the purpose, and with that they left our store. Mrs. Engel comes frequently to our store. She has a little store on the West Side, and buys fishing-tackle and other things in our line. I sold cartridges to them in a small way, as she might want them in her store. When I spoke of guns I meant large revolvers, something about seven-inch barrel—I think 44 or 45-caliber, at $5.50 apiece. When I stated the price was very cheap they replied they didn't care to make profit on them, it was for a society. I remember seeing Mr. Parsons' face in the store. Never had any dealings with him."

WILLIAM J. REYNOLDS, in the employ of D. H. Lamberson & Co., gun business at No. 76 State Street, testified:

"I think about February or March of this year Mr. Parsons came to our store. He said he wanted to buy a quantity of revolvers — I think forty or

fifty. He wanted what is called an old remodeled Remington revolver, 44 or 45-caliber. I agreed to write and get a quotation of the revolver. He came in again, and I quoted him a price upon it. He did not purchase any revolvers, and was in once or twice after that. He seemed undecided about it."

THOMAS MCNAMARA, a police officer, testified:

"I found thirty loaded and one empty gas-pipe bombs under the sidewalk on Bloomingdale Road and Robey Street. The loaded bombs were fixed with caps and fuse. They were in an oil-cloth. The corner where I found them is about four blocks from Wicker Park. Found them on the afternoon of May 23 last. Three coils of fuse in a tin can and two boxes of dynamite caps — probably about two hundred caps — were also in the package."

Prof. WALTER S. HAINES examined a number of bomb fragments and testified as follows:

"I am professor of chemistry in Rush Medical College in this city. I devote most of my time to practical chemistry. I have examined several pieces of metal at the request of the State's Attorney. I received from Capt. Schaack, on June 24 this year, a piece of bomb said to have been connected with Lingg. I call it 'Lingg bomb No. 1.' I received from Dr. J. B. Murphy, on the same day, a piece of metal said to have been taken from Officer Murphy. I designate it 'Murphy bomb.' On July 22 I received a piece of metal said to have been taken from Officer Degan. I designate it 'Degan bomb.' The last piece I received from Mr. Furthmann. I subsequently received from Officer Whalen a piece of bomb said to have been connected with Lingg. I designate it 'Lingg bomb No. 2.' The next day I received from Capt. Schaack pieces of two other bombs also said to have been connected with Lingg. I designate as 'Lingg bombs Nos. 3 and 4.' I received from Mr. Furthmann a portion of a bomb said to have been connected with Mr. Spies, which I designate as 'Spies bomb.' These were all subjected to chemical examination. Lingg bombs Nos. 1, 3 and 4 were found to consist chiefly of lead, with a small percentage of tin and traces of antimony, iron and zinc. The amount of tin in these three bombs differs slightly. One of them contained about 1.9 per cent., another about 2.4 per cent., the third about 2½ per cent. of tin. Lingg bomb No. 2 contained more tin, consequently less lead; also a little more antimony and a little more zinc. The amount of tin in this bomb was very nearly seven per cent. The Murphy bomb was composed of a small proportion of tin, chiefly lead and traces of antimony, iron and zinc. The amount of tin was in round numbers 1.6 per cent. The Degan bomb contained in round numbers 1.6 or 1.7 per cent. The remainder was lead, with traces of antimony, iron and zinc. The Spies bomb consisted chiefly of lead with a small quantity of tin, about 1.1 per cent., in round numbers, with traces of antimony, iron and zinc. The different pieces of the same bomb differed slightly in the proportions of the metals present. The Degan bomb contained slightly more tin than what I call the Murphy bomb. There is no commercial substance with which I am acquainted that has such a composition as these bombs. Commercial lead frequently contains traces of other substances, but, as far as I know, never tin. Solder is composed of from a third to a half tin and the remainder lead. Lead must have been

the basis for the preparation of the various articles which I examined, and this must have been mixed either with tin or some substance containing tin, as for instance solder.

"Lingg bomb No. 2 had a minute trace of copper. This piece of candlestick (indicating) is composed of tin and lead, with a certain amount of antimony and zinc and a little copper. Professor Patton has been sick for about two weeks. I worked in connection with Professor Delafontaine instead of working with Patton." (The Spies bomb is the one which the witness Wilkinson identified.)

Prof. MARK DELAFONTAINE testified as follows:

"I am a chemist, teacher of chemistry in the High School in this city. Have been a chemist for over thirty years. I made an examination of the substances described by Prof. Haines, compared results with him, and they agreed as closely as they can. I found the piece of candlestick to be a mixture of antimony, tin, lead, zinc and a trace of copper. I made experiments with old lead pipes upon which there was solder. I took a piece of old lead pipe that had been very much mended, had much solder put on; I melted it, analyzed it, and the amount of tin contained in the mixture was about seven-tenths of one per cent. I don't know of any one commercial product of which the pieces of bomb that I examined could be composed. I never found a sample of lead containing the least traces of tin."

MICHAEL WHALEN, recalled, testified that he gave to Prof. Haines two pieces of lead which I had given to him.

EDMUND FURTHMANN, Assistant State's Attorney, stated that the piece of lead he gave to Prof. Haines he had received from Dr. Bluthardt, and designated the various halls and places spoken of by various witnesses as being all located in Cook County and the State of Illinois.

THEODORE J. BLUTHARDT was then called and gave the following evidence:

"I am County Physician. I made a *post-mortem* examination upon the body of Mathias J. Degan, on the 5th day of May last, before the Coroner's inquest, at the Cook County Hospital. I found a deep cut upon his forehead, another cut over the right eye and another deep cut, about two inches in length, on the left side. I found a large wound, apparently a gun-shot wound — a hole in the middle of the left thigh. I found seven explosive marks on his right leg and two on the left leg. The large hole in the middle of the left thigh was the mortal wound caused by an explosive, a piece of lead that had penetrated the skin, destroyed the inside muscles and lacerated the femoral artery, which caused bleeding to death. Besides that he had a wound on the dorsum of the left foot, also caused by a piece of lead, which forced its way through the bones of the ankle joint. I found a piece behind the inside ankle of the left foot. Both pieces I gave to Mr. Furthmann. The external appearance of that wound on that left thigh was that of a rifle ball. It was round and not very ragged; it was clean cut through the skin, but the muscles of the thigh were all contused and torn — formed a kind of pulpy cavity as large as a goose egg on the inside. The missile was lodged in the upper part of the thigh, about four inches above the place where it entered. Mathias J. Degan died of hemorrhage of the femoral artery, caused by this wound that I described.

"I made a *post-mortem* examination on the body of John Barrett on the 7th of May, at 171 East Chicago Avenue. A missile had passed through the eleventh rib into the upper part of the liver, about three inches deep. There I found a piece of lead and a piece of blue cloth with lining in. The right lung was collapsed. From the opening into the diaphragm the air rushed into the cavity of the chest and compressed the lung. In consequence of the wound in the liver there was a good deal of hemorrhage into the chest as well as into the abdomen. This wound, by this explosive piece of material, was the cause of his death. He had several other wounds.

"On the same day I made a *post-mortem* examination on the body of George F. Muller, at the Cook County Hospital. This man died, in my opinion, from the effects of a pistol ball which wounded the small intestines and caused inflammation of the bowels.

"On May 8th I made a *post-mortem* examination on the body of Tim Flavin. He had a small wound in the back four inches to the left of the spine. The missile, which was not a pistol ball, passed into the abdomen below the twelfth rib. I found much blood in both cavities, and the cause of his death was internal hemorrhage.

"On May 10th I made a *post-mortem* examination on the body of Michael Sheehan. He died from exhaustion caused by a pistol shot wound upon the right side of the abdomen, three inches to the right and four inches above the umbilicus. The ball passed through the mesentary and lower part of the liver into the muscles of the abdomen. There was considerable blood in the abdomen and the liver. The surroundings were very much inflamed.

"On May 17th I made a *post-mortem* examination on the body of Thomas Redden, at the Cook County Hospital. I found an abrasion over the right eye, a slight lacerated wound upon the lower part of the left hip, a large lacerated wound perforating the right forearm, a compound fracture of the left tibia, a large lacerated wound upon the posterior part of the left leg, a circular wound upon the right leg two inches below the knee joint, extending to the bone, another wound upon the right leg about seven inches above the ankle, a large lacerated wound upon the left side of the back. I found the lungs badly inflamed and the blood valves enlarged above the kidneys, and the liver somewhat inflamed with so-called cloudy swelling. In my opinion he died from the effects of these wounds bringing about blood-poisoning."

JAMES BONFIELD, being recalled, stated:

"I found a number of banners at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I found, altogether, about forty banners. I can identify only a few of them as found at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*."

State's Attorney Grinnell here announced that the prosecution rested its case. Thereupon counsel for the defendants moved that the jury be sent from the court-room while they would present and argue, on behalf of Neebe, a motion that the jury be instructed to find a verdict of not guilty as to Neebe. Judge Gary refused the motion.

A like motion on behalf of the other defendants, except August Spies and Adolph Fischer, was also overruled by the court.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Programme of the Defense — Mayor Harrison's Memories — Simonson's Story — A Graphic Account — A Bird's-eye View of Dynamite — Ferguson and the Bomb — "As Big as a Base Ball" — The Defense Theory of the Riot — Claiming the Police were the Aggressors — Dr. Taylor and the Bullet-marks — The Attack on Gilmer's Veracity — Varying Testimony — The Witnesses who Appeared.

MR. MOSES SALOMON opened the case for the Anarchists on Saturday, July 31. He proceeded to state that the defendants had steadily refused to believe that any man on the jury would be willing to convict any of the defendants because of being an Anarchist or a Socialist.

"Mr. Grinnell," said Mr. Salomon, "failed to state to you that he had a person by whom he could prove who threw the bomb, and he never expected to make this proof until he found that without this proof he was unable to maintain this prosecution against these defendants; and it was as this case neared the prosecution end of it that the State suddenly changed front and produced a professional tramp and a professional liar, as we will show you, to prove that one of these defendants was connected with the throwing of it. They then recognized, as we claimed and now claim, that that is the only way they can maintain their case here."

Mr. Salomon next directed the attention of the jury to the charge against the defendants and said:

"As I told you a moment ago, they are not charged with Anarchy; they are not charged with Socialism; they are not charged with the fact that Anarchy and Socialism is dangerous or beneficial to the community; but, according to the law under which we are now acting, a charge specific in its nature must be made against them, and that alone must be sustained, and it is the duty of the jury to weigh the evidence as it bears upon that charge; and upon no other point can they pay attention to it. Now, gentlemen, the charge here is shown by this indictment. This is the accusation. This is what the case involves, and upon this the defendants and the prosecution must either stand or fall. This indictment is for the murder of Mathias J. Degan. It is charged that each one of these defendants committed the crime, each defendant individually; and it is charged in a number of different ways. Now, I desire to call your attention to the law governing this indictment and to read it to you; and I am presenting the law to you now, gentlemen, so that you can understand how we view this case and how the evidence is affected by what the law is."

Mr. Salomon then read the law touching murder and the statute on accessories and explained:

"The law says, no matter whether these defendants advised generally the use of dynamite in the purpose which they claimed to carry out, and sought to carry out, yet if none of these defendants advised the throwing of that bomb at the Haymarket, they cannot be held responsible for the action of

others at other times and other places. What does the evidence introduced here tend to show? It may occur to some of you, gentlemen, to ask: 'What, then, can these defendants preach the use of dynamite? May they be allowed to go on and urge people to overturn the present government and the present condition of society without being held responsible for it and without punishment? Is there no law to which these people can be subjected and punished if they do this thing?' There is, gentlemen, but it is not and never has been murder, and if they are amenable, as the evidence introduced by the prosecution tends to show, it is under another and a different law, and no attempt on the part of the prosecution to jump the wide chasm which separates these two offenses can be successful unless it is done out of pure hatred, malice, ill-will, or because of prejudice. The law protects every citizen. It punishes every guilty man, and according to the measure of his crime; no more and no less. If a man be guilty of conspiracy, or if he be guilty of treason, he is liable to punishment for that offense, and not for a higher one. This is what the people of the State of Illinois have said, and that is their law. That is what they want enforced, and that is what I stand here for as the advocate of these defendants. I claim for them, and for the entire people of this State, that the law shall be applied as it is found, and as they have directed it to be enforced. Now, what is the statute on conspiracy, of which these defendants may be guilty, if they are guilty of anything?"



MOSES SALOMON.
From a Photograph.

He next read the law with reference to conspiracy and proceeded:

"The proof in this case, with the exception of Gilmer's testimony, showed and shows only that the State has a case within those sections which I have last read to you, and no other, if they have a case against them at all. Now, gentlemen, I have read to you the section of the statute relating to accessories. As I have told you before, it is only the perpetrator and abettor in the perpetration of a crime who, under the decision of almost every supreme court in the United States and England, can be held."

Mr. Salomon touched on one or two minor points and concluded as follows:

"That view of the law, that they must be proven to be accessories to the crime, is the one point only upon which the prosecution can sustain their case, and is the only one upon which this case must proceed, according to our view. Now, these defendants are not criminals; they are not robbers; they are not burglars; they are not common thieves; they descend to no small criminal act. On the contrary, this evidence shows conclusively that they are men of broad feelings of humanity, that their only desire has been, and their lives have been consecrated to, the betterment of their fellow-men.

They have not sought to take the life of any man, of any individual, to maliciously kill or destroy any person, nor have they sought to deprive any man of his property for their own benefit. They have not sought to get McCormick's property for themselves; they have not sought to get Marshall Field's property for themselves, and to deprive Marshall Field of it feloniously, but they have endeavored and labored to establish a different social system. It is true they have adopted means, or *wanted* to adopt means that were not approved of by all mankind. It is true that their methods were dangerous, perhaps; but then they should have been stopped at their inception. We shall expect to prove to you, gentlemen, that these men have stood by the man who has the least friends; that they have endeavored to better the condition of the laboring man. The laboring men have few friends enough. They have no means, without the combination and assistance of their fellow-men, to better their condition, and it was to further that purpose and to raise them above constant labor and constant toil and constant worry and constant fret, and to have their fellow-men act and be as human beings and not as animals, that these defendants have consecrated their lives and energies. If it was in pursuance of that, wrought up, perhaps, through frequent failures and through the constant force exercised against them, that they came to the conclusion that it was necessary to use force against force, we know not, and we do not expect to prove nor to deny that these defendants advocated the use of force, nor do we now intend to apologize for anything they have said, nor to excuse their acts. It is neither the place nor the time for counsel in this case, nor of the gentlemen of the jury, to either excuse the acts of these defendants nor to encourage them. With that we have here nothing to do. Our object is simply to show that these defendants are not guilty of the murder with which they are charged in this indictment. But the issue is forced upon us to say whether it was right or wrong, and whether they had the right to advocate the bettering of their fellow-men. As Mr. Grinnell said, he wanted to hang Socialism and Anarchy; but twelve men nor twelve hundred nor twelve thousand can stamp out Anarchy nor root out Socialism, no more than they can Democracy or Republicanism, that lie within the heart and within the head. Under our forms of government every man has the right to believe and the right to express his thoughts, whether they be inimical to the present institutions or whether they favor them; but if that man, no matter what he advocates or who he be, whether Democrat, Republican, Socialist or Anarchist, kill and destroy human life deliberately and feloniously, that man, whether high or low, is amenable to criminal justice, and must be punished for his crime, and for no other.

"Now, what was the object of these defendants, as they are charged, in being so bloodthirsty? Their purpose was to change society, to bring into force and effect their Socialistic and Anarchistic ideas. Were they right or were they wrong, or have we nothing to do with it? As I told you, they had the right to express their ideas. They had the right. They had the right to gain converts, to make Anarchists and Socialists, but whether Socialism or Anarchy shall ever be established never rested with these defendants, never rested in a can of dynamite or in a dynamite bomb. It rests with the great mass of people, with the people of Chicago, of Illinois, of the United States, of the world. If they, the people, want Anarchy, want Socialism, if they want Democracy or Republicanism, they can and they will inaugurate it. But the people, also, will allow a little toleration of views.

Now, these defendants claim that Socialism is a progressive social science, and it will be a part of the proof which you will have to determine. Must the world stand as we found it when we were born, or have we a right to show our fellow-men a better way, a nobler life, a better condition? That is what these defendants claim, if they are forced beyond the issue in this case. . . . In furtherance of that plan, what have these defendants done? Have they murdered many people? What was their plan when they counseled dynamite? They intended to use dynamite in furtherance of the general revolution; never, never against any individual. We will show you that it was their purpose, as the proof, I think, partly shows already, that when a general revolution or a general strike was inaugurated, when they were attacked, that then, in fact, while carrying out the purposes of that strike or that revolution, that then they should use dynamite, and not until then. If it is unlawful to conspire to carry out that thing, these men must be held for that thing. We shall show you that these men, in carrying out their plan for the bettering of the condition of the workingmen, inaugurated the eight-hour movement. They inaugurated the early-closing movement. They inaugurated every movement that tended to alleviate the condition of the workingman and allow him a greater time to his family, for mutual benefit. That is what these defendants set up for a defense. That is what they claim was their right to do, and that is what they claim they did do, and they did nothing more.

"Now, gentlemen, we don't say that we desire to go into this proof, because we think it has nothing to do with this case, if our theory is correct; but if we are forced to show why they did these things it is simply to convince you that their objects were not for robbery, not for stealing, not to gain property for themselves, and not to maliciously or willfully destroy any man's good name or his property interests.

"We expect to show you, further, that these defendants never conspired, nor any one of them, to take the life of any single individual at any time or place; that they never conspired or plotted to take, at this time or at any other time, the life of Mathias Degan or any number of policemen, except in self-defense while carrying out their original purpose. We expect, further, to show you that on the night of the 4th of May these defendants had assembled peaceably, that the purpose of the meeting was peaceable, that its objects were peaceable, that they delivered the same harangue as before, that the crowd listened, and that not a single act transpired there, previous to the coming of the policemen, by which any man in the audience could be held amenable to law. They assembled there, gentlemen, under the provision of our Constitution, to exercise the right of free speech, to discuss the situation of the workingmen, to discuss the eight-hour question. They assembled there to incidentally discuss what they deemed outrages at McCormick's. No man expected that a bomb would be thrown; no man expected that any one would be injured at that meeting; but while some of these defendants were there and while this meeting was peaceably in progress, the police, with a devilish design, as we expect to prove, came down upon that body with their revolvers in their hands and pockets, ready for immediate use, intending to destroy the life of every man that stood upon that market square. That seems terrible, gentlemen, but that is the information which we have and which we expect to show you. We expect to show you further, gentlemen, that the crowd did not fire, that not a single person fired a single shot at the police officers. We expect to show you

that Mr. Fielden did not have on that night, and never had in his life, a revolver; that he did not fire, and that that portion of the testimony here is wrong. We expect to show you further, gentlemen, that the witness Gilmer, who testified to having seen Spies light the match which caused the destruction coming from the bomb, is a professional and constitutional liar; that no man in the city of Chicago who knows him will believe him under oath, and, indeed, I might almost say that it would scarcely need even a witness to show the falsity of his testimony, because it seems to me that it must fall of its own weight. We expect to show you, gentlemen, that Thompson was greatly mistaken; that on that night Schwab never saw or talked with Mr. Spies; that he was at the Haymarket early in the evening, but that he left before the meeting began and before he saw Mr. Spies on that evening at all. We expect to show that Mr. Parsons, so far from thinking anything wrong, and Fischer, were quietly seated at Zepf's Hall, drinking, perhaps, a glass of beer at the time the bomb exploded, and that it was as great a surprise to them as it was to any of you. We expect to show you that Engel was at home at the time the bomb exploded, and that he knew nothing about it. With the whereabouts of Lingg you are already familiar. It may seem strange why he was manufacturing bombs. The answer to that is, he had a right to have his house full of dynamite. He had a right to have weapons of all descriptions upon his premises, and until he used them, or advised their use, and they were used in pursuance of his advice, he is not liable any more than the man who commits numerous burglaries, the man who commits numerous thefts, who walks the streets, is liable to arrest and punishment only when he commits an act which makes him amenable to law.

"I did not expect to address you concerning Mr. Neebe, and it is unnecessary for me to make much comment on that, but we will show you that Mr. Neebe did not know of this meeting, that he was not present, that he was in no manner connected with it, and there is no proof to show that he was. We will also prove to you, gentlemen, that Mr. Fielden did not go down the alley, as some of the witnesses for the State have testified, but that he went down Desplaines Street to Randolph, and up Randolph, as, indeed, if my memory serves me right, the statements made by Mr. Fielden immediately after the occurrence already sufficiently show.

"Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, as I stated to you a moment ago, we do not intend to defend against Socialism, we do not intend to defend against Anarchism; we expect to be held responsible for that only which we have done, and to be held in the manner pointed out by law. Under the charge upon which these defendants are held under this indictment, we shall prove to you, and I hope to your entire satisfaction, that a case has not been made out against them. Whether they be Socialists or whether they be Anarchists we hope will not influence any one of you, gentlemen. Whatever they may have preached, or whatever they may have said, or whatever may have been their object, if it was not connected with the throwing of the bomb it is your sworn testimony to acquit them. We expect to make all this proof, and we expect such a result."

On the Monday following, being the 2d of August, the defense began its testimony. The first witness introduced was CARTER H. HARRISON, then Mayor of Chicago. His evidence was as follows:

"I am Mayor of the city of Chicago since over seven years. On the 4th of May last I was present during a part of the Haymarket meeting so-called. On the day before there was a riot at McCormick's factory, which was represented to me to have grown out of a speech made by Mr. Spies. During the morning of the 4th I received information of the issuance of a circular of a peculiar character and calling for a meeting at the Haymarket that night. I directed the Chief of Police that if anything should be said at that meeting that might call out a recurrence of such proceedings as at McCormick's factory, the meeting should be dispersed. I believed that it was better for myself to be there and disperse the meeting myself instead of leaving it to any policeman. I went to the meeting for the purpose of dispersing it in case I should feel it necessary for the safety of the city. I arrived there about five minutes before eight. There was a large concourse of people about the Haymarket, but it was so long before any speaking commenced that probably two-thirds of the people there assembled left, as it seemed to me. It was about half-past eight when the speaking commenced and the meeting congregated around Crane's building, or the alley near it.

"Mr. Spies may have been speaking one or two minutes before I got near enough to hear distinctly what he said. I judge I left the meeting between 10 and 10:05 o'clock that night. I staid to hear Mr. Spies' speech, and I heard all of Mr. Parsons' up to the time I left, with the exception of five or ten minutes, during which I went over to the station. When I judged that Mr. Parsons was looking towards the close of his speech I went over to the station, spoke to Capt. Bonfield, and determined to go home, but instead of going immediately I went back to hear a little more; staid there about five minutes longer and then left. Within about twenty minutes from the time that I left the meeting I heard the sound of the explosion of the bomb at my house. While at the meeting I noticed that I was observed when I struck a match to light my cigar and the full blaze showed my face. I thought Mr. Spies had observed me, as the tone of his speech suddenly changed, but that is mere conjecture. Prior to that change in the tone of Mr. Spies' speech I feared his remarks would force me to disperse the meeting. I was there for that purpose; that is to say, it was my own determination to do it against the will of the police. After that occurrence the general tenor of Spies' speech was such that I remarked to Capt. Bonfield that it was tame."

"Did anything transpire in the address of either Spies or Parsons, after the incident of the lighting of your cigar to which you have referred, that led you to conclude to take any action in reference to the dispersing of the meeting?"

The State objected to an answer, and the objection was sustained.

"I did in fact take no action at the meeting about dispersing it. There were occasional replies from the audience, as 'Shoot him,' 'Hang him' or the like, but I do not think, from the directions in which they came, here and there and around, that there were more than two or three hundred actual sympathizers with the speakers. Several times cries of 'Hang him' would come from a boy in the outskirts, and the crowd would laugh. I felt that a majority of the crowd were idle spectators, and the replies nearly as much what might be called 'guying' as absolute applause. Some of the replies were evidently bitter; they came from immediately around the stand. The audience numbered from eight hundred to one thousand. The

people in attendance, so far as I could see during the half hour before the speaking commenced, were apparently laborers or mechanics, and the majority of them not English-speaking people — mostly Germans. There was no suggestion made by either of the speakers looking toward calling for the immediate use of force or violence toward any person that night; if there had been I should have dispersed them at once. After I came back from the station Parsons was still speaking, but evidently approaching a close. It was becoming cloudy and looked like threatening rain, and I thought the thing was about over. There was not one-fourth of the crowd that had been there during the evening listening to the speakers at that time. In the crowd I heard a great many Germans use expressions of their being dissatisfied with bringing them there and having this speaking. When I went to the station during Parsons' speech, I stated to Capt. Bonfield that I thought the speeches were about over; that nothing had occurred yet or looked likely to occur to require interference, and that he had better issue orders to his reserves at the other stations to go home. Bonfield replied that he had reached the same conclusion from reports brought to him, but he thought it would be best to retain the men in the station until the meeting broke up, and then referred to a rumor that he had heard that night which he thought would make it necessary for him to keep his men there, which I concurred in. During my attendance of the meeting I saw no weapons at all upon any person."

On cross-examination Mr. Harrison stated:

"The rumor that I referred to was related to me by Capt. Bonfield immediately after my reaching the station. Bonfield told me he had just received information that the Haymarket meeting, or a part of it, would go over to the Milwaukee and St. Paul freight-houses, then filled with 'scabs,' and blow it up. There was also an intimation that this meeting might be held merely to attract the attention of the police to the Haymarket, while the real attack, if any, should be made that night on McCormick's. Those were the contingencies in regard to which I was listening to those speeches. In listening to the speeches, I concluded it was not an organization to destroy property that night, and went home. My order to Bonfield was that the reserves held at the other stations might be sent home, because I learned that all was quiet in the district where McCormick's factory is situated. Bonfield replied he had already ordered the reserves in the other stations to go in their regular order.

"Bonfield was there, detailed by the Chief of Police, in control of that meeting, together with Capt. Ward. I don't remember of hearing Parsons call 'To arms! To arms! To arms!' When I speak of a rumor in regard to a possible attack upon McCormick's, the fact is it was not a rumor that came from others, but rather a fear or apprehension on my own part, and it was suggested first by myself that this might be the aim of this meeting. There was a direct statement by Mr. Bonfield to me that he had heard the rumor about the freight-houses."

Barton Simonson, a traveling salesman for E. Rothschild & Bros., wholesale clothing, concluded, after taking supper at his mother's house, No. 50 West Ohio Street, to take in the Haymarket meeting, and he went there and remained throughout the proceedings, until the explosion of the bomb. He testified:

"The speakers were northeast from me, in front of Crane Bros'. building, a few feet north of the alley. I remember the alley particularly. As far as I remember Spies' speech, he said: 'Please come to order. This meeting is not called to incite any riot.' He then said that McCormick had charged him with the murder of the people at the meeting the night before; that Mr. McCormick was a liar. McCormick was himself responsible. Somebody had opposed his speaking at the meeting near McCormick's because he was a Socialist. The people he spoke to were good Christian, church-going people. While he was speaking, McCormick's people had come out. Some of the men and boys had started for them, and had had some harmless sport throwing stones into the windows, etc. Then he said that some workingmen were shot at and killed by the police. That is as far as my memory goes.

"Parsons illustrated that the capitalists got the great bulk of the profit out of everything done. I remember in his speech he said: 'To arms! To arms! To arms!' but in what connection I cannot remember. Somebody in the crowd said, 'Shoot' or 'Hang Gould,' and he says, 'No, a great many will jump up and take his place. What Socialism aims at is not the death of individuals, but of the system.'

"Fielden spoke very loud, and as I had never attended a Socialistic meeting before in my life, I thought they were a little wild. Fielden spoke about a Congressman from Ohio who had been elected by the workingmen and confessed that no legislation could be enacted in favor of the workingmen; consequently he said there was no use trying to do anything by legislation. After he had talked awhile a dark cloud with cold wind came from the north. Many people had left before, but when the cloud came a great many people left. Somebody said, 'Let's adjourn,' — to some place, I can't remember the name of the place. Fielden said he was about through, there was no need of adjourning. He said two or three times, 'Now, in conclusion,' or something like that, and I became impatient. Then I heard a commotion and a good deal of noise in the audience, and somebody said, 'Police.' I looked south and saw a line of police when it was at about the Randolph Street car-tracks. The police moved along until the front of the column got about up to the speakers' wagon. I heard somebody near the wagon say something about dispersing. I saw some persons upon the wagon. I could not tell who they were. About the time that somebody was giving that command to disperse, I distinctly heard two words coming from the vicinity of the wagon or from the wagon. I don't know who uttered them. The words were 'peaceable meeting.' That was a few seconds before the explosion of the bomb. As the police marched through the crowd the latter went to the sidewalks on either side, some went north, some few went on Randolph Street east, and some west. I did not hear any such exclamation as 'Here come the bloodhounds of the police; you do your duty and I'll do mine,' from the locality of the wagon or from Mr. Fielden. I heard nothing of that sort that night. At the time the bomb exploded I was still in my position upon the stairs. A reporter talked to me while I was on those stairs. I remember he went down, and just before the police came he ran up past me again. There was no pistol fired by any person upon the wagon before the bomb exploded. No pistol shots anywhere before the explosion of the bomb. Just after the command to disperse had been given, I saw a lighted fuse or something — I didn't know what it was at the time — come up from a point nearly twenty feet south of

the south line of Crane's alley, from about the center of the sidewalk on the east side of the street, from behind some boxes. I am positive it was not thrown from the alley. I first noticed it about six or seven feet in the air, a little above a man's head. It went in a northwest course and up about fifteen feet from the ground, and fell about the middle of the street. The explosion followed almost immediately, possibly within two or three seconds. Something of a cloud of smoke followed the explosion. After the bomb exploded there was pistol-shooting. From my position I could distinctly see the flashes of the pistols. My head was about fifteen feet from the ground. There might have been fifty to one hundred and fifty pistol shots. They proceeded from about the center of where the police were. I did not observe either the flashes of pistol shots or hear the report of any shots from the crowd upon the police prior to the firing by the police. I staid in my position from five to twenty seconds. There was shooting going on in every direction, as well up as down. I could see from the flashes of the pistols that the police were shooting up. The police were not only shooting at the crowd, but I noticed several of them shoot just as they happened to throw their arms. I concluded that my position was possibly more dangerous than down in the crowd, and then I ran down to the foot of the stairs, ran west on the sidewalk on Randolph Street a short distance, and then on the road. A crowd was running in the same direction. I had to jump over a man lying down, and I saw another man fall in front of me about one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet west of Desplaines Street. I took hold of his arm and wanted to help him, but the firing was so lively behind me that I just let go and ran. I was to the rear of the crowd running west, the police still behind us. There were no shots from the direction to which I was running.

"I am not and have never been a member of any Socialistic party or association. Walking through the crowd before the meeting, I noticed from their appearance that the meeting was composed principally of ordinary workingmen, mechanics, etc. The audience listened, and once in awhile there would be yells of 'Shoot him!' 'Hang him!' from the audience. I didn't find any difference in the bearing of the crowd during Fielden's speech from what it was during Parsons' or Spies'. In the course of the conversation which I had with Capt. Bonfield at the station before the meeting that night, I asked him about the trouble in the southwestern part of the city. He says, 'The trouble there is that these'—whether he used the word Socialists or strikers, I don't know—'get their women and children mixed up with them and around them and in front of them, and we can't get at them. I would like to get three thousand of them in a crowd, without their women and children'—and to the best of my recollection he added, 'and I will make short work of them.' I noticed a few women and children at the bottom of the steps where I was. I don't think there were any in the body of the crowd around the wagon. At the time the police came up there, I did not observe any women or children."

On cross-examination Mr. Simonson said:

"I have several times visited police stations in the city. I attended a Salvation Army meeting on East Chicago Avenue, and I thought the roughs there interrupted the meeting. I went across to see Capt. Schaack two or three times about it. I was once at the Desplaines Street Station and made complaint against a policeman for abusing an old man, and one

evening I brought there a fellow who asked me for something to get him a lodging on the West Side, and I asked the police to take care of him. And another time, when I heard about the way people who had received lodging at the station were treated there, I went to the station to satisfy myself what was the fact about the matter, and Capt. Ward told me a different story.

"I went to the Haymarket meeting out of curiosity to know what kind of meetings they held, believing that the newspapers ordinarily misrepresented such things. I had my impression that the papers had misrepresented the meetings of workingmen, not from anything definite I had, but from having seen reports in papers of occurrences I had seen, and, as a rule, they were one-sided. I went to the meeting to satisfy myself—to prove or disprove my impression. That was one of my reasons for going there. At that conversation with Mr. Bonfield that I testified to, nobody else was present. It was in the main office of Desplaines Street Station. Capt. Ward, I believe, was walking around at the time. There was a good deal of noise in the police station, and we talked quietly. I believe no one else could hear it. I believe it was last fall that I visited the North Side police station in regard to the Salvation Army again. I visited about a half dozen of their meetings. I saw Capt. Schaack at the station. I did not ask him to arrest any people who had disturbed the meeting, nor to arrest the Salvation Army people. I told him that in going to the meeting I heard somebody swear a very vicious oath and curse the Salvation Army people. The police were standing within hearing, and the crowd joined in the laugh. I told him it seemed to me that the police ought not to allow anything of that kind. The windows of the Salvation Army were filled with boards. I told Capt. Schaack that it seemed not right that in front of the police station they should do any such thing. He said he would order the boards taken down, and if they wanted protection they could get it. I went another time to Capt. Schaack when some of the Salvation Army people were confined in the Bridewell. Mayor Harrison had given me a note to Mr. Felton, telling him to let them go, and I went to Capt. Schaack to tell him that.

"My recollection is that Fielden said: 'The law is your enemy. Kill it, stab it, throttle it, or it will throttle you.' When the police came, I looked at them and at the crowd. I watched both to some extent. I don't know how many lines of police there were. When I saw them at the Randolph Street tracks, I saw a straight line of police filling the whole street. There was more than one column, but I don't know how many. I was at that time contemplating the question of my own safety. I was looking in the direction of the wagon at the time the bomb was thrown. I didn't see the officer command the meeting to disperse, but heard somebody, in some form, tell the meeting to disperse. The only words I remember to have heard were: 'Command—meeting—to disperse.' During the delivery of that, or right after it, I heard somebody say something, of which I caught the two words, 'Peaceable meeting.' The first column of police were standing on about a line with the north line of the alley. I don't know where the other columns were with reference to where the bomb exploded. I only saw the police in a large body march out. It looked to me at the time as if the bomb struck the ground and exploded just a little behind the front line of police. I saw policemen behind the first line of police, but I did not distinguish the columns. I don't know whether the bomb exploded

directly behind the front line, or between the second and the third or third and fourth lines.

"The firing began from the police, right in the center of the street. I did not see a single shot fired from the crowd on either side of the street. I didn't know what became of the men in the wagon. I don't think there were any shots fired in the neighborhood of the wagon. I was not looking at the wagon all the time, but was looking over the scene in general. If you got up on a place as high as I was, and it was dark, you could see every flash; the flashes show themselves immediately when they are out of the revolver, on a dark night. The scene impressed itself so upon me that now, looking back, I see it as I did then. Looking at where the bomb exploded, I could not help looking toward the wagon, too. My impression is, the boxes on the opposite side of the street were from two to four feet high. I have been at the Haymarket to look over the ground, several times since the 4th of May, so as to get an idea of the dimensions of the thing. I went there of my own volition; nobody asked me to go there. It was on my way to mother's house. I am employed by Rothschild Brothers, on commission."

When this witness returned to the store, the firm by whom he was employed at once discharged him, saying that he was one of the worst Anarchists in the city and they had no use for him.

JOHN FERGUSON, a resident of Chicago for seventeen years, and in the cloak business, passed the Haymarket, and, noticing a crowd there, stopped to listen to the speeches. He was accompanied by an acquaintance. They stood at the Randolph Street crossing and listened about fifteen minutes to Parsons' speech. Said the witness:

"We could hear all of the speaking plainly, from where we stood, as the speakers were facing Randolph Street. During his speech, when he mentioned Jay Gould's name, somebody said: 'Throw him in the lake;' and a man standing almost in front of me took his pipe from his mouth and halloaed out: 'Hang him.' Parsons replied that would do no good; a dozen more Jay Goulds would spring up in his place. 'Socialism aims not at the life of individuals, but at the system.' I didn't hear any other responses from the crowd than those I mentioned. After Parsons concluded, another gentleman got up and began speaking about Congressman Foran. After a few minutes I saw quite a storm cloud come up. Some one interrupted the speaker with the remark: 'There is a prospect of immediate storm, and those of you who wish to continue the meeting can adjourn to'— some hall, I don't remember the name of it; but the speaker, resuming, said: 'I haven't but two or three words more to say, and then you can go home.' I walked away from the meeting, across Randolph Street to the southwest corner. There I saw the police rush out from the station in a body. They whirled into the street and came down very rapidly toward us. The gentleman in command of the police was swinging his arm and told them to hurry up. After they had passed us we turned to walk south toward the station, and we heard a slight report, something like breaking boards, or like slapping a brick down on the pavement. We turned, and we had just about faced around, looking at the crowd, when we saw a fire flying out about six or eight feet above the heads of the crowd and falling down pretty near the center of the street. It was all dark for almost a second, perhaps, then there was a deafening roar. Then almost instantly we saw flashes from

toward the middle of the street, south of Randolph on Desplaines, and heard reports. That side of the street where the crowd was was dark. At that time there did not appear to be any light there. Then we hurried away. I did not see any flashes from either side of the street. The majority of the crowd had gone away on the appearance of the approaching storm. The crowd was very orderly, as orderly a meeting as I ever saw anywhere in the street.

"It could not have been longer than five minutes from the time that Fielden said, 'We will be through in a short time,' that the police marched down the street. I am not a Socialist, nor an Anarchist, nor a Communist; I don't know anything about what those terms mean."

LUDWIG ZELLER went to the meeting about a quarter past ten, and took a position at a lamp-post near Crane's alley. A few minutes thereafter the police came, and when they passed him he heard the command of the Captain, but heard no reply from anybody on the wagon or near the wagon.

"I turned and went south to Randolph Street, and in turning I saw a light go through the air about six, or eight, or ten feet south of the lamp. It went in a northwesterly direction, right into the middle of the street and in the middle of the police; then I heard an explosion and shooting, and I tried to get out, because there were a great many men falling around me, and a few were crying. I turned the corner on Randolph Street east toward Clinton. A great many people were running in the same direction; men were falling before me and on the side of me. I heard shooting immediately upon the explosion of the bomb. The shots came from behind me while I ran. The shots came from the center of the street, from north and northwest of me.

"On Sunday, May 2d, I was present at a meeting of the Central Labor Union as a delegate from the Cigar-makers' Union, No. 15. The delegates of the Lumber-shovers' Union at that meeting requested me, as a member of the agitation committee, to send a speaker to a meeting of the Lumber-shovers' Union to be held on Monday, May 3d, at the Black Road. They wanted a good speaker, who could keep the meeting quiet and orderly. In the afternoon of the same day we had another meeting of the Central Labor Union, at which Mr. Spies was present as a reporter of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and I told him personally to go out to the meeting of the Lumber-shovers' Union and speak in the name of the Central Labor Union. The Central Labor Union is a body composed of delegates from about twenty-five or thirty different labor unions of the city. The Lumber-shovers' Union is represented in the Central Labor Union by delegates. There are from fifteen to sixteen thousand laborers represented by those unions. The agitation committee to which I belonged was for the purpose of organizing different branches of trade who had no eight-hour organization at that time. I did not notice any firing back from the crowd at the police, either on Desplaines Street or Randolph Street."

On cross-examination Mr. Zeller stated:

"Since last December, I don't belong to any group. Prior to that I was a member of the group 'Freiheit,' which used to meet on Sherman Street. I only attended three meetings of that group. We had no numbers. I am not an Anarchist. I am a Socialist.

"I was standing about five or six feet south of that alley. I saw the fuse about eight or ten feet south of me. I didn't know what it was. I saw behind that fuse something dark, but I couldn't distinguish what it was. I was only looking where it was going. I cannot say what kind of looking thing it was; it seems to me it was more round, and about as big as a baseball. I cannot say who fired first after the bomb went off. I can't say exactly whether the police fired — I didn't see. On the wagon I only recognized Fielden. I was too far away from the wagon, and it was dark. The gas-light was lighted. I didn't see anybody put it out."

Carl Richter and F. Liebel gave practically similar stories of the riot. The point which the defense seemed to wish to bring out in their testimony was that the *gravamen* lay rather with the police than with the Anarchists. They swore that, although standing close to the famous wagon, they had heard nothing about "bloodhounds."

Along this line, also, was the evidence of Dr. James D. Taylor, who gave a practically identical account of the explosion. This gentleman, however, seemed to be certain that the police had attacked the crowd. He had examined the scene of the riot on the next day and found that the bullet marks on the buildings came chiefly from the direction from which the police had charged. Quite a point was made by the Anarchists upon the fact that a telegraph pole, which was said to have thoroughly borne out Dr. Taylor's testimony, had disappeared from the Haymarket. It was insinuated that the prosecution had made away with this pole. The fact was that the pole had been very prosaically, and in the common course of business, removed by the telegraph company.

Frank Stenner, Joseph Gutscher and Frank Raab gave their memories of the riot, all agreeing closely with the theory of the defense. Wm. Urban, a compositor on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, after telling the same story, swore that he saw something shining — which he believed were revolvers — in the hands of the police as they came up toward the meeting. The story of the explosion and the murder of the police, from the Anarchists' point of view, was also detailed by Wm. Gleason, Wm. Sahl, Eberhard Hierzemenzel, Conrad Messer and August Krumm. This last witness, Krumm, also testified that he was lighting his pipe, in company with another man, in Crane's alley, at the time that the bomb was thrown, which, it will be remembered, Gilmer swore had been fired in this alley by Spies and Schnaubelt — and Krumm declared that there was nobody in that little thoroughfare then save his friend and himself.

This was not the only attack on Gilmer's veracity. Lucius M. Moses had known Harry Gilmer six or seven years and would not believe him on oath. John O. Brixey stated on the stand that Gilmer's reputation was bad and that he was not worthy of belief. John Garrick, an ex-deputy sheriff, knew Gilmer and would not believe him on oath. Mrs. B. P. Lee was another who had no confidence in Gilmer's truth and veracity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Malkoff's Testimony — A Nihilist's Correspondence — More about the Wagon — Spies' Brother — A Witness who Contradicts Himself — Printing the Revenge Circular — Lizzie Holmes' Inflammatory Essay — "Have You a Match About You?" — The Prisoner Fielden Takes the Stand — An Anarchist's Autobiography — The Red Flag the Symbol of Freedom — The "Peaceable" Meeting — Fielden's Opinion of the *Alarm* — "Throttling the Law" — Expecting Arrest — More about Gilmer.

THE evidence so far produced for the defendants showed that their counsel had done everything possible in their efforts to offset the damaging testimony of the State. They proved themselves not only fertile in resources, but ingenious in the selection of witnesses and in the manner of presenting their points before the jury. It was no fault of theirs that they failed to make "the worse appear the better reason." They labored incessantly for the cause of their clients, and they certainly called the best witnesses that could be found among the Anarchists and their sympathizers.

ROBERT LINDINGER lived with Carl Richter and accompanied him to the Haymarket meeting. He stood at the mouth of the alley and saw at the meeting Spies, Parsons and Fielden. He did not see the gentleman on trial (indicating Schwab); had never seen him before in his life, and he (Schwab) was not on the wagon when Spies was there. He did not hear anybody say, "Here come the bloodhounds," etc., saw no one in the crowd fire any shots, and saw no pistol in Fielden's hand. Witness was a cornice-maker, and had been in the country about three years. He was not a Socialist, but read the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

WILLIAM ALBRIGHT, who stood in the alley with Krumm, stated substantially the same facts as given by his companion.

M. D. MALKOFF, a reporter for the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, up to the 5th of May, saw Parsons at Zepf's Hall from five to ten minutes before the explosion of the bomb. Said he:

"He was sitting at the window, north of the entrance door, in company with Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes. The saloon was pretty crowded at that time. I spoke with Mr. Allen about these parties. I think Mrs. Holmes was standing and Mrs. Parsons was sitting on the window-sill right on the side of Mr. Parsons. I saw them there when I heard the explosion of the bomb."

On cross-examination Mr. Malkoff said:

"I have been five years in the country; in Chicago about two years and a half. When I first came to the country, I was private teacher of the Russian language in Brooklyn. I taught Paesig, the editor of the Brooklyn *Freie Presse*. He is not a revolutionist; his paper is not a revolutionary one. Then I went to Little Rock for about half a year, working as a printer for the *Arkansas Staats-Zeitung*. Then I went to St. Louis for about three

months, found no work there, and came to Chicago. I had no letter of introduction to Spies when I came here. I had obtained my position at Little Rock through a letter of introduction from Mr. Spies, whom I knew by some correspondence in regard to a novel which Mr. Paesig and I translated and sold to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. It was not a revolutionary novel. I did not get that letter of introduction from Mr. Spies through Herr Most. I have seen Most, but don't know him personally. I know Justus Schwab. I did not live with him, but had letters directed to his care. When I came to Chicago I went directly to Spies. For about half a year I was without employment; then, for a year and a half, up to May 4th, I was reporter on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I roomed with Balthasar Rau for about four months; part of that time was after the Haymarket meeting. I had been at Zepf's Hall for more than an hour before I heard the bomb explode, part of the time in the saloon, part of the time attending the meeting up-stairs. When I came down again in the saloon it was a good half hour before the bomb exploded. I was there alone, standing near the counter, where I had one glass of beer. When I was talking with Mr. Allen, we stood on the floor between the stove and the bar.

"When the bomb exploded we made a few steps toward the rear. Mr. Allen thought it was a Gatling gun; it sounded like a Gatling gun. A few seconds after that the shooting began, and a good many people came to the hall. A good many had been there before that. When the crowd came, we rushed out the back door.

"I did not belong to any Nihilistic organization in Russia. I was not a Nihilist in Russia. I am not in this country as the agent of the Nihilists, or any other society in Russia. The reporters used to call me a Nihilist because I was a Russian, that is all. This letter here (indicating) is in my handwriting, and has my signature at the bottom. I don't remember to whom I wrote it. I am now working for the *Moscow Gazette*, an illustrated paper."

A translation of the letter heretofore referred to was introduced in evidence, as follows:

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—The articles I send you herewith you may read, put them into proper form, and, if you consider them competent, reprint them in one of your papers. I have also nearly completed a very interesting article treating of the secret revolutionary societies of Russia, in the so-called Dekabrists—that is, of 1820 to 1830. I have also another one in my thoughts, but, being out of work, and having no dwelling-place, it is entirely impossible to give even a few hours daily to writing. You see, I am writing in German, which I can do—*i. e.*, I translate every sentence, word for word, from the Russian. You have in this connection the not easy task to set the corrupted German right. I hope you will pardon me for this. At the time I came over here I did not understand one German word. Thanks to Wassilisson, which I translated with the help of a dictionary, I have learned this little. For your letter I am very thankful to you. I would, of course, follow your accommodating invitation, and would have left New York long ago, but unfortunately it does not depend upon me. I am a proletarian in the fullest sense of the word, and a proletarian is not favored to put his ideas into execution.

Respectfully, MICHAEL MALKOFF.

Care of J. H. Schwab, 50 First Street, New York. Written on the 22d of October, 1883.

WILLIAM A. PATTERSON, a printer, attended the meeting at No. 107 Fifth Avenue, on the evening of May 4, in response to an advertisement in

the *Daily News*, and said it was for the purpose of organizing the working women of Chicago. While there, a telephone message came for a speaker at Deering, and a clerk in the office answered it. That was a little after eight o'clock. They wanted a German speaker, and Schwab's name was mentioned. After that, witness said, he did not see Schwab. There was also a call for speakers at the Haymarket. Those present at the Fifth Avenue meeting were Parsons, Fielden, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Holmes, Schwab, Waldo, Brown, Snyder and some others.

HENRY LINDEMEYER, a mason, testified through an interpreter. He occasionally did calcimining, and, while working at that in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, had occasion to place some things on a shelf in the closet off the editorial room. He missed a brush, and looked for it on a shelf in that closet. He found some papers, which he took down, but he did not find his brush. "I found," said he, "no bundle, no large package, no dynamite on the shelf. Saw no indication of greasiness there."

On cross-examination he testified:

"I have known Spies for seven or eight years. I am on the bond of his brother, who is charged with conspiracy growing out of the Haymarket trouble. I have known Schwab three or four years. Saw him at public meetings, at Turner Hall and other halls. I saw Spies nearly every day. He lives in my neighborhood since quite a time. I have been a subscriber to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* since it is in existence. The closet was in the south-east part of the room, about four or five feet square, and about eleven or twelve feet high, as high as the room. There was only one shelf in the closet. There was a wash-stand in there, under which I kept some things. I had calcimined that room a few weeks before. On the 2d of May I calcimined the upper floor. On the 5th of May I calcimined the library. I left my things in the closet from the 2d to the forenoon of the 5th of May. When the police came I took them to some other place. The things I left in that closet were my working-clothes and my tools. My hat and my vest I had on the upper part of the shelf, and the rest on the floor. When I examined the shelf, I found nothing but a small package of papers, covering as much space as the size of an open paper, occupying about one-quarter of the shelf. I didn't feel on the bottom of the shelf to see if there was any grease on it. There was no grease on there; else I wouldn't have put my clothes there. The shelf was about six feet from the ground."

EDWARD LEHNERT, testifying through an interpreter, said:

"I know Schnaubelt, and saw him at the Haymarket that night about ten o'clock. I was standing on the west side of Desplaines Street, about thirty paces from Randolph, about twenty paces south of the wagon. I saw Schnaubelt about the time when it grew dark and cloudy. I had a conversation with him at that time, at the place where I stood. The speaking was still going on. It was before the bomb exploded. August Krueger was present. I mean Rudolph Schnaubelt, this man (indicating photograph of Schnaubelt)."

"What was the conversation?'

The State objected.

Mr. Zeisler—"We offer to show by this witness that Schnaubelt stated to Lehnert that he did not understand English; that he had expected a German speaker would be present; that no one was present who spoke German except Spies; that Spies had already made an English speech, and that he did not want to stay any longer, and asked Lehnert if he would go along; that Lehnert thereupon said he did not go in the same direction; and that then Schnaubelt went away with another party. We have been able to trace Schnaubelt only for a short distance on his way home. We offer this conversation with Lehnert for the purpose of explaining Mr. Schnaubelt's movements after meeting Lehnert."

The objection was sustained.

WILLIAM SNYDER, indicted for conspiracy in connection with the Haymarket riot, and in jail since the 8th of May, said:

"I am a Socialist, a member of the American group of the Internationale since it was organized. I am acquainted with all the defendants except Lingg. I saw Parsons and Fielden on Tuesday night, May 4 last, at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building on Fifth Avenue. I had gone there pursuant to a notice of a meeting of the American group in the paper. I knew nothing of this meeting of the group before I read the notice in the paper. The meeting was called to order about half-past eight. Before that we had waited for some time for Mr. and Mrs. Parsons. They finally came about half-past eight. I was elected chairman. I asked the purpose for which the meeting was called. The general topic of consideration was to get money from the treasury for the purpose of furthering the organization of the sewing girls of this city through Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes. The meeting lasted about half an hour; then nearly all of us went over to the Haymarket meeting. I don't remember seeing Schwab at that meeting. We walked over." Witness got on the wagon and when the police came, he said, he got down first in front of Fielden. Fielden did not shoot; he would have killed me if he had shot; I was south of him." They both started for the alley, and there witness lost sight of Fielden. He heard no reference to bloodhounds and saw no one shooting except the police.

On cross-examination Snyder said:

"I used to make addresses to the working people. Never missed an opportunity to show the injustice which they are laboring under. I have been chairman of the American group; addressed meetings of the group from time to time. I never talked to people on the lake front. I read the *Alarm* every time it came out."

"How long have you been a Socialist?"

"Well, I was born one."

THOMAS BROWN, arrested for conspiracy, belonged to the Internationale for about a year and a half, and after Parsons had spoken at the Haymarket he and Parsons went to Zepf's saloon. When the bomb exploded, they were sitting there at a table. Fischer was there at the time. On cross-examination Brown said:

"I was born in Ireland; came to this country some thirty-four years ago. The first organization of Socialists I joined was in the city of Chicago, about 1881. I did not know Parsons at that time. I became acquainted with

Parsons about two or two and a half years ago. When the bomb exploded, Parsons and I jumped up. I did not go out with Parsons from the rear door. I did not go out until some time after the explosion. I next saw Parsons on the corner of Kinzie and Desplaines Streets, when he was with Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes. Parsons asked me what I would do in his case. We separated on the corner. I went north, and I think Parsons went east."

"What was the conversation you had with Parsons?"

"I told him I would leave for a while, under the circumstances. He said: 'What do you think I had better do?' I told him: 'Suit yourself, you are your own boss. You must use your own judgment.' I then loaned him five dollars. Parsons did not say to me that he could not get away because he had no money. He simply asked me for five dollars, and I lent it to him. I did not state to the State's Attorney, at the Central Station, in the presence of Mr. Furthmann, James Bonfield, Lieut. Shea and others, that Parsons had said he had no money to get away with; that I advised him to go, and that I would lend him five dollars. I used to buy the *Alarm* every time it came out, and used to read it. I had stock in the paper."

HENRY W. SPIES, a cigar manufacturer, brother of the defendant, went to the Haymarket with his brother. When his brother got off the wagon to hunt for Parsons, they went in a northwesterly direction from the wagon, but Schwab was not there.

"Schnaubelt and my brother went together, and I and Legner followed right behind them. After asking, 'Is Parsons here?' and descending from the wagon, August did not go in the direction of Crane's Alley, nor into Crane's Alley. He went as far as Union Street, and in fact got down on the side of the wagon, pretty near the middle of it. Just at that time the explosion took place. I asked him what it was. He said, 'They have got a Gatling gun down there,' and at the same time, as he jumped, somebody jumped behind him with a weapon, right by his back, and I grabbed it, and in warding off the pistol from my brother I was shot. I don't know who did the shooting. I didn't see August any more until I went home. I went to Zepf's Hall, though, and inquired for him. August did not leave the wagon about the time the police came, or at any time, and go into the alley. Legner and myself helped him off the wagon just as the explosion came. The firing came from the street."

On cross-examination the witness testified:

"On the 6th of May I was arrested at my house by Officers Whalen and Loewenstein. I told them when the bomb exploded I was at Zepf's Hall, walked out and was shot in the door. I told them I was not at the Haymarket at all, from beginning to end. That was not true when I told it to them. I lied to them. I have told the truth now, when I was under oath. I was afterwards brought down to the Central Station, about the 9th or 10th of May. I was there interrogated by either Mr. Grinnell or Mr. Furthmann, in the presence of Lieuts. Shea and Kipley. I was asked whether I was a Socialist. I don't believe I said I was not. I asked whether you could tell me what a Socialist was. I said I had been on business at Zepf's saloon, which is a fact. I told you that I was down there for the purpose of collecting a bill. That was true when I said it. I also told you I was down there and did a large dealing in cigars. I also stated at that time and place that

I was not at the Haymarket from the beginning, but was in Zepf's saloon, and was shot when I came out of the door at Zepf's. I also said that I did not see my brother that evening until he called at the house and asked me if I had a good physician. I now state that what I then said about that was not the truth. I was not under oath then, and I knew the treatment which my brothers had found."

AUGUST KRUEGER said:

"I saw there the man represented on this picture (Schnaubelt). When I saw him I was standing with Mr. Lehnert on the west side of Desplaines Street, about thirty to forty feet north of Randolph. I saw that man about ten o'clock; he came from the northeast. I didn't know at the time what his name was, although I knew him well. Mr. Furthmann since told me his name is Schnaubelt. Schnaubelt stayed there about five minutes. He wanted to go home, and wanted me to go along, and I went with him down on Randolph Street to Clinton. There I left him; he went further east on Randolph Street, and I turned north on Clinton Street. This is the last I saw of Schnaubelt. I walked down Milwaukee Avenue and went to Engel's house. I reached it about fifteen minutes past ten—I don't remember exactly. Mr. and Mrs. Engel were there. I stayed there and drank a pint of beer. Later Gottfried Waller came in and said he came from the Haymarket, and that 300 men were shot by the police, and we ought to go down there and do something. Engel said whoever threw that bomb did a foolish thing; it was nonsense, and he didn't sympathize with such a butchery, and he told Waller he had better go home as quick as possible."

On cross-examination Krueger said he was known as "Little Krueger."

"I am an Anarchist. I was arrested for a day at the North Side station. I had a conversation there with Capt. Schaack and Mr. Furthmann. I was shown a picture of Schnaubelt at that time. I was asked whether I had ever seen that man. I don't know whether I answered, 'I might have seen him,' or what I answered. I know I had seen him. There were several other officers present at the conversation; I don't know their names. I told Mr. Furthmann there that I was not at the Haymarket; I told him I was at Engel's house. I don't remember what I stated in regard to the time when I got to Engel's house. It may be that I told him that I got to Engel's house at nine o'clock and staid there until eleven, but I don't remember."

ALBERT PRUESSER stated that he telephoned three times to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* for a speaker for the meeting at Lake View. The committee from the Deering factory wanted Spies. Witness was told that Spies could not come, and he said it would make no difference if they sent some one else. A quarter of an hour later he telephoned again and received a reply that Schwab was on the way. He went to meet Schwab at the Clybourn Avenue car. He met him on the rear platform of the car. That was half past nine o'clock, or twenty minutes to ten. They went to Radtke's saloon, 888 Clybourn Avenue, remained there ten minutes, and then Schwab went to the prairie and spoke. He spoke about twenty minutes. When he got through they went and had lunch and beer at Schilling's saloon. Schwab

then took a car for the city. It takes forty-five minutes to reach the corner of Clark and Washington Streets, and ten minutes to the Haymarket if there is no interruption. On cross-examination Pruesser stated that he had been a carrier for the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* for a time.

JOHANN GRUENEBERG testified that he was an intimate friend of Fischer's. He went to the printing establishment of Wehrer & Klein at Fischer's request and got some circulars with the line: "Workingmen, arm yourselves and come in full force." He took them to the compositors' room in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and then took some down to Spies. Fischer, Spies and witness had some conversation, and then he took an order from Fischer to Wehrer & Klein to leave out that line. On cross-examination Grueneberg stated:

"I came to this country from Germany four years ago. I have lived in Chicago two years. I am a carpenter."

"Where did the armed section of the Northwest group drill?"

"I don't know an armed section of the Northwest group. I don't know of a single time that the Northwest group drilled. I know of a paper called the *Anarchist*. I distributed it three or four times. I saw Fischer on Monday, May 3, between five and half-past five, at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, in the compositors' room. I did not see Fischer at any other place on Monday. I saw him on Sunday afternoon at my house, 570 West Superior Street. I did not see him Sunday morning at any place."

"Were you at home all the morning yourself?"

The defense objected to this question.

The Court—"You have put this witness on the stand for the purpose of showing a thing was taken out, a particular circular. Whether he has told that thing as it occurred depends in some degree upon what his associations, feelings, inclinations, biases are in reference to the whole business."

Mr. Black—"Whether he has told the truth in regard to that depends upon his bias and inclinations?"

The Court—"Whether it is to be believed—I don't mean whether he has told the truth."

"I don't remember whether I was home on that Sunday morning," continued the witness. "I was not on Emma Street that Sunday morning. I have known Spies a year and a half; saw him at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and at several Socialistic meetings; once at our group, the other times I don't remember where. I have known Neebe for a short time by sight. I have known Schwab as long as Spies; saw him at our group. He did not belong to the group. He made a speech once every few months. I know Lingg since the 1st of May. I met him at the Carpenters' Union, not any other place."

MRS. LIZZIE MAY HOLMES, assistant editor of the *Alarm* for about a year, detailed what transpired at the meeting of the American group on Tuesday evening, May 4th, and stated that she, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and Mr. Brown, went to the Haymarket. Subsequently they went to Zepf's Hall. She could not say just where Parsons was in the saloon when the explosion occurred. She had not heard of the word "Ruhe" at the meeting Tuesday evening.

On cross-examination she said:

"My name has been Holmes since November 26th last. Before that my name was Swank. All articles in the *Alarm* under which the initials L. M. S. appear are my articles. I wrote an article under date of April 23d, 1886, headed, 'It is Coming.' I meant it in the same way that any prophet means anything, judging from events of past history. I was a member of the American group of the Internationale. That night I went home with Mrs. Parsons and staid there over night. Mr. Parsons did not go home that night. I left him on the corner of Kinzie. I am an Anarchist as I understand Anarchy. I have known Spies about three years, Fielden about four years. The latter was a stockholder in the paper, and I believe complaints were directed to him. I was sometimes absent for a whole week from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building. I wrote my articles at home and at various places. I don't think I have ever been at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building more than six or eight times. I can't remember where the Bureau of Information for the Internationale was. I suppose it was in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

"I never advocated arson, or advised persons to commit arson in my life. I wrote the article entitled 'Notice to Tramps,' in the April 24th number of the *Alarm*, which reads:

"In a beautiful town, not far from Chicago, lives a large class of cultivated, well-informed people. They have Shakespeare, Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier at their tongues' ends, and are posted in history and grow enthusiastic over the wickedness of the safely abolished institutions of the past. They say eloquent things about old fugitive slave laws, etc., which made it criminal to feed and shelter a starving human being if he were black. Posted at the roadside, in the hotels and stores, is a 'Notice to Tramps,' an abominable document which compares well with the old notices to runaway negroes which used to deface similar buildings. It is against the law to feed a tramp. You are liable to a fine if you give a cup of coffee and a piece of bread to a fellow-man who needs it and asks you for it. This is a Christian community, under the flag of the free. Look out, you wretched slaves. If, after toiling through your best years, you are suddenly thrown out of a job along with thousands of others, do not start out to hunt for work, for you will strike plenty of such towns as this. You must not walk from town to town. You must not stay where you are in idleness—you must move on. You must not ride—you have no money, and those tracks and cars you helped to build are not for such as you. You must not ask for anything to eat, or a place to sleep. You must not lie down and die, for then you would shock people's morals. What are you to do? Great heavens! Jump into the lake? Fly up into the air? Or stay—have you a match about you?"

"I wrote that article deliberately; it speaks for itself. I don't think it needs any explanation from me."

SAMUEL FIELDEN was then put on the witness-stand and testified in his own behalf as follows:

"On May 4th last I took a load of stone to Waldheim Cemetery. I had engaged to speak that night at 268 Twelfth Street, and intended to go there. When I got home in the evening I bought a copy of the *Daily News* and there saw the announcement of a meeting of the American group to be held at 107 Fifth Avenue, that night. I believe it said important business. I was the treasurer of the American group, and as such had all the money it was worth. We should have had our semi-annnal election the Sunday previous; besides, I thought that some money would be wanted, as important business was announced, so I determined to go to that meeting instead of to the meeting at which I had engaged to speak. I arrived at 107 Fifth Avenue about ten minutes before eight. I was there when

some telephoning was done with reference to the Deering meeting. The witnesses who have detailed that occurrence are substantially correct. After I had entered the room I asked what the meeting was called for, and a gentleman named Patterson, who was not a member of our organization, showed me a hand-bill, which did not call that meeting, but had reference to the organization of the sewing women. I paid, as treasurer, five dollars to those who had laid out the costs of printing those hand-bills, and who might need a little money for car-fare in going around to hire halls, and other incidental expenses. Schwab must have left there about ten or fifteen minutes past eight. During the progress of the meeting a request was received from the Haymarket meeting for speakers, in response to which Parsons and I went over. Mr. Parsons, I believe, brought his two children down-stairs and gave them a drink of water in the saloon; then we walked together through the tunnel, and from about the west end of the tunnel I walked with Mr. Snyder, with whom I had a conversation. Spies spoke about five minutes longer after we had arrived there; then he introduced Mr. Parsons. During Parsons' speech I was on the wagon. After he concluded I was introdeced by Mr. Spies to make a short speech. I did not wish to speak, but Mr. Spies urged me, and I did speak about twenty minutes. I referred to some adverse criticism of the Socialists by an evening paper, which had called the Socialists cowards and other uncomplimentary names, and I told the audience that that was not true; that the Socialists were true to the interests of the laboring classes and would continue to advocate the rights of labor. I then spoke briefly of the condition of labor. I referred to the classes of people who were continually posing as labor reformers for their own benefit, and who had never done anything to benefit the laboring classes, but had at all times approved the cause of labor, in order to get themselves into office. To substantiate this, I cited the case of Martin Foran, who, in a speech in Congress on the arbitration bill that was brought in by the labor committee, had stated that the working classes of this country could get nothing through legislation in Congress, and that only when the rich men of this country understood that it was dangerous to live in a community where there were dissatisfied people would the labor problem be solved. Somebody in the audience cried out, 'That is not true,' or 'That is a lie.' Then I went over it again, adding words like these: That here was a man who had been on the spot for years, had experience, and knew what could be done there, and this was his testimony. It was not the testimony of a Socialist. Then I went on to state that under such circumstances the only way in which the working people could get any satisfaction from the gradually decreasing opportunities for their living — the only thing they could do with the law would be to throttle it. I used that word in a figurative sense. I said they should throttle it, because it was an expensive article to them and could do them no good. I then stated that men were working all their lifetime, their love for their families influencing them to put forth all their efforts, that their children might have a better opportunity of starting in the world than they had had. And the facts, the statistics of Great Britian and the United States, would prove that every year it was becoming utterly impossible for the younger generation, under the present system, to have as good an opportunity as the former ones had had.

"Mr. Spies asked me, before I commenced, to mention that the Chicago *Herald* had advised the labor organizations of this city to boycott

the red flag. I briefly touched on that, and told them not to boycott the red flag, because it was the symbol of universal freedom and universal liberty.

"I was just closing my remarks about that point, when some one said it was going to rain. There was a dark, heavy cloud which seemed to be rolling over a little to the northwest of me. I looked at it, and some one proposed to adjourn the meeting to Zepf's Hall. Somebody else said: 'No, there is a meeting there,' and I said: 'Never mind; I will not talk very long; I will close in a few minutes, and then we will all go home.' Then I advised them to organize as laboring men for their own protection — not to trust to any one else, but to organize among themselves and depend only upon themselves to advance their condition. I do not think I spoke one minute longer when I saw the police. I stopped speaking, and Capt. Ward came up to me and raised his hand — I do not remember whether he had anything in his hand or not — and said: 'I command this meeting, in the name of the people of the State of Illinois, to peaceably disperse.' I was standing up, and I said: 'Why, Captain, this is a peaceable meeting,' in a very conciliatory tone of voice, and he very angrily and defiantly retorted that he commanded it to disperse, and called, as I understood, upon the police to disperse it. Just as he turned around in that angry mood, I said: 'All right, we will go,' and jumped from the wagon, and jumped to the sidewalk. This is my impression, after being in jail now for over three months, and I am telling, as near as I can remember, every incident of it. Then the explosion came. I think I went in a somewhat southeasterly direction from the time that I struck the street. It was only a couple of steps to the sidewalk. I had just, I think, got onto the sidewalk when the explosion came, and, being in a diagonal position on the street, I saw the flash. The people began to rush past me. I was not decided in my own mind what it was, but I heard some one say 'dynamite,' and then in my own mind I assented that that was the cause of the explosion, and I rushed and was crowded with the crowd. There were some of them falling down, others calling out in agony, and the police were pouring shots into them. We tried to get behind some protection, but there were so many trying to get there that little protection was afforded. I then made a dash for the northeast corner of Randolph and Desplaines Streets, turned the corner and ran until I got to about Jefferson Street. Seeing there was no pursuit, I dropped into a fast walk. I turned on Clinton, intending at that time to go home.

"Immediately after the explosion of the bomb — I had possibly gone three or four steps — I was struck with a ball. I didn't feel much pain at the time, in the excitement, but as I dropped into a walk down on Randolph Street I felt the pain, put my finger in the hole of my pants and felt my knee was wet. Then I concluded I had been shot. Walking down Clinton Street and intending to go home, I began to think about those that had been with me. Remembering about Mr. Spies being on the wagon at the time the police came up, I thought surely that some one of these men must have been killed from all of that shooting. I concluded to take a Van Buren Street car and ride down past the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building and see if any one was there. I caught the car on the corner of Canal, but found that it was a car that runs directly east to State Street. I left the car on Fifth Avenue and walked down Fifth Avenue to Monroe Street. Of course,

I was near the place and could have walked there, but I thought I was so well known in Newspaper Row by the reporters that if I should walk I should be known. So I jumped on the car and stood in front of it. I intended to go up to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building if I saw a light there; but there wasn't any. I alighted near the corner of Randolph Street. Intending to go up to Parsons' house, I took an Indiana Street car. When we got to Clinton Street the driver said: 'Why, there is firing going on up there yet,' and I saw a couple of flashes up near where I thought the Haymarket was, and I said, 'If there is, I am not going up there.' I then walked over on Jefferson Street north to Lake Street, and I saw a terrible crowd of people around there, and thought there might be a good many detectives there. So I turned back again, caught a Canalport Avenue car and rode down to the corner of Canal and Twelfth Streets. There I got my knee dressed by a young doctor who was on the stand here, as it was becoming very painful at that time.

I feel sure that Mr. Spies was at my side when Capt. Ward was talking. I did not see him after I had spoken to Capt. Ward; I did not see him leave the wagon. I jumped off at the south end of the wagon into the street. While I was speaking I did not pay any attention to the people in the wagon, but I think I noticed four or five there a little previous to the police coming up. Mr. Snyder assisted me in getting on the wagon. He got on before I did. When I got down from the wagon Snyder was on the ground. I think I saw him on the sidewalk there. Of course I don't remember everything as distinctly now as I did the next day. I had no revolver with me on the night of May 4th. I never had a revolver in my life. I did not fire at any person at the Haymarket meeting. I never fired at any person in my life. I did not, after leaving the wagon, step back between the wheels of the wagon and fire behind the cover of the wagon; I did not stay there. My whole course was from the wagon south, without stopping, except, perhaps, for the smallest perceptible space of time, when I was startled by the explosion.

"I first heard of the word 'Ruhe' having been published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and about any significance of that word, when I had been in the County Jail for some days. I never had seen or heard of the word before, and did not hear of it on May 4th at any time, and, as I understand it is a German word, I would not have known what it meant if I had seen it. I do not read German. There was no understanding or agreement to which I was a party, or of which I had knowledge, that violence should be used at the Haymarket meeting, or that arms or dynamite should be used there. I anticipated no trouble of that character. I did not use, upon the approach of the police, and did not hear from any person that night any such expression as: 'There come the bloodhounds; you do your duty and I'll do mine.'

"The first I heard of the Haymarket meeting was after I got to the American group meeting on the night of May 4th. I heard, for the first time, about a meeting held by certain persons on Monday night at 54 Lake Street, after I had been from ten to fourteen days in the County Jail, when I read a paper that the police had got track of some such a meeting. I wish to say, however, that I spoke to the wagon-makers on the upper floor of 54 Lake Street on that Monday night. I was never in the basement of that building, except to the water-closet under the sidewalk. I did not go down-stairs there at all on that Monday night, and did not hear of any

meeting being held there until much later, when I read about it, as stated before.

"We drilled not over six times at 54 Lake Street, but nobody ever had arms there. I think it was proposed to call the organization the International Rifles, but I don't think it was ever decided to call it so, as the organization was never perfected, never became an armed organization. We began to meet in August, and the last meetings must have been very near the end of September, 1885. There was no drilling during the winter and spring of 1885-'86. Once a few men belonging to the L. u. W. V. came in with their guns and shouldered arms, but they did not belong to the American group, and that is the only time that I ever saw any arms at any meeting of our organization.

"The shots that were pouring in thick and fast after the explosion of the bomb came from the street—I should judge from the police. I did not hear the explosion of anything before the explosion of the bomb. As I was rushing down the sidewalk, I heard no explosion of any arms among any of the citizens who had attended the meeting.

"I remember the testimony of the detective Johnson. I did not have the conversation which he testified to as having had with me in the presence of the older Mr. Boyd at Twelfth Street Turner Hall, nor at any other place, nor at any other time. I knew that he was a detective long before that, and I would not be fool enough to advocate anything of that kind, if I was a dynamiter, to him. The American group was open to everybody. It was not even necessary to have ten cents admission fee, but the fee was set at ten cents per month to cover the expense of paying for hall rent and advertising. On May 4th I returned home from my work about half past five. I bought the *Evening News* on the sidewalk just before I went into the house.

"On May 3d I took several loads of stone from Bodenschatz & Earnshaw's stone dock, Harrison Street and the river, to different places in the city. I have worked for that firm three or four years. I owned my team and wagon, and they hired those and my services, and paid me by the day. I only worked three-quarters of a day on May 3d. Business was not brisk at that time. I have been a teamster for at least six years. I was arrested at my home at ten o'clock on the morning of May 5th. I was never before arrested in my life. I was taken to the Central Station by four or five detectives in citizens' clothes, and have been confined ever since.

"I had no examination except that I was brought before the Coroner's jury on the evening of May 5th. I did not state to Officer James Bonfield or anybody else, after my arrest at the station, or at any other time or place, that I escaped through Crane's alley on the night of May 4th."

On cross-examination Fielden said:

"I worked in a cotton-mill in England at eight years of age, and continued to work in the same mill until I came to the United States. I worked my way up until I became a weaver, and when I left the mill I was what is called a binder; that is, binding the warps on the beams. I joined the International Working People's Association in July, 1884, by joining the American group. I suppose I was an Anarchist soon after, as soon as I began to study it. I suppose that I have been a revolutionist, in the sense of evolutionary revolution, for some years. I don't know that I have ever been positively of the belief that the existing order of things

should be overthrown by force. I have always been of the belief, and am yet, that the existing order of things will have to be overthrown, either peaceably or by force. When I had the books of the American group it had about 175 members—that was last November. I don't know how many have been added since. There were probably fifteen or twenty ladies among the members. It was called the American group because the English language was used in it. It was not confined to born Americans.

"We tried to found an English-speaking group a year ago last winter, on West Indiana Street. I think we had only two meetings and then abandoned it. I have been making speeches for the last two or three years. They were labor speeches—not always Socialistic and not always Anarchistic; that is, sometimes I have touched on Socialism and Anarchy; sometimes they were delivered from an ordinary trades-union standpoint. I have made a great many speeches on the lake front, some on Market Square, some at West Twelfth Street Turner Hall, some at 106 Randolph Street, some at 54 West Lake. The meetings on the lake front were on Sunday afternoons."

"Did you make a speech on the night of the opening of the new Board of Trade?"

"I did. I have two dollars' worth of stock in the *Alarm*. I was part of the committee to see what should be done about the *Alarm* when it began to get in deep water, and my name was proposed to be put on the paper as the recipient of communications as to its management.

"There were possibly twelve or fifteen members of the American group present at the meeting at 107 Fifth Avenue on May 4th. There were Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Timmons, Mrs. Holmes, Snyder, Brown and some others. I am not positive whether Walters and Ducy were there. I think we staid there until nearly nine o'clock. Balthasar Rau came over from the Haymarket and said Spies was there and a large meeting, and no one else to speak. Some four or five of us went over together. I know that Rau, Parsons, myself and Snyder went about together. Schwab left the *Zeitung* office before us. I had promised, on Sunday night at Greif's Hall, a man who had been to my house before, to speak at a labor meeting at either 368 or 378 West Twelfth Street that Tuesday night. Of those that were on the speakers' wagon, I only remember Parsons, Spies and Snyder. There were some others there who were strangers to me. A boy about sixteen years of age came up on the wagon and rather crowded me to one side, and I told him he might as well stand down. I spoke because Mr. Spies requested me to make a short speech. Mr. Parsons had spoken longer than I thought he would, and I thought it was late enough to close. I don't now remember whether or not I used this language: 'There are premonitions of danger. All know it. The press say the Anarchists will sneak away. We are not going to.' I have no desire to deny that I did use that language. If I used it—and I don't know whether I did—if I had any idea in my mind at any time which would be expressed in that language, I know for what reasons I would have that idea. I used substantially all that language which Mr. English, the reporter, who was on the stand here, testified as having been used by me in my speech at the Haymarket meeting. I did not say that John Brown, Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry and Hopkins said to the people: 'The law is your enemy.' If I used the language, 'We are rebels against it,'—and I possibly did,—I referred to the present

social system. I don't remember that I said: 'It had no mercy; so ought you.' There is not much sense in it, and I will not father it. The report of my speech, as given by Mr. English, has been garbled, and it does not give the connection. I don't accept that as my speech at all. I think I used the language, but you haven't got the sense of it at all, in quoting it in that way.

"After I left the Haymarket meeting, my first intention was to go home. I cannot tell now why I changed my mind about that. Impressions sometimes come on a person's mind which he cannot explain why they come there. I rode on the car in passing the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, instead of walking, and I avoided the crowd on Lake Street, in which I thought there would be lots of detectives, because I certainly didn't wish to be arrested that night. Of course, I thought I would be arrested after the trouble; it was only natural to suppose I would. I did not think there was anything inflammatory or incendiary in my speech. I did not incite anybody to do any overt act to anybody or anything. I spoke generally, from a general standpoint. I meant to say they should resist the present social system, which degraded them and turned them out of employment, and gave them no opportunity to get a living. Somebody threw a bomb. I did not know and do not know now who it was, or anything about it. Still I know, from reading of criminal proceedings, that in cases of that kind they arrest everybody in order to find out who is responsible. I supposed that I, being one of the participants of the meeting, would be arrested—for some time, at least. Knowing my innocence, I made a statement before the Coroner's jury, expecting that when they examined into the truth of my statement I should be released."

On re-direct examination Fielden said:

"If I did make the remark about premonitions of danger in my Haymarket speech, I must have meant that there were so many men striking just then for the eight-hour movement that some trouble might possibly originate between the strikers and their employers, as had been the case in former strikes, and, knowing that all men are not very cool, and some men become aggravated—their condition may have a good deal to do with it—they sometimes commit acts which the officers of the law, in their capacity as such, are compelled to interfere with. I was speaking of the general labor question and the issue that was up for settlement during the eight-hour movement. I had no reference to the presence of dynamite at the meeting. I did not say that John Brown, Jefferson, etc., said that the law was their enemy. What I said in regard to them was, that we occupied, in relation to the present social system, which no longer provided security for the masses, just about the position that John Brown, Jefferson, Hopkins, Patrick Henry occupied in relation to the government and dictation of Great Britain over the Colonies; that they repeatedly appealed to Great Britain to peaceably settle the differences in regard to the port duties, the stamp act, etc., but when it could not be peaceably settled, they could not submit to it any longer, and were compelled to do something else; and it was always the element of tyranny which incited strife, and as it was in that case, so it would be in this. As to the use of the expressions about killing, stabbing, throttling the law, I used them just as a Republican orator, in denouncing the Democratic party, might say, 'We will kill it,' or 'We will throttle it,' or 'defeat it,' or as one might speak of a candidate for office—

'We will knife him.' I used those adjectives, as any speaker would, in rushing along, throw in adjectives without thinking much of what their full import might be. My remarks that night were intended to call upon the people to resist the present social system — not by force, I had no such idea in my mind that night — so that they would be enabled to live; to call their attention to the fact that by the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the subdivision of labor less men were continually needed, more productions produced, and their chance to work decreased, and that by their organizing together they might become partakers in the benefits of civilization, more advantageous and quicker productions."

Together with the testimony given above, of which, of course, the most important was that of the prisoner Samuel Fielden, were the stories of a number of other witnesses whose names have been here omitted. The reason for this is, that while the statements of these persons were of much importance in the trial of the case, to print them all would stretch this book of mine out to unconscionable length. It will suffice to say that several witnesses testified strongly in support of the Anarchist theory of the episodes which occurred about the famous wagon at the Haymarket. Half a dozen others declared that they would not believe Harry W. Gilmer on oath. This statement of the evidence offered is made necessary by the space at my disposal. I have tried throughout this work to be wholly fair to the defense, and the reader will of course understand that these witnesses corroborated the testimony of others which has been previously given in full in these pages.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Close of the Defense — Working on the Jury —The Man who Threw the Bomb — Conflicting Testimony — Michael Schwab on the Stand — An Agitator's Adventures — Spies in his Own Defense —The Fight at McCormick's - -The Desplaines Street Wagon — Bombs and Beer — The Wilkinson Interview —The Weapon of the Future — Spies the Reporter's Friend — Bad Treatment by Ebersold —The Hocking Valley Letter — Albert R. Parsons in his Own Behalf — His Memories of the Haymarket —The Evidence in Rebuttal.

THROUGHOUT the trial the defendants maintained an air of careless indifference. Occasionally during the presentation of particularly striking and damaging evidence — notably that of Thompson and Gilmer — they were noticed to wince, but the flush was only momentary. It was apparent that the prisoners expected in some manner to extricate themselves from their perilous position, and the casual observer would have supposed them involved simply in an ordinary trial. Whatever may have been their real feelings, they did not betray them. After they had begun to place evidence on their own behalf before the jury, they even wore a certain air of cheerfulness ; and whereas previously a sort of stolidity had marked their demeanor, their general bearing now was that of supreme confidence. They evidently felt confident of having made a favorable impression upon the jury. They possibly calculated upon their having successfully impeached the evidence of Gilmer and having proven to some extent their own disconnection with the Haymarket explosion. Fielden's plausible explanations also, no doubt, added to their confidence.

Taking the evidence of the State as a complete exposition of the conspiracy, there seemed to be no consolation in that direction ; but their hope rested in winning over the jury by raising a reasonable doubt through the preponderance of offsetting testimony on their own side, and by making the jury believe, by the manner of their conduct under the severe fire of the prosecution, that they sincerely felt themselves innocent of all "guilty knowledge."

They played their part well, and their attitude is not at all surprising when their former bloodthirsty propensities are taken into consideration. In an ordinary murder or conspiracy trial Fielden's statements might have had some influence in mitigation of extreme punishment, but, overshadowed as it was by overwhelming counter-evidence of complicity in a stupendous crime, the jury subsequently determined that it saw no way of disconnecting him from the other conspirators.

The defendants pretended they had a host of witnesses beyond those that they really required to prove that they had never dreamed there would be a bomb thrown at the Haymarket, but that they only needed to use a few

of these witnesses to establish their innocence. Still, they put a very large number on the stand. The testimony of all these pretended to show what a harmless set of men the State had arrested and put on trial for their lives.

The trend of much of the evidence for the defense seemed directed toward proving the police responsible for the massacre, by having opened fire on a "peaceable gathering;" and, through a brother of the defendant Spies, it was attempted to prove that the enmity of the police toward Anarchists was so great that one of them tried to shoot the defendant in the back while at the Haymarket. This brother of Spies — Henry — had been wounded in the abdomen, and he endeavored, on the witness-stand, to show that he had received the injury while suddenly pressing down the revolver that was aimed at his brother. The explanation was too lame to be serviceable.

At this point several witnesses testified to Lingg's presence at Zepf's Hall early on the night of May 3d. Others strengthened the Anarchistic theory of an alleged police attack at the Haymarket. Still others impeached the witness Gilmer's veracity. Inasmuch as I have previously given in full all the evidence which these people merely corroborated, I have not thought it necessary to give here their statements at length.

JOHN BERNETT, a candy-maker, said he saw the man who threw the bomb. The thrower was right in front of him. The bomb "went west and a little bit north."

"The man who threw it was about my size, maybe a little bit bigger, and I think he had a mustache. I think he had no chin beard, and his clothes were dark."

"Did you ever see that picture before?" (handing witness photograph of Schnaubelt).

"Yes, sir; Mr. Furthmann showed it to me about two weeks ago."

"Do you recognize that as being the man who threw the bomd?"

"I guess not."

"Did you tell Mr. Furthmann so at the time?"

"Yes, sir."

On cross-examination Bernett said:

"I never could recognize anybody. I told Capt. Schaack and Mr. Grinnell that the man who threw the bomb was in front of me, and I could not tell how he did look. When the police came up first I stood right in the middle of the alley. When the captain of the police ordered them to leave that place, I heard somebody say: 'Stand; don't run,' and there were about three or four men, about the middle of the street, west of the wagon, who halloaed out: 'No; we won't do it.' That was said in English. I heard Fielden say something to the officer who spoke to him, but I could not hear it. The crowd began to rush, and rushed me, and I hurried out as fast as I could. I got shot and fell on the sidewalk. I told Mr. Furthmann that I thought the bomb was fired from about fifteen steps south of the alley — I count my steps about two feet and a half. I don't think it

came right from behind the boxes. From the place the bomb was thrown up to the other corner — the house goes up a little further on the other side — the distance is forty-five feet. The bomb was thrown forty-five feet south of the corner of the alley. I cannot remember how far the boxes were south of the alley that night — there was a lamp-post, and then the boxes came. I remember coming to the Central Station on the 7th of May and talking to Officer Bonfield in the presence of Mr. Grinnell. I don't know that I said at that time that the bomb was thrown from behind the boxes, but I think I am right now. I don't think I stated afterwards, some weeks ago, that it was thrown some twenty or twenty-five feet south of the alley. I can't remember now how many feet I stated the distance was, but I think I have got it right now. On the 7th of May I was brought over here by Officer Bonfield and Officer Haas, so that I could see the defendants. I was asked if I had ever seen them before, and I said I had seen them all before on the lake front and the Haymarket. I told Capt. Schaack that I could not describe the man and would not know him if I saw him, and that the man's back was toward me."

MICHAEL SCHWAB was then called in his own behalf, and he made the following statement:

"Up to the 4th of May I lived at 51 Florimond Street. I was co-editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. On the evening of May 4th I left home twenty minutes to eight, went to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and reached there about eight o'clock. I left about ten minutes later. While I was there a telephone message was received asking Mr. Spies to speak at Deering. After that I went over to the Haymarket to see whether I could find Mr. Spies. I didn't stop long over there. I just went through the crowd, as the men out at Deering had been waiting for an hour already. I went over on Washington Street, turned north down Desplaines Street and went across Randolph Street, and north of Randolph on Desplaines I met my brother-in-law, Rudolph Schnaubelt, and talked to him about the matter; then took a car going in an easterly direction and rode up to the Court-house. At the Court-house I took a Clybourn Avenue car and went to Deering's factory. Near the car stables I was met by a man and asked whether I was Mr. Schwab. The man testified here on the witness-stand. I think his name is Preusser, as he told me that night. I should judge it takes about ten minutes from the Haymarket to the Court-house and about forty or forty-five minutes from there to Fullerton Avenue. I stepped from the car with that man; went up to the saloon, 888 Clybourn Avenue, to see the committee, but the committee was not there; so we went directly to the prairie, corner of Fullerton and Clybourn Avenues, and there I met some men who told me that they were the committee. I talked with them some minutes, then mounted the stand and made a speech, twenty or twenty-five minutes long, about the eight-hour movement, to the men who had struck that same day and demanded eight hours' work and ten hours' pay. I returned home about eleven o'clock at night. I didn't pay any attention to the time. After the meeting was over I went with Preusser to a saloon, took a glass of beer and had some lunch, and then I took the next car going south. I left the car on Willow Street, which is not far north from North Avenue, and walked home, which is a distance of about twenty minutes' walk.

"I did not at any time while I was at the Haymarket enter Crane's alley or any alley with Mr. Spies. I had no conversation with him near the

mouth of the alley. I did not walk at any time that night in company with Mr. Spies on the north side of Randolph Street from the corner of Desplaines down past Union Street and return to where the wagon stood. I did not, in company with Mr. Spies, meet Schnaubelt when Spies handed to Schnaubelt any package or anything. I did not see Spies and did not speak to him at all that night at the Haymarket. I did not say anything to Spies or anybody else in the mouth of Crane's alley about pistols or police, or whether one would be enough. I had no such conversation with anybody at the Haymarket or anywhere. I did not say to Mr. Spies or anybody else at any time before the meeting began or at any other time that if the police came we were ready for them or we would give it to them, or any words to that effect.

"When I left the Haymarket the meeting had not begun; men were standing around on all four corners. I had seen Mr. Spies last that day in the afternoon. I did not see him again until the next day in the morning, when I came to the office."

On cross-examination Schwab said:

"I was a member of the North Side group of the International Workingmen's Association from the time it started, some years ago, until up to the 4th of May last. I walked over to the Haymarket from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* that night through the Washington Street tunnel with Balthasar Rau. He left me on Desplaines and Randolph; there I lost him. Then I crossed Randolph Street, and about the middle of Randolph Street met Mr. Heineman. I inquired of some persons whom I knew by sight whether they had seen Spies. I staid there not more than five minutes, then took a car and went east. I went alone. I should judge it was about half-past eight when I took the car on Randolph Street and about twenty minutes of nine when I took the Clybourn Avenue car and went north. I was alone on that way. I don't know what time it was when I got to the saloon at 888 Clybourn Avenue. From there it is about a block or a little more to the prairie where the meeting was held. When I got there I spoke first to some of the members of the committee to find out what they wanted me to speak about. That took about five minutes. After I had spoken to the meeting I went with Preusser to a saloon, corner of Clybourn and Ashland Avenues, not the same saloon I went into the first time. I did not see Balthasar Rau again that night."

"Are you an Anarchist?"

"That depends upon what you mean by that. There are severai divisions of the Anarchists."

"Are you an Anarchist?"

"Well, I can't answer that."

August Vincent Theodore Spies was next put on the stand to testify in his own behalf. He said:

"May 4th last I was one of the editors of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I occupied that position since 1880. Prior to that I was engaged in this country principally in the furniture business. I am a member of the Socialistic Publishing Society, which is organized under the laws of the State of Illinois, and by which the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was published. I was an employé of that society in my position as editor, and as such was subject to their control as to the general policy of the paper.

"At a meeting of the Central Labor Union in the evening of Sunday, May 2, at 54 West Lake Street, which I attended in the capacity of a reporter, I was invited by one or two delegates to address a meeting of the Lumber-shovers' Union on the afternoon of May 3, on the corner of Twenty-second or Twentieth and Blue Island Avenue. As there were no other speakers, I went out. When I came there was a crowd of 6,000 to 7,000 people assembled on the prairie. When I was invited, which was the first information I received of the meeting, nothing was said to me about any relationship of Mr. McCormick's employés to that meeting. I did not know that the locality of the meeting was in the immediate neighborhood of McCormick's. I arrived there, as near as I can judge, a little after three o'clock. Several men were speaking from a car in the Bohemian or Polish language; they were very poor speakers, and small crowds of those assembled detached themselves to the side and talked together. Balthasar Rau introduced me to the chairman of the meeting. I don't remember his name; he testified here. I asked him if I was to speak there, and he said yes. I waited for about ten minutes while reports came in from the different owners of the lumber-yards as to the demand made by the union, which was eight hours' work at twenty-two cents per hour. They then elected a committee to wait upon the bosses to find out what concessions they would make, if any. Thereupon I was introduced to address the meeting, and spoke from fifteen to twenty minutes. Having spoken two or three times almost every day for the preceding two or three weeks, I was almost prostrated, and spoke very calmly, and told the people, who in my judgment were not of a very high intellectual grade, to stand together and to enforce their demands at all hazards; otherwise the single bosses would one by one defeat them. While I was speaking I heard somebody in the rear, probably a hundred feet away from me, cry out something in a language which I didn't understand — perhaps Bohemian or Polish. After the meeting I was told that this man had called upon them to follow him up to McCormick's. I should judge about two hundred persons, standing a little ways apart from the main body, detached themselves and went away. I didn't know where they were going until probably five minutes later I heard firing, and about that time I stopped speaking and inquired where the pistol shots came from, and was told that some men had gone up there to stone McCormick's 'scabs' and that the police had fired upon them. I stopped there probably another five or six minutes, during which time I was elected a member of the committee to visit the bosses, when two patrol wagons came up in great haste on the Black Road, so-called, driving towards McCormick's, followed immediately by about seventy-five policemen on foot, and then other patrol wagons came. I jumped from the car and went up to McCormick's. They were shooting all the while. I thought it must be quite a battle. In front of McCormick's factory there are some railroad tracks, on which a number of freight-cars were standing. The people were running away and hiding behind these freight-cars as much as they could, to keep out of the way of the pistol-firing. The fight was going on behind the cars. When I came up there on this prairie, right in front of McCormick's, I saw a policeman run after and fire at people who were fleeing, running away. My blood was boiling, and, seeing unarmed men, women and children, who were running away, fired upon, I think in that moment I could have done almost anything. At that moment a young Irishman, who probably knew me or had seen me at the meeting, came running from behind the cars and said:



SPIES ADDRESSING THE STRIKERS AT McCORMICK'S.

'What kind of a —— —— business is this? What h—l of a union is that? What people are these who will let those men be shot down here like dogs? I just come from there; we have carried away two men dead, and there are a number of others lying on the ground who will most likely die. At least twenty or twenty-five must have been shot who ran away or were carried away by friends.' Of course I could not do anything there. I went back to where the meeting had been, which was about three blocks away. I told some of them what was going on at McCormick's, but they were unconcerned and went home. I took a car and went down town. The same evening I wrote the report of the meeting which appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of the next day. Immediately after I came to the office I wrote the so-called Revenge circular, except the heading, 'Revenge.' At the time I wrote it I believed the statement that six workingmen had been killed that afternoon at McCormick's. I wrote at first that two had been killed, and after seeing the report in the five o'clock *News* I changed the two to six, based upon the information contained in the *News*. I believe 2,500 copies of that circular were printed, but not more than half of them distributed, for I saw quite a lot of them in the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on the morning I was arrested. At the time I wrote it I was still laboring under the excitement of the scene and the hour. I was very indignant.

"On May 4th I was performing my regular duties at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. A little before nine in the forenoon I was invited to address a meeting on the Haymarket that evening. That was the first I heard of it. I had no part in calling the meeting. I put the announcement of the meeting into the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* at the request of a man who invited me to speak. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* is an afternoon daily paper, and appears at 2 P. M. About eleven o'clock a circular calling the Haymarket meeting was handed to me to be inserted in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, containing the line, 'Workingmen, arm yourselves and appear in full force.' I said to the man who brought the circular that, if that was the meeting which I had been invited to address, I should certainly not speak there, on account of that line. He stated that the circulars had not been distributed, and I told him if that was the case, and if he would take out that line, it would be all right. Mr. Fischer was called down at that time, and he sent the man back to the printing-office to have the line taken out. I struck out the line myself before I handed it to the compositor to put it in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The man who brought the circular to me and took it back with the line stricken out was on the stand here—Grueneberg I believe is his name.

"I left home that evening about half-past seven o'clock and walked down with my brother Henry, arriving at the Haymarket about twenty or twenty-five minutes after eight. I had understood from the invitation that I should address the meeting in German; and, knowing that the English speeches would come first, I did not go there in time to reach the opening of the meeting. When I got there, there was no meeting in progress, however; simply crowds were standing around the corners here and there, talking together. I called them together. After having looked around for a speakers' stand — we generally had very primitive platforms — I saw this wagon on Desplaines Street; and being right near the corner, I thought it was a good place to choose and told the people that the meeting would take place there. There was no light upon the wagon. Early in the meeting I think the sky was bright. I cannot tell whether the lamp at the alley was burning or not; my impression is that it was. I could not say about any other

light. I found the wagon just where we used it. It was not an ordinary truck wagon; it was a half truck and half express wagon, the truck with the box on. I don't know that there were any stakes on it; it was a large, long express wagon. I believe I spoke with my brother Henry as to the advisability of choosing that place. Henry was with me during the entire evening. After the audience got together, somebody suggested to draw the wagon into the Haymarket. I replied that that might interfere with the street traffic, and that the cars would make a good deal of noise. Then I asked if Mr. Parsons was present. I thought he had been invited to address the meeting. I was not on the arrangement committee; but seeing the crowd and seeing that the meeting had been very poorly arranged, I took the initiative. When I asked for Parsons, one of the editors of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, one Schroeder, stepped up and said: 'Parsons is speaking up on the corner of Halsted and Randolph Streets; I just saw him there.' I told him to go and call him. He left, but staid quite a while, and I left the wagon myself, and, in the company of my brother Henry, one Legner and Schnaubelt, whom I had just met, went up the street to find Parsons. Schwab was not with me at that time or at any time that evening. Schnaubelt told me I had been wanted at Deering, but as I had not been at hand Schwab had gone out there. After I left the wagon I did not go to the mouth of Crane's alley. I did not even know at the time that there was an alley there at all. I did not enter the alley with Schwab, had no conversation with him there in which I referred to pistols and police, and in which Schwab asked whether one would be enough, etc., nor anything of that kind. Neither did I have that conversation with anybody else. I left the wagon and moved in a southwesterly direction obliquely across the street to the corner of the Haymarket. From there I went, in company with those I mentioned, up on Randolph Street, beyond Union and pretty near Halsted Street, but, seeing only a few people, probably twenty or twenty-five, standing there scattered, and not seeing Parsons, we returned, walking on the north side of Randolph Street, as we had in going down. I went on the wagon and addressed the meeting. I had no conversation with Schwab, at or about the crossing of Union Street, in which we spoke about being ready for them and that they were afraid to come. I had no such conversation with any one. I don't remember exactly of what we were speaking, but Schnaubelt and I, as we walked along, were conversing in German. I have known Schnaubelt for about two years. I think he has not been in the country more than two years. He cannot speak English at all. He wore a light gray suit that night. In returning to the wagon I went from the corner of the Haymarket right straight to the wagon, in a northeasterly direction. I did not, on my return, or at any time that evening, walk with Schwab across Desplaines Street to the center of the sidewalk, some fifteen feet south of Crane's alley, and at that point meet Schnaubelt, and there take anything out of my pocket, or otherwise, and give it to Schnaubelt, or anybody else, at that location.

"I spoke about fifteen or twenty minutes. I began by stating that I heard a large number of patrol wagons had gone to Desplaines Street Station; that great preparations had been made for a possible outbreak; that the militia had been called under arms, and that I would state at the beginning that this meeting had not been called for the purpose of inciting a riot, but simply to discuss the situation of the eight-hour movement and the atrocities of the police on the preceding day. Then I referred to one of

the morning papers of the city, in which Mr. McCormick said that I was responsible for the affair near his factory; that I had incited the people to commit violence, etc., and I stated that such misrepresentations were made in order to discredit the men who took an active part in the movement. I stated that such outbreaks as had occurred at McCormick's, in East St. Louis, in Philadelphia, Cleveland and other places, were not the work of a band of conspirators, of a few Anarchists or Socialists, but the unconscious struggle of a class for emancipation; that such outbreaks might be expected at any minute and were not the arbitrary work of individuals. I then pointed to the fact that the people who committed violence had never been Socialists or Anarchists, but in most instances had been up to that time the most lawful citizens, good Christians, the exemplary so-called honest workmen, who were contrasted by the capitalists with the Anarchists. I stated that the meeting at McCormick's was composed mostly of humble, church-going good Christians, and not by any means atheists, or materialists, or Anarchists. I then stated that for the past twenty years the wage-workers had asked their employers for a reduction of the hours of labor; that, according to the statement of the secretary of the National Bureau of Labor Statistics, about two millions of physically strong men were out of employment; that the productive capacity had, by the development of machines, so immensely increased that all that any rationally organized society required could be produced in a few hours, and that the mechanical working of men for ten hours a day was simply another method of murdering them. Though every student of social phenomena admitted the fact that society was, under the present condition of overwork, almost retrograding and the masses sinking into degradation, still their demands have been refused. I proceeded to state that the legislators had different interests at stake than those involved in this question, and did not care so much about the welfare of any class of society as for their own interests, and that at last the workingmen had conceived, consciously or unconsciously, the idea to take the matter in their own hands; that it was not a political question, but an economic question; that neither legislatures nor Congress could do anything in the premises, but the workingmen could only achieve a normal day's work of eight hours or less by their own efforts.

"I believe when I had gone so far somebody told me that Mr. Parsons had arrived. Turning around, I saw Parsons; and as I was fatigued, worn out, I broke off and introduced Parsons. I spoke in English. After introducing Parsons I staid on the wagon. When I stopped and Parsons began, I believe there were pretty nearly 2,000 people there; it was an ordinarily packed crowd. The people who wanted to listen would crowd to the wagon, others would stand on the opposite sidewalk, but I did not see any very packed crowd, exactly. While I spoke, I was facing, I believe, in a southwesterly direction; the bulk of the audience stood around the wagon south and southwesterly toward the Haymarket. Parsons spoke forty-five minutes to an hour. He stopped about ten o'clock. I had been requested by several persons to make a German speech, but Parsons had spoken longer than I expected, it was too late, and I didn't feel much like speaking; so I asked Mr. Fielden to say a few words in conclusion and then adjourn. I introduced Fielden to the audience and remained on the wagon until the command was given by Capt. Ward to disperse. I did not see the police until they formed in columns on the corner of Desplaines and Randolph Streets. Somebody behind me, I think, said: 'The police are coming.' I

could not understand that. I did not think even when I saw them that they were marching toward the meeting. The meeting was almost as well as adjourned. There were not over two hundred on the spot. About five minutes previous to that a dark cloud came moving from the north, and it looked so threateningly that most of the people ran away, and some people suggested an adjournment to Zepf's Hall; more than two-thirds of the attendants left at that time. The police halted three or four feet south of the wagon. Capt. Ward walked up to the wagon. Fielden was standing in front of me, in the rear of the wagon. I was standing in the middle of the wagon. Ward held something in his hand, a cane or a club, and said: 'In the name of the people of the State of Illinois, I command you to disperse,' and Fielden said: 'Why, Captain, this is a peaceable meeting.' And Ward repeated, I think, that command, and then turned around to his men, and while I didn't understand what he said to them, I thought he said, 'Charge upon the crowd,' or something to that effect. I did not hear him say: 'I call upon you and you to assist;' he may have said that and I may have misunderstood him. My brother and one Legner and several others that I did not know stood at the side of the wagon; they reached out their hands and helped me off the wagon. I felt very indignant over the coming of the police, and intended to ask them what right they had to break up the meeting, but I jumped down from the wagon. When I reached the sidewalk I heard a terrible detonation; I thought the city authority had brought a cannon there to scare the people from the street. I did not think they would shoot upon the people, nor did I think in the least, at that time, of a bomb. Then I was pushed along; there was a throng of people rushing up, and I was just carried away with them. I went into Zepf's Hall. The firing began immediately, simultaneously with the explosion. I did not see any firing from the crowd upon the police. I did not hear, as I stood upon the wagon, either by Fielden or anybody else, any such exclamation as 'Here come the bloodhounds; men, do your duty and I will do mine.' Fielden did not draw a revolver and fire from the wagon upon the police or in their direction. I did not, before the explosion of the bomb, leave my position upon the wagon, go into the alley, strike a match and light a bomb in the hands of Rudolph Schnaubelt. I did not see Rudolph Schnaubelt in the mouth of the alley then or at any time that evening with a bomb. I did not at that time or any other time that evening go into the mouth of the alley and join there Fischer and Schnaubelt and strike a match for any purpose. Schnaubelt is about six feet three inches tall, I should judge, of large frame and large body.

"I remember the witness Wilkinson, a reporter of the *News*. He was up at the office several times, but I only had one conversation with him as far as I remember. He made an interview out of it. He was introduced to me by Joe Gruenhut, who told me that the *News* wanted to have an article. Wilkinson inquired as to the report of some paper that the Anarchists had placed an infernal machine at the door of the house of Lambert Tree, and I told him that, in my opinion, the Pinkertons were doing such things to force people to engage them and to advertise themselves. He then asked whether I had ever seen or possessed any bombs? I said yes. I had had at the office for probably three years four bombshells. Two of them had been left at the office in my absence, by a man who wanted to find out if it was a good construction. The other two were left with me one day by some man who came, I think, from Cleveland or

New York, and was going to New Zealand from here. I used to show those shells to newspaper reporters, and I showed one to Mr. Wilkinson and allowed him to take it along and show it to Mr. Stone. I never asked him for it since. That part of the conversation was at noon, while I was in a hurry. Wilkinson came in the evening again with Joe Gruenhut, and invited me to dine with him. I had just about half an hour to spend. At the table we talked about an infernal machine which had been placed a few days previous into an office of the Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and about another placed in front of Lambert Tree's house, and I gave the explanation which I have already stated. Talking about the riot drill that had shortly before been held on the lake front, and about the sensational reports published by the papers in regard to the armed organizations of Socialists, I told him that it was an open secret that some three thousand Socialists in the city of Chicago were armed. I told him that the arming of these people, meaning not only Socialists but workingmen in general, began right after the strike of 1877, when the police attacked workingmen at their meetings, killed some and wounded others; that they were of the opinion that if they would enjoy the rights of the Constitution, they should prepare to defend them too, if necessary; that it was a known fact that these men had paraded the streets, as many as 1,500 strong at a time, with their rifles; that there was nothing new in that, and I could not see why they talked so much about it. And I said I thought that they were still arming and I wished that every workingman was well armed.

"Then we spoke generally on modern warfare. Wilkinson was of the opinion that the militia and the police could easily defeat any effort on the part of the populace by force, could easily quell a riot. I differed from him. I told him that the views which the bourgeoise took of their military and police was exactly the same as the nobility took, some centuries ago, as to their own armament, and that gun-powder had come to the relief of the oppressed masses and had done away with the aristocracy very quickly; that the iron armor of the nobility was penetrated by a leaden bullet just as easily as the blouse of the peasant; that dynamite, like gunpowder, had an equalizing, leveling tendency; that the two were children of the same parent; that dynamite would eventually break down the aristocracy of this age and make the principles of democracy a reality. I stated that it had been attempted by such men as General Sheridan and others to play havoc with an organized body of military or police by the use of dynamite, and it would be an easy thing to do it. He asked me if I anticipated any trouble, and I said I did. He asked me if the Anarchists and Socialists were going to make a revolution. Of course I made fun of that; told him that revolutions were not made by individuals or conspirators, but were simply the logic of events resting in the conditions of things. On the subject of street warfare I illustrated with tooth-picks the diagram which had appeared in one of the numbers of the *Alarm*, introduced in evidence here. I said to him that I wasn't much of a warrior, but had read a good deal on the subject, and I particularly referred to that article in the *Alarm*. I said that if, for instance, a military body would march up a street, they would have men on the house-tops on both sides of the street protecting and guarding the main body from possible onslaught, possibly by shooting, firing or throwing of bombs. Now, if the revolutionists or civilians, men not belonging to the privileged military bodies, would form an oblique line on each side of the street at a crossing, they could then very successfully combat the

on-marching militia and police, by attacking them with fire-arms or dynamite. And I used Market Square for illustration. I said there was a system of canalization in large cities. Now, supposing they expected an attack, they could, by the use of a battery and dynamite, blow up whole regiments very easily. I don't think that I said what Wilkinson testified to here in regard to the tunnel, but I may have given the talk a little color. I knew he wanted a sensational article for publication in the *News*, but there was no particular reference to Chicago, or any fighting on our part. The topic of the conversation was that a fight was inevitable, and that it might take place in the near future, and what might and could be done in such an event. It was a general discussion of the possibilities of street warfare under modern science.

"I wrote the word 'Ruhe' for insertion in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on May 4th. It happened just the same as with any other announcement that would come in. I received a batch of announcements from a number of labor organizations and societies a little after eleven o'clock, in my editorial room, and went over them. Among them was one which read: 'Mr. Editor, please insert in the letter-box the word 'Ruhe,' in prominent letters.' This was in German. There is an announcement column of meetings in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, but a single word or something like that would be lost sight of under the announcements. In such cases people generally ask to have that inserted under the head of 'Letter-box.' Upon reading that request, I just took a piece of paper and marked on it 'Briefkasten' (Letter-box), and the word 'Ruhe.' The manuscript which is in evidence is in my handwriting. At the time I wrote that word and sent it up to be put in the paper, I did not know of any import whatever attached to it. My attention was next called to it a little after three o'clock in the afternoon. Balthasar Rau, an advertising agent of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, came and asked me if the word 'Ruhe' was in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I had myself forgotten about it, and took a copy of the paper and found it there. He asked me if I knew what it meant, and I said I did not. He said there was a rumor that the armed sections had held a meeting the night before, and had resolved to put in that word as a signal for the armed sections to keep themselves in readiness in case the police should precipitate a riot; to come to the assistance of the attacked. I sent for Fischer, who had invited me to speak at the meeting that evening, and asked him if that word had any reference to that meeting. He said, 'None whatever;' that it was merely a signal for the boys—for those who were armed to keep their powder dry, in case they might be called upon to fight within the next days. I told Rau it was a very silly thing, or at least that there was not much rational sense in that, and asked him if he knew how it could be managed that this nonsense would be stopped; how it could be undone. Rau said he knew some persons who had something to say in the armed organizations, and I told him to go and tell them that the word was put in by mistake. Rau went pursuant to that suggestion, and returned to me at five o'clock.

"I was not a member of any armed section. I have not been for six years. I have had in my desk for two years two giant-powder cartridges, a roll of fuse and some detonating caps. Originally I bought them to experiment with them, as I had read a good deal about dynamite and wanted to get acquainted with it, but I never had occasion to go out for that purpose, as I was too much occupied. The reporters used to bother

me a good deal, and when they would come to the office for something sensational I would show them these giant cartridges. They are the same that were referred to here by certain witnesses as having been shown on the evening of the Board of Trade demonstration. One of them will yet show a little hole in which I put that evening one of those caps, to explain to the reporter how terrible a thing it was. In fact, if that cartridge, as it is, were exploded in a free place, it would just give a detonation, and the concussion of the air might throw one on the floor, but it could do no harm to anybody. I know absolutely nothing about the package of dynamite which was exhibited here in court, and was claimed to have been found on a shelf in a closet in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building. I never saw it before it was produced here in court. I don't know anything about a revolver claimed to have been found in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. That was not my revolver, but I always carried a revolver. I had a very good revolver. I was out late at night, and I always considered it a very good thing to be in a position to defend myself. Strangely, I did not have that pistol with me on the night of the Haymarket. It was too heavy for me, and, while I took it along first, I left it with ex-Alderman Stauber on my way. I guess it is there now.

"I was arrested on Wednesday morning after the Haymarket meeting, about half-past eight o'clock, at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* editorial room. I had begun writing. I had come to the office a little after seven o'clock, as usual. A man who afterwards told me he was an officer, James Bonfield, asked Mr. Schwab and myself to come over to police headquarters; that Superintendent Ebersold wanted to have a talk with us on the affair of the previous night. I was very busy and asked him if it could not be delayed until after the issue of the paper. He said he would rather have me come along then, and I, unsuspectingly, went along to the station. The Superintendent received us by saying: 'You dirty Dutch —— ——, you dirty hounds, you rascals, we will choke you; we will kill you.' And then they jumped upon us, tore us from one end to the other, went through our pockets, took my money and everything I had. I never said anything. They finally concluded to put us in a cell, and then Mr. Ebersold said: 'Well, boys, let's be cool.' I think Mr. James Bonfield interfered during the assault made upon us by Mr. Ebersold, and suggested to him that that was not the proper way nor the proper place. I have been continuously confined from then until now."

On cross-examination Spies stated:

"There was in fact no editor-in-chief of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung;* there was a kind of autonomous editorial arrangement, but I was looked to as the editor-in-chief. I mean in the editorial department every one wrote what he pleased, and it was published without my looking at it. I never assumed any responsibility for the editorials. I never was made responsible by the company for the management of the paper. Schwab's salary was the same as mine; our positions were coördinate. The management of the paper was left with the board of trustees; the editors had very little to say about it. Nobody looked over the editorials before they were inserted. Contributed articles were looked over sometimes by one of the reporters, sometimes by Schwab or Schroeder, or myself. Schroeder was editor for four months. I usually glanced at the paper to keep track of what it contained. Fischer was merely a compositor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung;* he had nothing to

do with the editorials or management of the paper. I had nothing to do with the *Alarm*, except for four or five weeks, when I edited it in the absence of Mr. Parsons."

"Was money ever sent you for the *Alarm?*"

"There was. I also paid the bills for the printing of the *Alarm.*"

"Did you ever write contributions for the *Alarm?*"

"I have occasionally, whenever they were in need of manuscript. Of the bombs I had I received the two iron cast ones first. That was about three years ago. A man who gave his name as Schwape or Schwoep brought them to me. I only saw him once. I think he was a shoemaker, came from Cleveland, and left for New Zealand. He asked me if my name was Spies. I told him yes; and he asked me if I had seen any of the bombs that they were making, or something like that. I don't know to whom he referred by 'they.' He spoke of people in Cleveland with whom he had associated; I didn't ask him and didn't know what class of people. I said I hadn't seen any of them. I don't remember anything more about the conversation I had with him. I would have twelve or fifteen conversations every day; this one was out of the order of my regular conversations; my recollection is, I got rid of him as soon as he would leave. He left those there; he said he would not take them along. I didn't ask him if he had any more with him. They were bombs exploding by percussion, heavier on one side than on the other, so that when they were thrown the cap would always come down. I think they were at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on May 4. I never saw the man before or after that. The other two bombs which Wilkinson called 'Czar bombs,' a term which I never used to him, were left one day, in my absence, in the office. When I came from dinner I saw them on my desk and was told that a man had brought them there to inquire whether they were bombs of a good construction, and the man never called for them. That was about a year and a half or two years ago. One I gave to Wilkinson; the other one, I suppose, was at the office ever since. I don't know what became of it and of the two iron bombs. I had not seen them for some time, but I thought they were at the office. I got the dynamite about two years ago from the Ætna Powder Company. I got two of those bars. My intention at first was to experiment with them."

"What object did you have in experimenting with the dynamite?"

"I had read a great deal about dynamite and thought it would be a good thing to get acquainted with its use, just the same as I would take a revolver and go out and practice with it. I don't want to say, however, that it was merely for curiosity. I can give no further explanation. I got the caps and the fuse, because I would need them to experiment with. I was never present, to the best of my recollection, when experiments were made with dynamite. Neither bombs nor dynamite were ever distributed through the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. I did not tell Mr. Wilkinson that they were. I never handled any dynamite outside of the two cartridges; never had anything to do with the distribution of dynamite. I know Herr Most; I guess I have known him for three years. This letter here is from Most. I do not know whether I answered that letter. I cannot remember."

"In whose handwriting is this postal card?"

"It is Most's handwriting. I suppose I received it — I see my address on it. I do not remember having read that postal or this letter at this date. I don't remember the contents of that letter. I have undoubtedly received

and read it, but don't recollect anything about it now. I never carried on any correspondence with Most. I don't remember whether I answered the postal card, and whether I said or wrote to Most anything in regard to the inquiries made of me in this letter. I know positively I did not give him the directions where to ship the material mentioned in the letter. There may have been a letter addressed in my care which I may have sent to Most, but I know absolutely nothing outside of that.

"As to the phrase, 'The social revolution,' which occurs in my writings, I mean by it the evolutionary process, or changes from one system to another, which take place in society; I meant a change from a wage system, from the present relations between labor and capital, to some other system. By the abolition of the wage system I mean the doing away with the spoliation of labor, making the worker the owner of his own product.

"I was invited to go to the Haymarket meeting at nine o'clock on Tuesday, by Mr. Fischer. It was about eleven o'clock when I objected to that last line in the circular. I objected to that principally because I thought it was ridiculous to put a phrase in which would prevent people from attending the meeting. Another reason was that there was some excitement at that time, and a call for arms like that might have caused trouble between the police and the attendants of that meeting. I did not anticipate anything of the kind, but I thought it was not a proper thing to put that line in. I wrote the 'Revenge' circular, everything except the word 'Revenge.' I wrote the words, 'Workingmen, to arms!' When I wrote it I thought it was proper; I don't think so now. I wrote it to arouse the working people, who are stupid and ignorant, to a consciousness of the condition that they were in, not to submit to such brutal treatment as that by which they had been shot down at McCormick's on the previous day. I wanted them not to attend meetings under such circumstances, unless they could resist. I did not want them to do anything in particular — I did not want to do anything. That I called them to arms is a phrase, probably an extravagance. I did intend that they should arm themselves. I have called upon the workingmen for years and years, and others have done the same thing before me, to arm themselves. They have a right, under the Constitution, to arm themselves, and it would be well for them if they were all armed. I called on them to arm themselves, not for the purpose of resisting the lawfully constituted authorities of the city and county, in case they should meet with opposition from them, but for the purpose of resisting the unlawful attacks of the police or the unconstitutional and unlawful demands of any organization, whether police, militia or any other. I have not urged them in my speeches and editorials to arm themselves in order to bring about a social revolution or in order to overthrow the lawful authority of the country."

The letter referred to as that of Most, which was in German, and which was dated 1884, was then put in evidence and read, as follows:

"*Dear Spies:* — Are you sure that the letter from the Hocking Valley was not written by a detective? In a week I will go to Pittsburg, and I have an inclination to go also to the Hocking Valley. For the present I send you some printed matter. There Sch. 'H.' also existed but on paper. I told you this some months ago. On the other hand I am in a condition to furnish 'medicine,' and the 'genuine' article at that. Directions for use are perhaps not needed with these people. Moreover they were recently published in the 'Fr.' The appliances I can also send. Now, if you consider the address of Buchtell thoroughly reliable, I will ship twenty or twenty-five pounds But how? Is there an express line to the place, or is there another way possible? Paulus, the Great, seems to delight in hopping around in the swamps of the N. Y. V. Z. like a blown-up (bloated) frog. His tirades excite

general detestation. He has made himself immensely ridiculous. The main thing is only that the fellow cannot smuggle any more rotten elements into the newspaper company than are already in it. In this regard, the caution is important to be on the minute. The organization here is no better nor worse than formerly. Our group has about the strength of the North Side group in Chicago; and then, besides this, we have also the Soc. Rev. § 1, the Austrian League and the Bohemian League, so to say three more groups. Finally, it is easily seen that our influence with the trade organizations is steadily growing. We insert our meetings in the Fr., and cannot notice that they are worse attended than at the time when we got through weekly $1.50 to $2.00 into the mouth of the N. Y. V. Z. Don't forget to put yourself into communication with Drury in reference to the English organ. He will surely work with you much and well. Such a paper is more necessary as to the truth. This, indeed, is getting more miserable and confused from issue to issue, and in general is whistling from the last hole. Enclosed is a fly-leaf which recently appeared at Emden, and is perhaps adapted for reprint. Greeting to Schwab, Rau and to you. Yours,

"JOHANN MOST.

"P. S.—To Buchtell I will, of course, write for the present only in general terms.
"A. SPIES, No. 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois."

The postal card referred to was also put in evidence and read, as follows:

"L. S. (*Dear Spies*:) I had scarcely mailed my letter yesterday when the telegraph brought news from H. M. One does not know whether to rejoice over that or not. The advance is in itself elevating. Sad is the circumstance that it will remain local, and, therefore, might not have a result. At any rate, these people make a better impression than the foolish voters on this and the other side of the ocean. Greetings and a shake.

"Yours, J. M."

ALBERT R. PARSONS made the following statement in his own behalf:

"I have resided in Chicago for thirteen years. I was born June 20, 1848. On Sunday, May 2, I was in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. Came back from there to Chicago on Tuesday morning, May 4th, between seven and eight o'clock. I caused a notice calling for a meeting of the American group at 107 Fifth Avenue, on the evening of May 4th, to be inserted in the *Daily News* of that evening. In the evening I left my house in company with Mrs. Holmes, my wife and two children, about eight o'clock. We walked from home until we got to Randolph and Halsted Streets. There I met two reporters that I have seen frequently at workingmen's meetings. One of them was a reporter whose name I don't know; the other was Mr. Heineman of the *Tribune*. There Mrs. Holmes, my wife and children and myself took a car and rode directly to the meeting at 107 Fifth Avenue. We arrived there about half-past eight and remained about half an hour. After the business for which the meeting had been called was about through, some one, I understood it was a committee, came over from the Haymarket and said that there was a large body of people and no speakers there except Mr. Spies, and myself and Mr. Fielden were urged to come over to address the mass-meeting. After finishing up the work, we adjourned and walked over. Fielden and myself crossed the river through the tunnel. There were three or four others present, but I don't remember their names. I think it was after nine o'clock when I reached the meeting on Desplaines Street near the Haymarket. Mr. Spies was speaking. I managed to squeeze through the crowd, was assisted upon the wagon at once by some gentlemen standing about, and within a minute or two Mr. Spies concluded, stated that I had arrived and would address the meeting, and asked their attention while I was talking. I suppose I spoke about three-quarters of an hour. At the close of my speech I got down from the wagon. I think I was assisted by Henry Spies, who was standing by the wagon. Then I went to the wagon which stood about fifteen or twenty feet north of the

speakers' wagon, on which my wife and Mrs. Holmes were seated, listening to us. I got into that wagon, asked them how they were enjoying themselves, etc., and while talking with them, about ten minutes later, a coolness in the atmosphere attracted my attention. I looked up and observed white clouds rolling over from the north, and as I didn't want the ladies to get wet, I went on to the speakers' wagon and said: 'Mr. Fielden, permit me to interrupt you a moment.' 'Certainly,' he said. And I said: 'Gentlemen, it appears as though it would rain. It is getting late. We might as well adjourn anyway, but if you desire to continue the meeting longer, we can adjourn to Zepf's Hall, on the corner near by.' Some one in the crowd said: 'No, we can't; it is occupied by a meeting of the furniture workers.' With that I looked and saw the lights through the windows of the hall, and said nothing further. Mr. Fielden remarked that it did not matter; he had only a few words more to say. I went over again to where the ladies were, helped them off the wagon and told them to go down to this corner place, and we would all get together and go home. They walked off, and some one detained me for a moment; then I followed them and met near the edge of the crowd a man whom I knew very familiarly — Mr. Brown. I asked him to have a drink with me, as the speaking had made me hoarse, and we moved off a little in the rear of the ladies, to the saloon. There had been no appearance of the police, no explosion or any disturbance up to that time. As I entered the saloon I noticed some four or five gentlemen standing at the bar. There were possibly as many as ten people sitting at tables on the other side next the wall, and about five or six men standing in the center of the floor talking to each other, among whom I noticed Mr. Malkoff, talking to a gentleman whom I did not know, but I supposed he was a reporter. He was upon the witness-stand in this trial. I believe it was Mr. Allen. The ladies took seats about ten feet from the door, in the saloon, at the end of the first table, with their backs to it, looking into the street. I said something to them, and I believe just then I introduced some one to Mrs. Parsons. Afterwards I went to the bar with Brown, and we had a glass of beer and a cigar. Then I turned around and noticed Mr. Fischer sitting at one of the tables and said a few words to him and sat down at the table for a few moments. Then I think I went around to where the ladies were, and I was standing near them looking out and wondering if the meeting would not close, anxious to go home. All at once I saw an illumination. It lit up the whole street, followed instantly by a deafening roar, and almost simultaneously volleys of shots followed, every flash of which, it seemed to me, I could see. The best comparison I can make in my mind is that it was as though a hundred men held in their hands repeating revolvers and fired them as rapidly as possible until they were all gone. That was the first volley. Then there were occasional shots, and one or two bullets whistled near the door and struck the sign. I was transfixed. Mrs. Parsons did not move. In a moment two or three men rushed breathlessly in at the door. That broke the apparent charm that was on us by the occurrence in the street, and with that I called upon my wife and Mrs. Holmes to come with me to the rear of the saloon. We remained there, possibly, twenty minutes or so."

On cross-examination Parsons said:

"I was born in Montgomery, Alabama. Since I came to Chicago I worked as a type-setter for the first eight or nine years; then for a year and

a half myself and wife had a suit business on Larrabee street; then for about a year and a half myself and wife made ladies' wrappers and suits, and I went out soliciting orders. For the last two years, since October, 1884, I was editor of the *Alarm*. It was a weekly paper for about a year, and then a semi-monthly. I wrote down the memorandum of my utterances on the night of May 4th, which I used in giving my testimony as to my speech, from time to time, as they occurred to me, and in looking over Mr. English's report. When I referred to the methods which the Chicago *Times* and the Chicago *Tribune* and Tom Scott advised against striking workingmen, I told them they should defend themselves against such things in any way they could, by arming, if necessary. I did not mention dynamite at that meeting. I possibly mentioned it at other meetings. I said nothing about bombs that night, neither as a defensive means, or something to use against them. I did not, when I said that the present social system must be changed in the interest of humanity, explain to them how the social change should be brought about, because I did not know myself. I think I told the audience that the existing order of things was founded upon and maintained by force, and that the actions of the monopolists and corporations would drive the people into the use of force before they could obtain redress. I might have stated that — I am not sure. I did not tell them that the ballot was useless for them because the majority was against them. That is not correct; the workingmen are vastly in the majority. I did not tell them that night that the only way they could obtain their rights was by overturning the existing order of things by force. I could not tell whether there were any strikers present that night. There were very few Socialists present. I am a Socialist. I am an Anarchist, as I understand it."

W. A. S. GRAHAM, a reporter with no Anarchistic tendencies, had interviewed Harry Gilmer at the City Hall as to what he had seen at the Haymarket and who threw the bomb.

HARRY GILMER was then recalled by the defendants and stated that he had seen the gentleman (pointing to Graham) at the Central Station, and that he (Graham) asked him if he could identify the man who threw the bomb. Gilmer had answered that he could if he saw him. Witness did not say during the conversation that he saw the man throw the bomb, but that the man had his back to him and had whiskers. Witness did not say that the man was of medium size with dark clothes, and that he saw him light the fuse and throw the bomb.

Mr. Graham was recalled and stated that the man (Gilmer) just on the stand had told him that he saw the man light the fuse and throw the bomb, and that he could identify him if he saw him. Gilmer told him that the man was of medium height, and thought he had whiskers and wore a soft black hat, but had his back turned toward him. On cross-examination witness said:

"I had this conversation about four o'clock in the afternoon of May 5th. I talked with him about three or four minutes. He said nothing about there being more than one man at that location, a knot of men, or anything of that kind. He said that one man lighted the fuse and threw the bomb; he did

not say anything about how it was lighted, whether with a match or a cigar, I did not ask him that. He said he was standing in Crane's alley when it was done.

This closed the evidence for the defense, and by agreement several newspaper articles and an address of Victor Hugo to the "Rich and Poor" were introduced. The State then proceeded to put in rebutting testimony.

DANIEL SCULLY, a justice of the peace, was first examined. He stated that at the preliminary examination, held on the 25th of May, Officer Wessler had not stated in his testimony that Stenner was the man who fired the shot from the wagon; neither had Officer Foley so stated.

"Did he, at that time, give a description of the man who fired the shot over the wagon that night as a stout man with heavy whiskers, saying at the same time that if he ever saw him again he thought he could identify him?" "Yes, sir. Stenner was discharged upon that examination."

INSPECTOR JOHN BONFIELD met Mr. Simonson, a witness in this case, at the police station on the night of the Haymarket riot. The man was introduced to him by Capt. Ward as a member of the firm of J. V. Farwell & Co.

"We three stood together outside of the railing. Mr. Simonson opened the conversation by remarking to me that he understood that the horses belonging to the Police Department were getting used up with the constant work they had, and that either Mr. Farwell or the firm — I understood him to say Mr. Farwell — that their horses were at our service in case we needed any horses. I told him that our teams had stood the work so far very well, but that if the troubles continued for any length of time we would likely need assistance and would call upon him if occasion demanded it, thanking him for his offer. He then spoke about the trouble at McCormick's and on Centre Avenue and Eighteenth Street that afternoon, and said the police ought to have dispersed those crowds; not to have allowed them to collect. I did not, in the course of that conversation, tell him that I would like to get a crowd of 3,000 without any women and children, and in that case would make short work of them, or anything to that effect."

The most important part of the work done by the State at this phase of the proceedings was the strong indorsement of Harry W. Gilmer's veracity which was produced before the jury. To the credibility of this witness, and to their acquaintance with, and respect for him, the following persons testified: Judge Tuthill of the Superior Court, Chas. A. Dibble, John Steele, Michael Smith, Benjamin F. Knowles, Chester C. Cole, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa, Edward R. Mason, Clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court at Des Moines, Samuel Merrill, President of the Citizens' National Bank of Des Moines, Canute R. Matson, Sheriff of Cook County, Sylvanus Edinburn, W. P. Hardy, John L. Manning, an attorney, and many others. Many of these witnesses had known Gilmer in Iowa for many years; others were old acquaintances of his in Chicago; all of them swore that he was worthy of belief.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Opening of the Argument — Mr. Walker's Speech —The Law of the Case —Was there a Conspiracy?—The Caliber of the Bullets—Tightening the Chain — A Propaganda on the Witness-stand—The Eight-hour Movement — "One Single Bomb" —The Cry of the Revolutionist — Avoiding the Mouse-trap — Parsons and the Murder — Studying "Revolutionary War"— Lingg and his Bomb Factory—The Alibi Idea.

THE evidence being now all in, Francis W. Walker, Assistant State's Attorney, on the morning of August 11th, began his address to the jury. Although his argument was an exceedingly lengthy one, he held his audience and the jury to the closest attention from the first word to the last. Mr. Walker began by an examination of the law, defining what is meant by the term "reasonable doubt," which he believed would be one of the arguments used by the defense. Following this he read the statutes showing what murder is, and what an accessory, under the laws of Illinois. Under the statute, as he proved, an accessory is to be held as a principal. Following this he reviewed at some length Mr. Salomon's statement, in that gentleman's opening speech, that the prisoners had been guilty, if they were guilty at all, of no crime more serious than conspiracy. Mr. Walker held that the fact that murder had followed the conspiracy proved the conspirators murderers. His logic was clear, cogent and unanswerable. Its effect could be seen in the gloomy attention which the doomed Anarchists paid to his fatal chain of reasoning.

Leaving the authorities to one side, Mr. Walker addressed himself to the facts made manifest by the evidence. He said:

"We start out first upon the analysis of the facts of this case in this way: Was there an unlawful combination, a conspiracy, to overthrow the systems of this Government upon the 1st day of May, 1886? Was the bomb thrown on the 4th of May in pursuance of the common design? Are these defendants members of that conspiracy? When those questions are answered in the affirmative the guilt of each and every one of these defendants of murder is proven beyond a reasonable doubt. But, if we go further than that, the argument would embrace the topic: Was there a murder committed at the Haymarket? Did the defendants aid, abet and assist the commission of that act? Or, if they were not present aiding, abetting and assisting, had they advised, encouraged, aided and abetted the perpetration of the crime? Under either aspect of this case, the defendants are guilty of murder with malice aforethought.

"Was there a conspiracy? Was there a conspiracy to culminate on or about the 1st day of May? Were the defendants members of that conspiracy? Was the conspiracy unlawful? Was the bomb thrown in pursuance of the common design? Let us investigate the facts and answer each proposition."

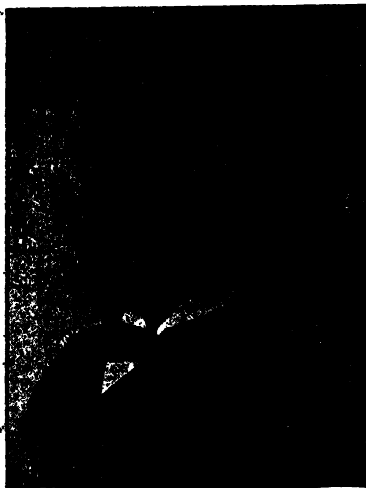
Mr. Walker went into the peculiar fact that the bullets found in the

bodies of the officers were 22 and 44-caliber; the officers carried 38-caliber. The witnesses who had appeared for the defense in this case were armed with pistols of the first-named sizes.

He read to the jury many remarkable extracts from Most's writings, pointing out the peculiar and criminal teachings of that Anarchist leader, and showing how Spies and the others had in every detail of their connection with the police, after the Haymarket murders, followed the printed advice given.

Following is one of the extracts from Most's book:

"Shield your person as long as there is a possibility to preserve it for future deeds, but when you see that you are irredeemably lost, then use the short respite to make the most of it for the propaganda of your principles. We have regarded it our duty to give you these instructions, the more so as we see from day to day even people who are expert in revolutionary matters violating even the plainest rules. May their lives be the last which are necessary in this regard.



FRANCIS W. WALKER.
From a Photograph.

"I read you, gentlemen, this, so that we may start out from the proper standpoint and position, before we argue as to the merits of the testimony of the defendants' witnesses in this case. Who are they? Who is their advisor? Why, they have started out in social life agreeing to swear to perjury. They belong to the Social Revolution. There is not one of them, gentlemen, that bears upon his face the stamp of sensibility or of heart, and there can be no argument made when they talk about the motive to justify murder and the advice of murder, only from the malignant heart. Here they picture murder and gloat over it. They feast over the description of how to poison easiest, as the hyena does over the corpse of the dead.

"Most laughs in his own book. He tells to the 'mere compositor': 'Use a dagger with grooves in it; the poison will stay on it the more readily.' And a file is adopted for the purpose.

"Gentlemen, we have found without any further analysis the reason why the defendant Parsons converted the witness-stand into a propaganda. It took him an hour by the clock here to repeat the substance of the speech that he delivered in less than three-quarters of an hour upon the Market Square. He endeavored to deny the conspiracy by an alibi; and I mean by that the conspiracy upon the night of May 4th. He only said he was in Cincinnati on Sunday, and did not get back until Tuesday morning. They never asked him if he knew what 'Ruhe' meant. They did not ask Schwab if he knew what 'Ruhe' meant. The only defendant that they have asked as to his personal knowledge of 'Ruhe' is the defendant Fielden—the only one, the only one from the beginning to the close of this case.

"Was there a conspiracy? There has been a conspiracy existing in this community to overthrow the law of the State of Illinois by force, for years

and years. In 1885, upon the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, in the city of Grand Rapids, the arch-conspirator in this case—because he is the one that is the most contemptible—said in the city of Grand Rapids—I refer you now to the testimony of Mr. Moulton and George Schook: 'There are three thousand men, armed, in the city of Chicago, secretly drilled. They are known by numbers and not by names. Whoever wishes to join may join, but before you have joined you cannot know their secrets, Mr. Moulton. There will be a revolution when the eight-hour movement takes place. We will favor the eight-hour not because we believe in it, but because it will assist us in the social revolution, and the eight-hour movement will occur on or about the 1st of May, 1886. If I fail, I shall be hanged.' And then the man that puts the word 'Ruhe' for the purpose of this case on the shoulder of Fischer, compares himself to George Washington, and in his grotesque and horrible vanity says: 'I am a rebel, and if I don't succeed I shall be hanged.'

"On October, 17, 1885, in the city of Chicago, at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall, August Spies again, in a public meeting, admitted the great conspiracy and again foreshadowed the coming revolution on the first of May; and this was published by his coördinate editor in the *Alarm*, at the same office, 107 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Parsons.

"The defendant Spies has been upon the stand. He only denied as to a conspiracy, and never whispered a word of denial except when he got to the word 'Ruhe.' Without explanation he could never escape the effect of that word, and his explanation is the evidence of his guilt; he tried to put that on Fischer.

"August Spies was introduced at this point and offered the following resolutions: Whereas, a general move has been started among the organized wage-workers of this country for the establishment of an eight-hour work-day, to begin on May 1, 1886; whereas, it is to be expected that the class of professional idlers, the governing class who prey upon the bone and marrow of the useful members of society, will resist this attempt by calling to their assistance the Pinkertons, the police and State militia: Therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That we urge upon all wage-workers the necessity of procuring arms before the inauguration of the proposed eight-hour strike, in order to be in a position of meeting our foe with their own argument, force.

"Here is shown the sincerity of these men in their endeavor to ameliorate the laborer—as they call it, the wage-worker.

"*Resolved*, That while we are skeptical in regard to the benefits that will accrue to the wage-worker from the introduction of the eight-hour work-day, we nevertheless pledge ourselves to aid and assist our brethren of this class with all that lies in our power as long as they show an open and defiant front to our common enemy, the labor-devouring class of aristocratic vagabonds, the brutal murderers of our comrades in St. Louis, Chicago and Philadelphia and other places. Our war-cry is, 'Death to the enemy of the human race, our despoilers.'

"What does that mean? It was published in the *Alarm*. Was there a conspiracy, gentlemen, against the police on the first day of May, 1886? After the reading, these resolutions were received with round after round of applause, and the chair was about to put a vote, when Mr. J. K. Magie arose and said that he understood a discussion of them to be in order. He denounced the revolutionary character of the resolutions. He believed that six hours of labor was enough! This man was a labor agitator and believes in the amelioration of labor. 'This is the best form of government that ever existed,' he said of this Republic. He is an American citizen and believes in the institutions of his country. 'If there are abuses, there is a proper way to correct them. Eighty per cent. of the voting population are

working people; they should strike with the ballot and not with the bullet.' Then this ameliorator of labor, August Spies, supposed that Mr. Magie did not like the terms in which the members of the Government were referred to. The reason of this was that Mr. Magie was one of those political vagabonds himself. There were nine millions of the best people engaged in the industrial trades of this country. There were but one million of them as yet organized — one million, and by the way, that is significant in the fact that these men fought to achieve this result all over the country. Schnaubelt had said at 54 West Lake Street the night before, the 3d of May, 'We must telegraph our success to all the other cities throughout the country.'

"To make the movement in which they were engaged — the eight-hour movement for the 1st of May — a successful one, it must be a revolutionary one. 'Don't let us,' he exclaimed, 'forget the most forcible argument, the gun and dynamite.'

"Was there a conspiracy? Turn to the cross-examination of Wilkinson by Capt. Black, and find that part where Wilkinson said he had heard Joe Gruenhut say that the revolution that Spies spoke of was to occur, the conflict was actually to occur on the 1st or after the 1st of May, 1886. This was brought out by Capt. Black himself on cross-examination of this witness. In the first place you must remember that Lingg was in this country before the Christmas of 1885, between the 1st day of January and the 14th day of January. The Czar bomb, but six or eight weeks after Lingg came here, was handed to Wilkinson by Spies — the twin, the same bomb in general construction and general make-up as that used at the Haymarket on that night, made by Lingg on the afternoon of that day, or filled with dynamite on the afternoon of that day."

Following this Mr. Walker reviewed Parsons' utterances in the *Alarm*, quoting many of them. He argued that it was this sort of language and the dynamite bomb at the Haymarket which accounted for the failure of the eight-hour movement in the United States.

Coming to August Spies, he read from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* the following characteristic *morceau:*

"'Six months ago, May 4th, when the eight-hour movement began' — this is in Spies' own handwriting — 'there were speakers and journals of the I. A. A.' — that is the International Arbeiter Association — 'who proclaimed and wrote: "Workingmen, if you want to see the eight-hour system introduced, arm yourselves. If you don't do this you will be sent home with bloody heads, and the birds will sing May songs upon your graves." "That is nonsense," was the reply. "If the workingmen are organized they will gain the eight-hour in their Sunday clothes." Well, what do you say now? Were we right or wrong? Would the occurrence of yesterday have been possible if our advice had been followed? Wage-workers, yesterday the police of this city murdered at McCormick's factory four of your brothers, and wounded more or less,' etc. 'If the brothers who defended themselves with stones (a few of them had little snappers in the shape of revolvers) had been provided with good weapons and one single dynamite bomb, not one of the murderers would have escaped their well-merited fate.'

"The police went up there; they were nearly being murdered with stones; the mob were throwing at them before they ever fired a shot; and this man the next day writes: 'Had they' — the mob — 'been provided

with good weapons and one single dynamite bomb, not one of the murderers would have escaped his well-deserved fate.' Then see: 'As it was, only four of them were disfigured. That is too bad."

"Here, here is a man that has no design upon the police, don't believe in force. 'That is too bad. The massacre of yesterday took place in order to fill the forty thousand workingmen of this city with fear and terror; took place in order to force back,' etc. 'Will they succeed in this? Will they not find at last that they have miscalculated? The near future will answer this question. We will not anticipate the course of events with surmises.'

"That is what he himself said. If one single bomb had been used it would have been different. He sees these eight thousand men at his back, returns immediately to the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and writes out this, (indicating the Revenge circular). What did he mean? What did he mean? 'Revenge.' He says he did not write the word 'Revenge' in English. *Rache, Rache,* Revenge, Revenge — he never denied that he wrote it in the German language, nor any witness for him; but it makes no difference whether he wrote it, or whether he did not write it. He wrote 'To arms;' he says, 'To arms, workingmen, to arms.' What does that mean? Did anybody say at the Haymarket, 'Here come the bloodhounds; you do your duty and I will do mine'? Let us see. 'The bloodhounds' was the common expression from the lips of these defendants as the designation for the police. Spies says in English — did he mean this or didn't he?"

Mr. Walker here read the text of the "Revenge" circular, both the English and German versions, as given in a previous chapter, and continued:

"Is that meaningless? 'To arms, we call you to arms.' Why, it is the cry of the revolutionist; it is the cry of the Communist; it is the cry of the Anarchist; it is the cry of Spies and Parsons — 'To arms, to arms!' And yet the English was tame in comparison to the German version.

"Did they have no design upon individuals in this conspiracy? Why, they had the most awful, damning malice against the police. It was the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity. Without reason and without cause they had individualized the police; but Bonfield for the second time stood in the way of the Social Revolution. Just see how it forces up the blood of this social revolutionist: 'The bloodhounds, the police are at you, in order to cure you, with bullets, of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask, we conjure you by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge' — what does that mean? What difference does it make whether he wrote revenge at the head of this circular or not? He wrote it in it. What did it mean? What did those conspirators mean?

"Avenge the atrocious murder which has been committed upon your brothers to-day, and which will be likely to be committed upon you to-morrow. Avenge, laboring men. Hercules, you have arrived at the crossway. Which way will you decide, for slavery and hunger, or for freedom and bread? If you decide for the latter, then don't delay a moment. Then, people, to arms! Annihilation, annihilation to the beasts in human form who call themselves your rulers. Uncompromising annihilation to them. This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and strive to become worthy of them. Your brothers.

"Thousands of these were circulated throughout the city. Does that mean that there was a conspiracy and no malice against individuals?

"And then on Monday night a meeting at 54 West Lake Street took place, which has not been denied, and there were Lingg and Engel and Fischer. Engel's plan was again reiterated; Lingg was to make the bombs, and Lingg was there to say he could make the bombs. He may have been to the Carpenters' meeting before that. When he left the 54 West Lake Street meeting, he met Lehman upon the way home — Gustav Lehman, who testified he got the bombs from Lingg — and he said to Lehman, 'If you want to know anything, you come to 58 Clybourn Avenue to-morrow night.' In response to the question, 'What has been going on in the meeting at 54 West Lake Street, in the basement?'

"At that meeting at 54 West Lake Street were represented all the different Socialistic and Anarchistic organizations. 'Y, Come Monday night,' had brought delegates, according to Waller's testimony, from every group in the city. The West Side, the South Side, Southwest Side, the North Side, every group was represented, and the Lehr und Wehr Verein also had its delegates. The plan was arranged that on to-morrow, if the revolution took place in the daytime, and the conflict had occurred, the word 'Ruhe' should be published, all the men should be at their outlying groups ready to annihilate the police, the fire department, to cut the telegraph wires, and to prevent communication with the central meeting at the Haymarket. Waller had suggested that this meeting be at Market Square; Fischer says: 'No; that is a mouse trap; we will make it the Haymarket.' And then Spies takes it up north of the alley, north of the intersection of the street — and, by the way, that block has more alleys than perhaps any other block in the city of Chicago, and more means of escape — and locates that meeting just where he had located the street battle in his description to Mr. Wilkinson, and as Parsons had explained street warfare in the *Alarm*.

"Who called the meeting at the Haymarket to order on Desplaines Street beyond the alley? Spies. He had written with his own hand the word 'Ruhe.' He was after the social revolution. Why did he move the meeting to that place if he knew what 'Ruhe' meant? Why was he there at all if he knew what 'Ruhe' meant? He has told. Why was he on the wagon if he knew what 'Ruhe' meant? Why didn't he notify the police, if he knew what 'Ruhe' meant, not to come to that meeting? Why had he said upon the wagon, 'If you want to do anything, why don't you do it and say nothing?' if he knew what 'Ruhe' meant? Why did he leave his revolver before he ever got to that meeting unless he knew what 'Ruhe' meant? He follows out his own instructions in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, on that subject, when some one wrote:

"In the action itself one must be personally at the place to select personally that point on the place of the action and that part of the action which are the most important and are coupled with the greatest danger, upon which depend chiefly the success or failure of the whole affair.

"And he selected the place himself. Fischer says: 'No, the Market Square is a mouse trap,' and they named they Haymarket, and Spies designates the place of meeting and publishes the word 'Ruhe;' and then it is expected from twenty-five to forty thousand people will be at the meeting on Haymarket Square. Eight thousand had rebelled at McCormick's; the skirmish lines had met, and it was expected that there would be twenty-five thousand at the Haymarket on that night; but there were not, and for that reason this mob was not dispersed. The police could not see at any

time a meeting so large as to be beyond their control, but when this meeting became boisterous it was after ten o'clock, two hours later than the meeting was called for. If the police had been but two hours earlier in dispelling the meeting the flames would have been lighted out at Wicker Park; the instrument of fire described in Herr Most's book, and found at Wicker Park, was for that purpose. The Northwestern group was to meet at Wicker Park, and come down past North Avenue Station. The North Side group was to annihilate the North Side Station, and Lingg was at his post of duty for that purpose.

"Was there a conspiracy? They take the word and Spies publishes it. He says in explanation: 'Among the announcements it came to me by no person of whom I am aware, no one about whom I know anything.' No questions were asked. In this way the mere editor, Spies, publishes in the Briefkasten the word 'Ruhe' prominently. The Briefkasten is used to answer private correspondence, personal letters and editorials, or it is used to place the advertisements of secret meetings in, and for no other purpose. 'Y—Come Monday night,' is found in the Letter-box of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. That is a secret thing, and means that the armed groups shall meet at 54 West Lake Street. 'Ruhe' was an answer to no correspondent; the word 'Ruhe' could enlighten no ignorant man on the subject alone; and the editor-in-chief of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* picked up a piece of paper and wrote 'Ruhe' on it without ever knowing what it meant or where it came from, and says it was handed him among the labor announcements: 'Mr. Editor, please publish the word "Ruhe" in the Letter box prominently.' What tells you that it was a labor announcement? Who ever said it was a labor announcement? 'Ruhe,' peace, rest, quiet—'Ruhe' a labor announcement! Why, who said so? It would be lost if put in the announcements of labor organizations. 'Mr. Editor, publish the word "Ruhe" in the column where you put "Y—Come Monday night," the secret sign of the armed sections, and publish it prominently.' Without a word he did so, and he asks you to believe it. Did he know what 'Ruhe' meant? Why, he sent for Fischer, and Fischer told him it was harmless. 'Why,' he said, 'that is foolish, Fischer; don't do that, don't do that.' Rau had only told him that it meant: 'Workmen, be at your groups, keep yourselves armed and in preparation, so that if you are attacked you can defend yourselves; workingmen, arm yourselves and be at your groups.' That is what Rau said 'Ruhe' meant, and, when asked, Fischer says: 'Why, that means, "Keep your powder dry," that is all.' 'Well,' he says, 'Fischer, that is foolish; that is crazy; why, I cannot have that.' What did he think was foolish and crazy? To keep their powder dry, when this man had said the day before, 'Workingmen, arm yourselves, arm yourselves!' This is the explanation of the word 'Ruhe.'

"Did Parsons know of the conspiracy 'Ruhe'? He was a party to the great conspiracy, for he had cried about April 24th for the revolution upon the 1st of May. That he has not denied; and to my mind he cuts one of the worst figures in this case. He was born at least upon American soil, and he stands here alone, alone amongst these vast hordes of witnesses who are not citizens of our republic, and whose purpose is her destruction. Albert R. Parsons is the only American, and he has no right, no right to belong to that nationality. He never said he did not know of the conspiracy, and he spoke of the 4th of May; it was said that night he staid away—by the way, he left this out—'I should be accused of cowardice;' but he did say, 'I

would come if I were to die before morning.' Did he know of the conspiracy? Why, he had been in it for years. He published the order of street fighting in his *Alarm*, foreshadowing the battle in his description; and not only did he do that, but he made the alibi by calling at the American group on that night, a group organized and holding a meeting for the sewing girls when not a sewing girl was present, with no one there but a Nihilist, a Communist, a Socialist and an Anarchist. Mrs. Parsons was there and Mrs. Holmes. Where was any sewing girl?

"And here I want to ask you if, after hearing all the proof in this case; if, after reading Most's 'Revolutionary War,' the instructions to the Nihilists and Anarchists; if after reading the *Alarm* here; if, after hearing the testimony of the witnesses, you will here and to-day say that the men lied who on that night stood when Captain Bonfield said 'Fall in'—stood there when the concussion had riven to the earth sixty of Chicago's noblest men because they had courage. When, out of the hundred and eighty, sixty lay wounded on the ground, the other one hundred and twenty killed the revolution with one blow. The men whose lives were spared fell in, and not a man has lived to say there was a coward in the whole one hundred and eighty."

In the same manner he went through the evidence proving the guilt of Schwab, Fielden and Neebe.

"'Was Engel in the conspiracy? He proposed the plan at both meetings. He said to Captain Schaack, at the Chicago Avenue Station, that 'what was in him had to come out,' and he called it the dangerous power of internal eloquence. He planned the conspiracy of the Emma Street meeting, and has been an Anarchist for years, and instructor in the use of weapons, and advises in the making of bombs. He not only was that, but he absolutely and unqualifiedly advised the Socialists to buy weapons for the express purpose of killing the police, maiming them, and then with all the cunning of a conspirator who has placed his neck within the noose, on the morning of the 4th of May he finds this infernal machine and takes it to the Chief of Police, and then comes the exhibition between Captain Bonfield and the leading counsel for the defense on that proposition. The counsel says: 'He brought it to you freely,' and he emphasized it, and then the tinner came, and the counsel says: 'What is there about this piece of iron that makes you identify it? You only made that sheet; is that all? You just cut a piece of iron off for Mr. Engel.' The witness says: 'Please look at the mark on the inside; that is my mark.' Was Engel in the conspiracy?

"Was Fischer, the lieutenant of Spies, in the conspiracy? Was Fischer, the messenger of Spies to the meeting at 54 West Lake Street, in the conspiracy? He was at the office on Monday afternoon between five and six o'clock, when the 'Revenge' circular was printed, and from there he went to 54 West Lake Street. Was he in the conspiracy—the man with the revolver nearly two feet long, and with the file dagger with grooves? What does that mean? Why, prussic acid evaporates; it dries off the instrument. 'Use something with grooves.' And the revolutionists must use files that are ground down, in order to have an instrument that is capable of holding poison. If you remember, there was another file dagger found in the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* besides this one. Verdigris, which any one can easily produce by dipping copper or brass into vinegar, and exposing it to

the atmosphere, may also be mixed with gum arabic and applied to weapons, but the weapons ought to be grooved, so that the poison will remain on easier and in larger quantities. That is the explanation of the file dagger and the revolver. Was Fischer in the conspiracy, with the Lehr und Wehr Verein belt strapped upon his person, and traveling in the streets of the city of Chicago with an armament worse than any Western outlaw — because no outlaw ever carried on his person a dagger grooved, the slightest scratch of which meant death. It was conceived by nobody except the mind of the revolutionist and lieutenant of Spies.

"Was Lingg in the conspiracy? He made the very bomb that was used on that night, and it was used on that night in furtherance of the common design. Do you remember the analysis of that bomb? Do you remember the nuts used to fasten the half-globes together, identical with the one found in the wounded man upon the night of May 4? Do you remember Neff's testimony and Seliger's testimony — that after the bomb had been thrown, and Lingg was at 58 Clybourn Avenue, some one accused him and said: 'You are responsible for all this — see what you have done'? Hubner said: 'You are responsible for all this.' This does not come from the lips of any indicted man, but from the lips of Mr. Neff, the proprietor at the place 58 Clybourn Avenue. Then Louis Lingg goes home and complains because he has been upbraided for his good work in this case, and then he flees, changes his appearance — and he is the only living man that changes his appearance in this case except the bomb-thrower. They are the two who shaved and cut their hair — Louis Lingg and Rudolph Schnaubelt. Was Lingg in the conspiracy? He was not only in the conspiracy, but he did everything in the world to carry out his part of it that night. 'Lehman, you come to 58 Clybourn Avenue to-night, and you will find out what the meeting in the basement at 54 meant.' And Lehman came, and on the next day he was at Lingg's house, and bomb after bomb was distributed from that place before night. Where was Lingg in the morning, between eight and one? Looking after the revolution in the central part of the city. Men coming and going all day after bombs and with bombs — as Mrs. Seliger says — all day long, taking them away from that place.

"'Seliger, make haste!' 'Hubner, make haste!' 'Muntzenberg, make haste!' 'Put the cloth over your heads so that you can't get headache. Make haste. These bombs must be done so as to be used to-night!' What a nice thing it would be, as he and Seliger stood at the corner of North Avenue and Larrabee Street, to throw a bomb in that station, Lingg says. Then it is 10:30, and the telephone has called for assistance from the North Avenue Station, and the patrol wagon goes out, and there stand Lingg and Seliger with bombs, and Lingg says, 'Seliger, give me a light; they are going to the assistance of the others. It has happened; the revolution has come. Give me a light'— and here I am reminded that when a man throws a bomb in furtherance of the social revolution they do it by twos; one furnishes the light and the other throws the bomb. And this shows that it was not a solitary and single instance that occurred in the alley south of Crane's when a match was lighted and Schnaubelt threw the bomb. The same thing was duplicated by Lingg and Seliger when Seliger was to furnish the light and Lingg throw the bomb. It was only because Seliger hesitated that those men were not killed by Lingg at North Avenue. Was Lingg in this conspiracy then? Why, he fled the next day, and he is the man who had the courage to give up all hope. You see, Lingg is a

practical annihilator. He don't believe in preaching; he believes in acting, and not only believes in it, but he will do it at any time. He saw Schuettler come into the room and jumped upon him the moment he passed the door, with one of those large revolvers. And then you will remember the fight and struggle there. Most's book says when there is a possibility to annihilate an opposing party, or where it becomes a question of life and death, that death or resistance, or both, are advisable.

"That is the advice that Lingg acted on and that Spies acted on, but: 'If you are sure that the arrest is made only on vague suspicion, then submit to the inevitable. It is easier in such case to extract yourself again. Prove an alibi.' Was Lingg in this conspiracy? Was it a Lingg bomb? Hubner, Neff and Seliger swear that Hubner said to Lingg, 'You are responsible for this, Louis Lingg,' and they had a dispute and a violent discussion when it was discovered there. After he tries to throw the bomb at the station he goes home and he sees 'Ruhe,' and he is almost crazy, and he wants to go to the Haymarket, and he goes back to 58 Clybourn Avenue and finds that it is over and that the revolution is not accomplished; and then he gets angry because he is upraided as the one to blame for the whole thing. 'You have done this,' Hubner tells him. Hubner was there all day and helped to make bombs, and Muntzenberg and the Lehmans were in and out all day. Was it Louis Lingg's bomb?"

Mr. Walker then made a close examination of the evidence in rebuttal, and closed his magnificent address with a high tribute to the valor of the police and their services to law and order.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Argument for the Defendants — "Newspaper Evidence"— Bringing about the Social Revolution — Arson and Murder —The Right to Property — Evolution or Revolution — Dynamite as an Argument —The Arsenal at 107 Fifth Avenue —Was it all Braggadocio? — An Open Conspiracy — Secrets that were not Secrets —The Case Against the State's Attorney — A Good Word for Lingg — More About "Ruhe"—The "Alleged" Conspiracy — Ingham's Answer —The *Freiheit* Articles — Lord Coleridge on Anarchy — Did Fielden Shoot at the Police? —The Bombs in the Seliger Family — Circumstantial Evidence in Metal — Chemical Analysis of the Czar Bomb —The Crane's Alley Enigma.

ON the morning of August 12, Mr. Sigismund Zeisler opened his argument on behalf of the defendants. In view of the desperate condition of his case Mr. Zeisler made an able and ingenious plea. His argument occupied a whole day.

During the morning hour, he elaborated at some length upon his theory of the law, and claimed that it was not only necessary to establish that the defendants were parties to a conspiracy, but it was also necessary to show that somebody who was a party to that conspiracy had committed an act in pursuance of that conspiracy. Besides that it was essential that the State should identify the principal. This, he held, was the law of the State and of the land and of the Constitution of the United States. If the principal is not identified, then no one could be held as accessory. Upon this theory the case should stand or fall, and it was for this reason that the defense endeavored to impeach the testimony of Harry L. Gilmer, as that testimony, he maintained, was vital for the case. Mr. Walker, he said, had stated that there was a conspiracy to inaugurate the social revolution on the 1st of May, citing in support of the claim the conversation between Spies and Moulton at Grand Rapids, a resolution adopted at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall in October, 1885, and a conversation between Spies and Reporter Wilkinson; but after showing the general drift of those conversations and the tenor of the resolutions, Mr. Zeisler contended that the reports of these matters in the newspapers at the time could not be accepted as evidence, as newspapers are frequently given to misstatements. Then, referring to the testimony given by the parties named, he said:

"Now, what does that testimony amount to? — the testimony of Mr. Moulton, the testimony of Mr. Wilkinson and the testimony in regard to the resolutions adopted at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall? Nothing but the fact which is known to all Chicago, that the laboring classes had combined to fight for an eight-hours' work-day on and after the 1st of May. That is one thing. And another thing, as far as these resolutions are concerned, that it was resolved that, inasmuch as the workingmen had to anticipate that the employers would call out the police and militia against them,

that they should arm themselves to meet the employers by the same means that they, the employers, used.

"Now, further than that, Mr. Spies has spoken with Mr. Moulton and with Mr. Wilkinson about the coming social revolution; and when asked by Mr. Moulton, 'How can you ever accomplish such a result? How can you ever bring about the social revolution? Under what circumstances can it be done?' he says it can be done at a time when the workingmen will be unemployed. Substantially the same thing was said to Mr. Wilkinson at the time of that interview last January. Now, the State's Attorney and his associates argue to you that Spies said himself the social revolution is coming. When is it coming? On the 1st of May. Can that be taken literally?"

Mr. Zeisler held that in the progress of the civilized world a social revolution was inevitable, not by the use of dynamite or force, but by the peaceable forces at work among the people.



SIGISMUND ZEISLER.
From a Photograph.

"Now, the attorneys for the State talk to you about the social revolution, and try to make you believe that the social revolution means bombs and dynamite, and killing and arson and murder and all crimes that we know of. Mr. Fielden on the stand gave the proper expression. Asked whether he believed in the revolution, he said: 'Yes, in the evolutionary revolution.' And I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, this social revolution is coming — this social revolution in the sense in which Webster defines the word Socialism."

Mr. Zeisler next said that they had not denied that the defendants had declared that they would head a procession to go and sack Marshall Field's or Kellogg's store, because it was a fact, but asked if after such advice any one of them had taken the lead in any such procession. "No, sir," he said. "They went and armed themselves with beer. That is what they did." On the night of the Board of Trade opening, Parsons and Fielden proposed to lead the crowd to attack the groceries and clothing houses, but what did they do? They gracefully retired into the room of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office and were interviewed by a reporter about the terrible effects of a fulminating cap. Did any one come up and inquire why they had not led the procession to those places? They did not, as everybody understood what was meant. Mr. Zeisler continued:

"The listeners of these people are not very highly educated men. They are laboring men who, raised in poor families, did not have the benefits of a collegiate education; men who since that time worked at manual labor from the early morning until the late evening. They could not in the nature of things be very intelligent and highly cultivated and educated. Now,

Fielden and Parsons and Spies could not talk to those men by stating to them abstract principles of social science; but they told them: 'Here, look at this state of things. There is a man who owns three hundred million dollars; there is another man who owns one hundred million. You starve, you get starvation wages. Is that a just condition of things? Now, I tell you, Mr. Marshall Field, who owns twenty-five millions of dollars, has no right to own them. I tell you, you have a right to take from the property which he has accumulated; part of it belongs to you. By natural, by equitable laws this man is not entitled to live in a palace while you starve. I am going to lead you down, if you want me, at once, and we will supply our wants from there.' What is that? Is that an offer to go there? Is that an advice to go there? It is an illustration, as you give it in school to a child which cannot understand abstract principles of science. When they say to them: 'You have a right to take from Marshall Field' and Kellogg,' that means simply in the present state of society that is allowed, but this is not a just and equitable condition of affairs, and if it were as it ought to be you would have a right to share with Marshall Field what he owns. Take it in this common-sense view and don't allow yourselves to be deceived by declamations on the part of the attorneys for the State.

"Can a revolution be made? A revolution is a thing which develops itself, but no single man nor a dozen of men can control the inauguration of a revolution. The social revolution was fixed for the 1st of May! Just think of it! The social revolution, the revolution by which the present state of proprietary conditions should be changed all over the world, was to be inaugurated by Mr. Spies and by Mr. Parsons and Mr. Fielden on the first day of May! Has ever a ridiculous statement like that been made to an intelligent jury? But all that is told you not because they believe it, but because they want to make you blind to the real issues in this case, by telling you that the social revolution was coming on the 1st of May, and that Inspector Bonfield by his cry, 'Fall in, fall in,' on the night of May 4th, saved the country from the social revolution; by that they want to deceive you, they want to scare you, they want to show you the monstrosity of these defendants. The social revolution to be brought about or inaugurated by the throwing of a bomb on the night of May 4th! What do you take these men for? Are they fools? Are they children? Don't you see what their ideal is, and the last aim and end of theirs? It is the social revolution, yes, but not the social revolution brought about by the throwing of dynamite. It is the social revolution which will give the poor man more rights and which will do away with pauperism. And the means are left to the future; but for the present, in order that you may be strong and respected and be a power in the land, arm yourselves, organize. That is the meaning of it."

Mr. Zeisler then touched on the preparation of bombs and dynamite for that social revolution, referring to the evidence showing the finding of dynamite and bombs in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. He held that Linnemeyer, who calcimined the closet in which the bag of dynamite was found, had proven that there was nothing of the kind there when he went in to search for a brush just immediately preceding the arrival of the police. He also pointed to a contradiction in the testimony of one of the officers that the dynamite was found on a floor below that of the closet, in a room not

used by Spies and not occupied by him at the time of the police search, but in the counting-room, and then the subsequent correction by the officer, on being recalled by the State, that the package was found in Spies' editorial room. In reference to the bombs there was no secrecy, and Spies admitted that he had one more bomb than the police had discovered. That information was volunteered on the witness-stand, and the possession of those bombs explained.

"That is the testimony in regard to the arsenal of dynamite and bombs and weapons of destruction at 107 Fifth Avenue, and Mr. Spies bragged about three thousand revolutionists ready to throw bombs and to annihilate the police. What was it? Braggadocio; the same object which all these people had in advocating the use of force, in calling upon workingmen to arm themselves, to organize, to buy weapons and all that sort of thing; and the purpose for which they did it openly and publicly was the same purpose Mr. Spies had in bragging that there were three thousand revolutionists--to scare the capitalists, to scare them into yielding to the demands of the workingmen, to try to induce them to make concessions to the laboring classes, as Mr. Fielden said in his speech on the night of May the 4th. And remember, gentlemen of the jury, that it has been testified to by all the witnesses who spoke in regard to the speeches and articles of these men, that they always made the same argument. Now, Mr. Fielden made the same argument a hundred times before. 'The employers will not like to see dissatisfied workingmen in the community, and the laborer can get some relief if the employers find that there are dissatisfied workingmen in the city.' That was the reason why they told them, 'Arm yourselves and organize.' That was the reason why Mr. Spies bragged about the three thousand revolutionists and about the bombs ready to be thrown; that was the reason why he told Mr. Wilkinson all about their plans."

Mr. Zeisler ridiculed the idea that a social revolution was to have been inaugurated with the dozens of bombs made by Lingg, and held there had been no preparation for it. Coming to the question of conspiracy, he said:

"What is a conspiracy? What were you used to understand by the word conspiracy all your lifetime? Isn't in the first place secrecy the test of a conspiracy? Was there anything secret about the doings of these men, or about their teachings and writings? When they vented their feelings at 54 West Lake Street at the meeting of the American group and told the people to go to Marshall Field's and Kellogg's, and offered to head the procession, told them about their rights, told them to use force, told them to arm themselves and to organize, the next morning the daily press of the city of Chicago, which reaches five hundred thousand people, and the State's Attorney's office, and the Mayor's office, and the office of every authority in the city of Chicago, were informed of it."

The speaker then proceeded to define conspiracy, and said that to constitute a conspiracy "they must agree with one another to do an unlawful act; one must have communicated the purpose to another, and the others must have consented to it." Nothing of this kind had been done. They had simply propounded principles and expressed truths from their standpoint."

"You remember the testimony of Officer Trehorn, who saw the dynamite and the caps and the fuse on the night of the inauguration of the Board of Trade building, and who the next morning says he went to Lieutenant Bedell of the Cottage Grove Avenue Station and told him all about it. If that was a conspiracy, and that conspiracy has existed for three years, why has the State's Attorney, or his predecessor in office, yet not prosecuted those who are parties to that conspiracy? The law of the State of Illinois makes it his duty to prosecute every crime which comes to his knowledge. He may plead that he has not known of it. If he did not, then it was culpable negligence that he did not know it. If he will answer to you that as long as those people did not do any overt act there was no reason for him to interfere, then I say as long as these people have not done any overt act there was no conspiracy. There is no way of escaping this consequence, gentlemen of the jury; to every logical mind it is clear. Either the State's Attorney himself must plead guilty to the charge of the murder of Mathias J. Degan, or every one of these defendants who cannot be shown to have actually thrown or lighted the bomb must be acquitted. If it was not conspiracy then, if they had committed a crime up to the 4th of May for which it was the duty of the State's Attorney to prosecute them, then what have they added to make their doings murder — to make them amenable to the law on a charge for the highest and gravest offense, the most heinous crime known to law?"

Mr. Zeisler next turned his attention to the special conspiracy entered into by a number of persons at No. 54 West Lake Street and held that of all the defendants it had only been shown that Engel and Fischer were present. He denied that Lingg was there or that any evidence had been introduced to prove it. He scored Waller and reviewed some of his testimony, taking occasion to call the attention of the jury to the fact that the man testified that the signal word "Ruhe" was not mentioned in connection with the Haymarket meeting. Next he alluded to the places where some of the witnesses for the State and some of those present at 54 West Lake Street had been on the night of May 4, and spoke of Engel being at home enjoying a social glass of beer, and the others widely scattered. "The only evidence of a conspiracy was that of Seliger, who testified that Lingg had asked him if he should throw a bomb. Fischer and others who saw the word 'Ruhe' in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* did not go to Wicker Park, but went elsewhere. What does Waller's testimony say? It says that on the appearance of the word 'Ruhe' all should go to their meeting-places in the outskirts of the city, and that none of them were to be at the Haymarket except the observation committee."

"Has 'Ruhe' any reference to the Haymarket meeting? Does it not rather show that the parties who conspired there were not to take part in the Haymarket meeting at all? What, then, has the evidence in regard to that meeting got to do with the case? That much (illustrating by snapping the fingers).

"Now, to return for a moment to Lingg's alleged attempt to throw a bomb. Has there ever been heard such a ridiculous story as that? It is

an absolute falsehood upon its face. A revolutionist, a true disciple of Herr Most, goes out with bombs in his pocket, next to his friends, and takes a walk, and when he goes to the station and wants to throw a bomb into the station he isn't even provided with a light to ignite the fuse; he has to ask his friend, 'Have you got a light?' And the other one says he hasn't got it or makes some kind of excuse. Don't you see that all that testimony is given in order to show you, or in order that Mr. Seliger may show himself to you as a highly moral person who has been the dupe of Lingg? He, the man who has been an Anarchist for years and years — and his wife herself says so — he has been persuaded by Lingg to make bombs, he has been misled by Lingg, has been the dupe of Lingg. Seliger, the man with a full beard,* a man of over thirty years, has been the dupe of this innocent-looking fellow, Lingg! If one was the dupe of the other, then Lingg surely was the dupe of Seliger. Seliger is the one who was arrested first. In order to save his own worthless neck, he betrays his friend and companion and swears against him, and upon the testimony of these treacherous lips you are asked to convict Lingg."

Mr. Zeisler maintained that he had shown that there was no conspiracy, no general conspiracy, and insisted that the alleged conspiracy of May 3 had no reference whatever to the Haymarket meeting; that the throwing of the bomb at the Haymarket meeting was in direct contradiction of the agreement by the conspirators of May 3, and if one of them had done it, he would have done contrary to the conspiracy. He then spoke of the object of the Haymarket gathering and said:

"It was called for the purpose of denouncing the atrocious act of the police in shooting down their brethren at the McCormick factory. That was the only purpose of the meeting, as Mr. Waller testified. Of course his testimony is the one that the State relies upon mostly. Now, what was the occasion of calling such a meeting to denounce the act of the police? It was the meeting at McCormick's factory."

The counsel then reviewed the testimony with reference to the meeting near McCormick's factory, pointing to the fact that no one had testified to what Spies had actually said on that occasion, and maintained that not a single witness had been produced to prove that Spies had then and there incited men to riot. Witnesses for the State, he said, had shown that Spies continued talking after many of the men had started toward McCormick's factory. Did any one suppose he would thus quietly continue speaking there if he had precipitated that riot? Mr. Zeisler did not excuse the men for stoning the factory — it was wrong — but he did not believe that gave the right to the police to shoot at those excited people. Coming back to the Haymarket, he read some of the testimony on the side of the State to show that it was an ordinary, peaceable meeting, and then said that on the day Spies wrote the "Revenge" circular Parsons was on his way back from Cincinnati and Fielden in a suburban town in a quarry. He next proceeded to show that there was no connection with the printing of the "Revenge"

* Seliger had a full beard at the time of the trial.

circular and the Monday night meeting, and said Spies knew nothing about the call for that meeting. He closed by saying that the circular meant simply the same thing that Fielden and Parsons meant in their speeches on the evening of May 4, and that meaning, he said, he had made plain in the earlier part of his address.

MR. GEORGE C. INGHAM, special counsel for the State, followed next. His argument was clear, concise and to the point. He opened by citing the law in the case, reading numerous authorities with reference to conspiracies and commenting thereon at some length. One authority he read was "Russell on Crimes," to show that it was simply putting in the shape of a statute that which the common law already declares to be an offense, and then cited a case which arose not many years ago upon that very statute:

"Johann Most, in the city of London, was indicted, because while there he published a paper advocating the assassination of the crowned heads of other countries. He was indicted under that statute, and he was convicted by a jury. The case went to their highest court, and I wish now to read you what the Justice of that court says as to what is meant by a solicitation to murder."

The opinion of Lord Coleridge was read, and Mr. Ingham continued:

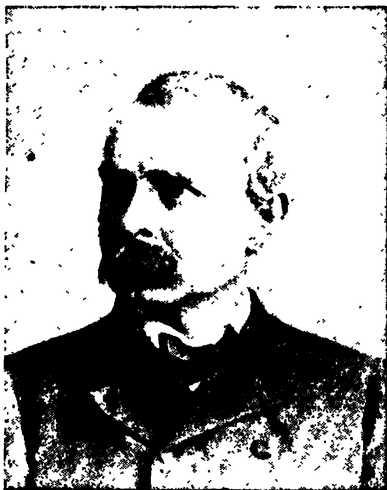
"You, gentlemen, will remember that that paper (*Die Freiheit*) is now published in the city of New York. The sentence is not given in the report I read. The custom is in England that before a sentence is pronounced, in case an appeal is taken, that is first passed upon, and after that the sentence is pronounced. That case was decided in 1881. Shortly after that John Most came to America. They probably thought the best thing they could do with him was to pass upon him a light sentence and ship him. At any rate they landed him here, and he started his *Freiheit* paper in New York."

Mr. Ingham next read the case of *Cox* vs. *The People*, from the Illinois Reports, and continued:

"Now, apply the law which I have read to the facts of this case. It appears in evidence in this case from the documents which I have read to you that these men — Schwab, Fischer and Parsons — were from time to time in this city publishing articles printed in papers which they owned, for the publishing of which Spies paid, and which they declared to be their own, in which they advised the destruction of the police of this city by force, in which they advised workingmen from time to time to arm themselves with dynamite and be ready whenever a conflict came to destroy the police of this city by force. For the publication of any one of those articles, if the law had been correctly understood, those men could have been convicted and punished for a misdemeanor; and when on that night Fielden, in the presence of the crowd, told the people before him assembled that the war had come, that war had been declared, that they must arm themselves to resist what he knew never had taken place, he was making a seditious address, and for that reason, if for no other, the police force of this city had a right to appear and disperse the meeting.

"Fielden took the stand at the Haymarket, and until he concluded every sentence he uttered was a sentence seditious in its character, and which, under the decisions of the Supreme Court, would alone subject him to punishment for misdemeanor. A trap had been laid — Spies laid it; Schwab laid it; Fischer laid it; Engel laid it. A trap had been laid to bring out the police force of this city, and that trap was baited by the speeches of Parsons and Fielden. When the bait grew strong enough, the police did come. The moment they got there — the moment they stood opposite that alley, the moment their marching motion was stopped and they stood in that position where the bomb could be thrown with unerring certainty, the bomb came.

"Now, who made that bomb? You, gentlemen, have heard the evidence in this case, which is not disputed. I ask you, gentlemen, to remember that so far I have not alluded to a single fact about which there is or can be any dispute. It is uncontradicted in this case that Louis Lingg for months had been making bombs of a certain construction. It is uncontradicted that on the morning of Tuesday Louis Lingg said to Seliger that he must work hard all day; that the bombs would be needed and could be disposed of before night. It is in evidence in this case that on that morning Louis Lingg left that house and was gone all the morning, and nothing has been shown as to where he was. It is in evidence that he came back at noon, and because Seliger had filled only one bomb and had then laid down on the bed and gone to sleep, that Lingg upbraided him and told him that this matter must be hurried; and it is in evidence in this case that all that afternoon after that time men were coming and going to and from that house and working at that house on those bombs. Men came there whom Seliger knew; men came there whom Seliger did not know; men came there whom Mrs. Seliger knew; men came there whom Mrs. Seliger did not know. She tells you that during the whole of that day — Tuesday — men were coming and going to and from that house. What for? We put one man on the stand who went to that house in the afternoon — the witness Lehman. Lehman tells you that on Tuesday he was working at his trade; that he quit his work at three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of working until the afternoon was over; that he took a fellow-countryman of his, whose name I have forgotten, and with him went to Lingg's house to buy a revolver; that they went to the house and dickered first about the revolver, and then went back again, and when he went back the second time Louis Lingg gave him dynamite — loaded bombs, fuse and detonating caps; that during the day Louis Lingg was distributing these bombs to different persons in the city.



GEORGE C. INGHAM.
From a Photograph.

"I want to call your attention to those bombs of Lingg's — admitted to be his — bombs which he admitted to the officers that he himself made, and which were found where he had sent them. Every one of those bombs is

about three inches in diameter, as nearly as they could be made with the rough material which he had. I want to call your attention to this bomb, called the 'Czar' bomb, obtained from Spies. That bomb in its appearance is composed of the same sort of material that Lingg's bombs were. You can see that the only difference is in the bolts; that the bolt in the 'Czar' bomb was smaller than the bolt in the Lingg bomb. This bolt (exhibiting same) would not be large enough to fasten together the three-inch bombs; it would not quite reach through. Now, suppose that Louis Lingg had this bolt in his possession and wanted to make a bomb for it, what would he do? He would file off the edges here so as to make its diameter smaller. If you will look at this bomb called the 'Czar' bomb, you will see that that is just what has been done — the edges of it filed off, and it is just in the condition it was, with the exception of this scraping here, when the reporter Wilkinson got it. The result of that is that its diameter through here would be shorter (indicating) than the diameter across there (indicating). What else does that show? Of course, as this was filed off, it would lessen the diameter of the bomb, and when you measure this you will find that that only lacks the eighth of an inch of being the same size as the bombs found in Lingg's possession. In other words, if that had not been filed off as it has been in order that this shorter bolt could be used, these bombs would be identical in size.

"What else is there in evidence in this case in regard to bolts? Seliger tells you that he was sent after bolts that day, that he bought a lot of bolts. They have been introduced in evidence. You, gentlemen, noticed it as soon as they were introduced in evidence, that the nut found in the body of the Socialist, and which came out of the bomb exploded at the Haymarket Square, is identically the same sort of a nut as those found on the bombs in Lingg's possession on that day.

"We have placed on the stand the two most eminent chemists in the city of Chicago. Those gentlemen told you that they made examinations of pieces of this 'Czar' bomb which they took from it themselves; that they made examinations of pieces of the four bombs which came from Lingg, and that they examined certain articles found in Lingg's possession. And what is the result? They told you that these bombs were not made of lead alone; that they were not lead and solder alone; that there is not in the city of Chicago or known to commerce any one article of which those bombs could be made, but that they are made of a mixture — not only the Lingg bombs, but the 'Czar' bomb. They tell you that three of the Lingg bombs and the 'Czar' bomb contained identically the same constituents, without any difference whatever so far as the constituents themselves are concerned, and the only difference is that between those bombs there was a slight difference in the amount of the tin and the amount of the lead. They told you that in the 'Czar' bomb one per cent. or one and one-tenth per cent. is tin; that in one of the Lingg bombs one and five-tenths per cent. was tin; that in another of them two per cent. was tin. The point of it is this: that every bomb was composed of a mixture and not of any one metal; that the mixture in the bombs was as nearly identical as it could be made by any man using the materials which Louis Lingg used, in the way in which he used them. You will remember that he told Capt. Schaack that he made these bombs with a mold made of clay; that he could only mold one or two bombs, when he had to make a new mold. If you will look on the inside of these bombs you will find that they were all made by a

rough mold, just as you would expect from one made with a mold of clay; the only difference being that in the case of the 'Czar' bomb it had been filed off, as you can see, with a file, in order to smooth it."

Mr. Ingham then read the testimony of Walter S. Haines, one of the chemists, and proceeded:

"One of these bombs which Louis Lingg admitted that he made differed from the others in that it contained a trace of copper. In the trunk of Louis Lingg was found this piece of metal, which he had undoubtedly used in making that particular bomb, and which accounts for the trace of copper in it, the point being that everything found in any one of those bombs was found in some shape in Louis Lingg's trunk and possession.

"The answer to all this is that the bomb, instead of being thrown from the alley, was thrown thirty-five feet south of the alley. What of it? What if they have proven that? What if they have satisfied your minds clearly that the bomb came from thirty-five feet south of the alley? Can there be any question in the minds of any reasonable man that he who threw that bomb, whether he stood in the alley or thirty-five feet south of the alley, was one of the Anarchists associated with these men?

"When that question is settled in your minds, that ends this case. We have proven the conspiracy. It has not been denied. We have proven that Degan died from the effects of that bomb; it has not been denied. We have proven it by circumstances making it as clear as the daylight that that bomb was thrown by one of the Anarchists, and when we have done that we have proven this case—when we have done that we have sealed the fate of these men, if jurors do their duty under the law as it is written and declared.

"There was a conspiracy. These men know it and have not denied it. That bomb came from that conspiracy, and the moment it resulted in the death of Degan the crime of conspiracy was merged in the crime of murder, and every one of these men made amenable under the law.

"The meeting came; the crowd did not. The Haymarket was covered with little groups of people scattered around. Spies goes around and picks out the place for the meeting, and, although he knew that the word 'Ruhe' had been published, although he knew that these armed groups were scattered all over this city, although he knew that Balthasar Rau in an hour could not notify every man who knew of that plan, he himself called it to order in the very place where the police force could be massed together and the most enormous destruction done. He told Wilkinson that it was discovered that bombs of composite metals were best, and when on that fatal night the bomb was thrown seven men were killed and sixty wounded, and to-day in a public hospital of this county, while these men sit here decked with flowers, there is one man with eighteen drainage tubes in his body. Was Spies right when he said that bombs of composite metal were best?"

CHAPTER XXX.

Foster and Black before the Jury — Making Anarchist History — The Eight Leaders — A Skillful Defense — Alibis All Around — The Whereabouts of the Conspirators — The "Peaceable Dispersion" — A Miscarriage of Revolutionary War — Average Anarchist Credibility — "A Man will Lie to Save his Life" — The Attack on Seliger — The Candy-man and the Bomb-thrower — Conflicting Testimony — A Philippic against Gilmer — The Liars of History — The Search for a Witness — The Man with the Missing Link — The Last Word for the Prisoners — Captain Black's Theory — High Explosives and Civilization — The West Lake Street Meeting — Defensive Armament — Engel and his Beer — Hiding the Bombs — The Right of Revolution — Bonfield and Harrison — The Socialist of Judea.

MR. W. A. FOSTER was the next speaker, and he made a very strong case for his clients — the strongest that could be made in face of the many disadvantages under which he labored in view of the evidence against the Anarchists. He is a fluent, easy and graceful talker and held his facts well in hand. He began in a deliberate manner, and grew at times, as he proceeded, quite eloquent in his exposition of the virtues of the defendants. He was pointed and caustic sometimes, but he never seemed to lose the purpose of making a strong impression on the jury. The opening of his argument was largely devoted to showing that the Haymarket meeting was not riotous or boisterous, but that it had been called for a peaceable purpose. Then he said:

"Take the theory just suggested by the prosecution in this case, that the time had come now that was conceived of years and years ago; the time had come now which was suggested by August Spies at Grand Rapids, Michigan, the time had come now which was foreseen in conversation had with the various defendants to various newspaper reporters at various times and various places; the time had come now when the attack could be made that was to be incited by the McCormick meeting and the McCormick riot; the time had come now when by reason of the gathering of the laboring people at the Haymarket Square the attempt was to be made and the response was to be made effectual; now history was to be written, now the point had come when bowie knives, when sharpened files poisoned with acids, when all of these implements of modern warfare, as we are told, were to be turned loose upon the world; when property rights were to be destroyed, when the police were to be killed, when any one aiding, assisting, abetting, standing up for or protecting the law was to be ruthlessly slain. The time had come. The men were there, the arrangements had been perfected, the police were in line, halt was made, and they were commanded to disperse. The time, the grand culmination of all the arrangements and conspiracies and confederations for years back had arrived — the time when the blow was to be struck which was to overturn civilization, which was to overturn the country.

"These eight men are the leaders, they tell us. They tell us that there

are hundreds more that ought to have been indicted, and should be indicted — should be prosecuted, and should be convicted, and should be destroyed. But the time had come, and the leaders and their friends, having been preparing for years, were ready. They courted the attack — they hailed the day. They had pleaded for the opportunity, and the opportunity had now arrived. Where are these men? Where are the men that were to take charge and carry on the warfare that had been agreed upon for the last five or six years, or longer, in the city of Chicago? Where were they? In the first place, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Fischer are at Zepf's Hall. Think of it! For six long years they had been making their preparations for the attack; for days and weeks and months they had sown and preached revolution; the skirmish lines had met, and they were prepared; and still Parsons and Fischer were quietly discussing matters between themselves over a glass of beer at Zepf's Hall. They were principals in this matter, leaders in the overthrowing of the Government and the establishment of this idea. They were at Zepf's Hall, away from any scene of action. Where is Engel? Engel, the great conspirator — Engel, who made the inflammatory speeches at Clybourn Avenue? Quietly at home, engaged in a game of cards with his friend — not there at all. There is no man that pretends or claims that Mr. Engel, at the time the bomb was thrown, was at the Haymarket meeting or near it.



WILLIAM A. FOSTER.
From a Photograph.

"Where was Schwab, one of the brainy men of this conspiracy, a man whose pen had added to its formation, whose genius and whose brain had been instrumental in bringing it about? An hour's ride away, at Deering, addressing a quiet meeting of laboring men.

"Where was Neebe? Neebe, one of the leading conspirators, they tell us. He is one of the eight heads, one of the chiefs in the overthrow of the Government and of property rights, and he was quietly at home. Lingg, the man who has prepared the implements of warfare, the man who has taken the dynamite, who has prepared the shells and loaded them, has inserted the caps and the fuse and made all the preparations for the destruction of the police, for the destruction of the militia and for the destruction of property everywhere — where is Lingg? Wandering about upon Larrabee Street, in the neighborhood of Clybourn Avenue.

"Where is Spies and where is Fielden? Spies and Fielden, the only remaining ones of the eight, are upon the wagon, in the presence of line after line of the police, armed to the teeth, having not only the regulation revolvers in their coat-pockets, but those of larger caliber, in some instances, so far as some of the companies were concerned, in their belts. Those men were quietly standing upon the wagon, right in sight and within the aim of all of these murderous weapons, with the idea that an attack was to be made, with the idea and knowledge that an assault was to take place, with the idea and the knowledge that now the final blow was to strike which should

carry terror to the hearts of the capitalists and overturn society and government. They were there, quietly arguing, arguing with the police in command there, that the meeting was peaceable.

"But they say, gentlemen, 'Ruhe' is a German word and means peace, quiet, rest; that because it means quiet, therefore — this is what they intend to have you believe — that because Fielden said, 'This is a quiet meeting,' or that it was peaceable, or, 'We are peaceable,' that that was the watchword which was to be an order in cipher to commence immediately an attack. Now, gentlemen, I say that this is, in my opinion, an unfair deduction; it is an unfair conclusion. The testimony all agrees that Captain Ward appeared there and said: 'In the name of the people of the State of Illinois, I command you to quietly and peaceably disperse.' That was the expression — 'I command you to peaceably disperse' — to which Mr. Fielden replied: 'We are peaceable,' or 'This is a peaceable meeting, Captain.' Could anything be more natural than that that reply should be made? Suppose, gentlemen, now, that the theory of the prosecution is right; suppose that it was the grand beginning of an uncertain end; suppose that it was the culmination of the idea that had existed for years. Do you believe that bombs would not have hailed from the top of every building? Do you believe they would not have been thrown from every sidewalk? Do you suppose they would not have been thrown from the rear and from the front? In the nature of things, can you, in the light of this testimony, say that because some man somewhere, on account of some reason, which is not explained here, which never can be explained, acting upon his own individual responsibility, lighted a bomb and threw it, that therefore you must say that the grand conspiracy, the arrangement for years and years had this result, or rather that the throwing of that bomb was the result of that conspiracy?

"But there is one thing the gentlemen have lost sight of in this case, it seems to me. Of course they haven't, but in their argument they have carefully avoided it. A Socialist is not to be believed, a Communist is a liar, and an Anarchist is capable of committing any crime. That is what they tell us in plain language — that we have produced some witnesses here who are Socialists, Communists and Anarchists, and because we have done so, their testimony, for that reason alone, is to be discarded. Mr. Walker and Mr. Ingham both made reference to the character of some of our witnesses upon the theory and upon the ground that the evidence showed that they were Anarchists or Communists. Well, they were Anarchists, Socialists and Communists, some of them.

"Although the gentlemen claim that a conviction might exist, leaving out the testimony of Gilmer and of Thompson, they would never concede that under any circumstances a conviction could be had were it not for the testimony of Seliger and the testimony of Waller; they never would concede that, and did the gentlemen ever think, while they were presenting to you the case upon which they demanded a conviction, that the very witnesses that they proved the facts by upon which they ask you to hang these men are Socialists and Communists and Anarchists?

"Not only, then, are Waller and Seliger Communists, Socialists and Anarchists, but they are State's witnesses, co-confederates and conspirators, men whose testimony is regarded with disfavor and with suspicion by the law.

"They tell us that a man will lie to save his life. Said Mr. Walker, 'Do you believe Mr. Spies? Will he not lie to save his life?' Then I

retort the argument of the gentleman upon his own head and say, 'Would not Seliger lie to save his own neck?'

"They take Mr. Seliger down and they examine him and they get his statement and they reduce it to writing. The detective force is turned loose upon him. His statement is not strong enough; that won't do; it is not enough; still there are missing links. 'Mr. Seliger, this statement won't do; we want something stronger than that.' I can imagine — I am not giving the testimony now, but I can imagine how those detectives would go to Seliger, carried away from his family as he was, shut up in a dark dungeon, kept there day after day — 'Now, Seliger, here are two propositions: here is a rope and here is a statement; choose between them.' He chose the lesser of the two evils — the statement, as any man would, Mr. Walker says, to save his own life. He makes the statement. He goes away. I can imagine, I say, the conduct and the actions of the detective force as they ply him with questions from day to day. 'It won't do, Mr. Seliger, it won't do. There are too many missing links. We want something more. Isn't this so, isn't that so? Didn't this happen, didn't that happen?' And poor Seliger, frightened, weak-minded and timid, ignorant of the laws of this country, ignorant of the rights which American citizens have under the laws, sits down and makes the second statement. And still the thing goes on, still he is kept in confinement, still he is plied with questions, still he is examined and cross-examined: 'Mr. Seliger, the first statement won't do, and the second statement won't do. Mr. Seliger, we want more from you than this.' And, says Mr. Walker, 'Won't a man lie to save his life?' And Mr. Seliger makes the third statement, and again he goes back to his dungeon, and after a while again they go to Seliger and they say to Seliger, 'This won't do. You have made a statement, you have made a second statement, you have made a third statement, but still there are missing links. Isn't this so, isn't that so?' And, as Mr. Walker says, 'Won't any man lie to save his life?' And the fourth statement is made by Seliger. And these statements are unrolled as he sits here quivering and trembling, knowing perhaps that he is destroying the lives of these eight men, his former friends and associates, and questions are pronounced after questions, and the testimony is introduced before you, gentlemen, from a Socialist, from a Communist, from an Anarchist, from a conspirator, and from a man that will lie to save his own life; and upon that testimony you are to act, and you are not to act upon any testimony introduced by the defendants in this case.

"You remember the candy-maker that was brought upon the stand by the merest accident. You remember the circumstance that when his name was called he responded from that corner of the room (indicating) —none of us had ever seen him; we didn't know it, and I don't to-day hardly know how we got any information in regard to the man at all. And when he came forward here you will remember that this case was delayed until Mr. Zeisler and myself took him into the other room to ascertain if possible why he was here and to what facts he was going to testify. He came upon the stand, and what does he tell you? He tells you that on the night of the 4th of May he was at the Haymarket. He tells you that he was south of the alley, and when it was rumored there that the police were coming he started with others down. He tells you that at the time he did not know how far it was south of the alley, but he knows from the location and from the surroundings, and that since then he has gone there with his

tape-line and he has measured it, and that it is thirty-eight feet south of the south line of Crane's alley. He tells you that as they were going down, when the police had come up he saw a man with this motion, indicating a backward and upward motion with the right hand — not with this motion that Frank Walker tells about — cast a burning fuse, as it went hissing through the air; that he followed it until it struck, that he looked at it until the whole country around about was illuminated by the explosion and policemen bit the dust.

"Is he a reliable man, gentlemen? Is there anything wrong in his character? If there was, why, as late as two weeks before the time that he testified, was Mr. Furthmann placing before him the picture of Rudolph Schnaubelt? If he was an unreliable man and they knew it, if they did not believe his statement because of his unreliability, why, I say, was Mr. Furthmann two weeks before — according to the testimony of the witness which Mr. Furthmann has not undertaken to gainsay or deny — presenting the photograph of Rudolph Schnaubelt to see whether he could identify that man as being the man who threw the bomb? If he was an unreliable man, he tells us where he has worked; he tells us where he has lived; he tells us who his associates are; he tells us all about it. If there is anything wrong, then Captain Schaack would turn loose his detectives and his police and in less than an hour's time the character, the true character, the villainous character of the man would have been exhibited before you. But nothing of that kind is done. They ascertain the fact that he saw the bomb-thrower — they know that he saw the bomb-thrower — at least, they believe that he saw the bomb-thrower, and the question is, Who shall be used? Shall the candy-maker be used, or shall Gilmer be used? Which shall it be — the candy-man or Gilmer?

"Now, you will remember that the State was two weeks putting in their testimony, and you will remember that the defense was one week — a week and one day more. You will remember the testimony of this witness was that two weeks before that time, which was one week after the State began to introduce their testimony, Mr. Furthmann presented before his face the picture of Rudolph Schnaubelt and demanded to know whether he could recognize the picture as being the man who threw the bomb. I say then it seems, Mr. Gilmer to the contrary notwithstanding, that a week after they had commenced the introduction of their testimony it was still a doubtful, uncertain and mooted question as to where took place the throwing of that bomb, and into whose hands to place it.

"What does the candy-maker say? He says honestly to Mr. Furthmann: 'I cannot recognize that man as being the man; I don't believe that that man had whiskers; all I know is that I think he had a light mustache and I think he was an ordinary-sized man; that is all I know about him.'

"And, gentlemen, that is a reasonable story. Hurrying away as he was in that crowd, supposing that the police had come there for a purpose, seeing this thing take place and the disaster that resulted from it and the excitement incident to it, would we expect that he would know or would be able to see any more than that? He did not recognize Schnaubelt as being the man; he did not recognize Fischer as being present at the time the bomb was thrown; he did not recognize Spies as being the man who lighted the fuse, and the prosecution did not want him, and so they sent him back to the candy-shop in obscurity, and there intended that he should remain. They did not want him. Why didn't they? They had found a conspiracy,

they say, to use violence for certain illegal purposes. They had established the fact of murder; there was a missing link; that was what was troubling them, and that is what has troubled them from the beginning of this trial down to the present time — the missing link. Where is the man in all the face of God's green earth, where is the man that can identify one of these men that we will show was in any conspiracy to do anything which we might criticise or object to, that is in any way responsible for what was done at the Haymarket that night? They must have the missing link, or else they must fail in this prosecution. The candy-man won't furnish it. He tells his story, a consistent and reasonable story. They believe his story because they take him up and they exhibit to him the picture — 'Is that the man?' Oh, if he had only said, 'Yes, that is the man, that is the man that was in company with him,' how quickly the candy-maker would have come before us as a witness. But no; the man said honestly, 'I cannot do that; I was in a crowd in the darkness; I was in the bustle and the excitement; I cannot do that.' They didn't want him; they sent him home. And still there is a missing link. Who is going to furnish it?

"Gilmer comes proudly to the front. He says, 'Rather than have the play stopped I will furnish the missing link.' Gilmer — Harry L. Gilmer — the old soldier that they tell us about. I don't believe it. I don't believe he was ever in the army a day of his life, because I believe if he had been that my brother Grinnell, of all witnesses that had been called, would have asked him that very first question. Some of you gentlemen bear upon your breasts the emblem of the Grand Army of the Republic; some of you were in the war and marched at the peril of your lives under the stars and stripes, and you would delight in meeting a man, and delight in believing in his honor and integrity, if you believed that he was engaged in the common cause with you in those trying days; and still the shrewd counsel never asked the question. A veteran! Yes, a veteran of Battery D, a veteran of Chicago, of the Home Rangers, a man that never smelt burnt powder in his life perhaps — he is the veteran soldier that is lauded before you gentlemen in the argument of counsel who have addressed you on the part of the prosecution in this case.

"I undertake to say, gentlemen, that all history, ancient and modern, has given to the world three of the grandest, the most consummate and infernal liars that ever existed since Adam first was set in the Garden of Eden — three names prominently that we find in the history that we are making now, in modern history and in ancient, and in importance they stand in the order in which I name them. First of all, greater than all, above them all in infamy and falsehood, is Harry L. Gilmer; next to him comes M. M. Thompson, and third is Ananias of old, whose Christian name I never heard, if, in fact, he ever had one. All history, ransacked, will furnish no three such men as the three names that I have suggested."

Mr. Foster then adverted to some points in the management of the case, and touched at some length on the fact that Gilmer had not testified before the grand jury. He proceeded as follows:

"Of all the testimony that has been introduced here, the testimony of Harry Gilmer is paramount. Bind the rest of it together in a sheaf, set it alongside of the testimony of Harry Gilmer, and it is as a molehill compared to a mountain, if the testimony of Harry Gilmer is true. If the testimony

of Harry Gilmer is true, August Spies and Mr. Fischer must die. If you believe him, they must be swept from the face of the earth; and yet Mr. Grinnell, saying, 'We have nothing to conceal and nothing to hide,' forgets to tell you that he has the man who saw Mr. Spies, in the presence of Mr. Fischer, light the fuse which was thrown by Mr. Schnaubelt, and which destroyed Officer Degan. He never expected to prove it. If he did — if it is true that he expected to, and if it is true that he had nothing to conceal and nothing to hide, why, then, didn't he say it? Why had it not been published broadcast to the land by these newspaper gentlemen? Why was it that Harry Gilmer's face was not published and sent forth in every paper that is published in the land? Why was it that it was not said: 'This is the man — this is the man who has the testimony within his knowledge which will show the connection and establish the link which fastens some of the defendants, at least, to the murder of Mathias J. Degan?' Not a word — not a word upon the subject of Harry L. Gilmer, the veteran of the war, the old soldier, so eloquently discoursed upon by my brother Walker. Where was Gilmer then?

"I can imagine brother Grinnell, in his anxiety and his quandary in determining what course to pursue here, discussing with himself and his associates as to whether or not this case should be determined upon the testimony of Thompson alone, or Thompson and Gilmer mixed. It has been a serious consideration on the part of the gentlemen. There can't be any doubt about that. But the honest man who says, 'No, I can't identify them,' is sent home, and Harry Gilmer is brought to the front. He will identify Schnaubelt — oh, yes; no question about that. He will do more than that; he will identify Fischer — oh, yes; he will do more than that. Fischer may prove an alibi; they do not know whether Fischer was there, but there is one man that they do know was there, and that he was there all that time upon that wagon, and that was August Spies, and, if necessary, Harry Gilmer will identify Spies. Now, do you believe that, gentlemen? Do you believe that? And I do not charge my brother Grinnell with putting Harry Gilmer upon the stand knowing that he was swearing to a pack of lies. Not at all; I do not charge him with that. I charge him with placing no reliance upon the man at all. I say that, if Mr. Grinnell knew at the time he made his opening statement that Harry Gilmer was to come upon the stand and swear to that fact, he did not do his duty as a lawyer and he did not keep his pledge to the jury, and if he did not know it, it shows the absolute unreliability of the testimony of Mr. Gilmer.

"Now, I say to you, gentlemen, from all the surrounding circumstances in this case — I say that Harry L. Gilmer — and I stated to you the other day that I was not in the habit of calling witnesses liars; I preferred to present their testimony under the suspicion of mistake rather than the suspicion of falsehood — but I say as to Harry L. Gilmer that he is a stupendous, colossal, a monumental liar, and there is no escape from it. Now, just think of it for a moment. The world was excited; every daily paper in the universe published accounts — in Paris and in London, in Petersburg and Vienna, on the morning following the 4th of May, citizens read of the disaster of the Haymarket; the civilized world was shocked with the outrage that was perpetrated there. Where was Harry Gilmer, the man who could identify the man who threw the bomb, the man who could identify his companion, and the man who could identify the person who lit the fuse? Where was Harry Gilmer on the 5th day of May? He tells us

he was in Crane's alley the night of the 4th; he was there in the alley; he saw Spies; he says, 'That is the man right over there; that is the man that threw it;' he saw that man right over there — Spies — strike a match and light the fuse, and saw Fischer in his company. Schnaubelt threw it in the ranks of the policemen.

"There is the missing link, and if you believe that testimony as to two of these defendants, the chain is complete.' Darwin is dead, but the missing link has been found. The man who furnished the missing link went home. The man that has seen this meandered through Crane's alley and went quietly home to his roost, and he went to bed undisturbed. It is true he had seen the man who threw the bomb; he would know him anywhere. He would know him by his picture; he knows how many buttons of his coat were buttoned. He saw the man that stood by. He would know him anywhere. He knows what kind of clothing he had on and how many buttons he had buttoned of his clothes. He knew the kind of hat, the kind of clothes. He knew the man who lit the match, who touched the fuse that exploded the bomb that Schnaubelt threw. He knew him. He knew whether his coat was buttoned and how many buttons. He knew all about it — everything that every man in the universe demanded should be known by the officers of the law. And he went home and went to bed and never said a word to any living soul about it. And he got up in the morning, fresh upon his mind the fact of this great outrage that was perpetrated and that everybody was talking about everywhere — in restaurants, on the street and in street-cars — knowing that he was the man that could recognize them all — he goes and buys a paper on the street and sits down to read how terrible it was, goes into a restaurant and there sits, where men were conversing of the horror and of the outrage, and never opens his head in regard to knowing anything about it — not a word. Then he goes, after he has had his 'meal,' and gets upon the car — goes to the corner of Twenty-second Street and Wabash Avenue, and there he meets a friend, a brother painter, and they work all day, and from a third to half the time, as he states, they were painting together and lapping each other's brushes as they painted upon the side of the building, and when noon came they sat down to discuss matters and talk, over their lunch. They speak, at times, about the Haymarket meeting and the great disaster, and he never tells his friend that he had seen the bomb thrown, or knew anything about it — not a word. The world was in flames, but Harry Gilmer was cool."

Mr. Foster continued his attention to Gilmer at considerable length, making, however, no new points against him, and then proceeded:

"Now, Mr. Graham is not a Socialist. He is not a Communist nor an Anarchist. He is a reporter, and I say that he is an honorable man. His bearing showed it; his countenance indicated it; and the fact that he is not attacked nor impeached, nor one word said against him, either in argument or in testimony, in my mind establishes it.

"Well, that didn't amount to very much. There are always knowing ones around, and Gilmer was one of them. He liked to loaf about police stations. He remembered the time when he was collecting the dog tax in Des Moines. He associated with men that wore uniforms, and he liked it. He wanted to ingratiate himself into their good opinions, and he says: 'I believe I would know the fellow. I was there. I was right in plain sight, and I saw him light the fuse and I saw him toss the bomb. His back was

to me, it is true, but I do believe I would know him.' Ah! where was Fischer then? Where was 'that man sitting over there,' as Gilmer expresses it? Where was Spies and where was Fischer then? Well, they hadn't developed at that stage of the proceeding, that is all. They were the after-birth in his testimony."

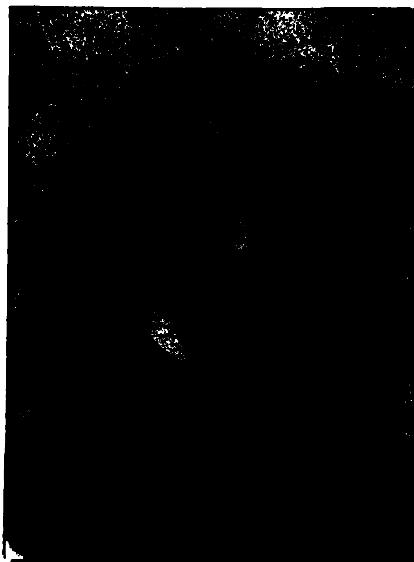
Mr. Foster went into a long and searching examination of the evidence, arguing out the more important facts developed, and closing with an eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the jury. His speech was effective and impressive.

On the next morning — Tuesday — Capt. Black began his argument for the defense, and was listened to by the jury with marked attention. He is a forcible speaker and dwelt upon the testimony favorable to his side with earnestness and emphasis. He traversed necessarily a good deal of the ground covered by his colleagues, but he clothed his argument in captivating language, and made a striking and effective appeal for his clients. The following will show the points he made:

"On the morning of the 5th of May, 1886, the good people of the city of Chicago were startled and shocked at the event of the previous night, frightened, many of them, not knowing whereunto this thing might lead. Fear is the father of cruelty. It was no ordinary case. Immediately after that first emotion came a feeling which has found expression from many lips in the hearing of many, if not all of you: 'A great wrong has been done; somebody must be punished, somebody ought to suffer for the suffering which has been wrought.' Perhaps it was that feeling — I know not — which led to the unusual and extraordinary proceedings which were taken in connection with this matter immediately following the 4th of May. Perhaps it was that feeling, in a large measure, which led to the arrest and presentment of these eight defendants. Perhaps it was something of that feeling which will explain the conduct of the prosecution in this case. I am not disposed to say that there has been any willful or deliberate intent on the part of the representatives of the State to act unfairly. I am not disposed to charge that there has been upon their part any disposition to do an injustice to any man. But in their case, as in the case of all, passion perverts the heart, prejudice corrupts the judgment.

"On the night of the 4th of May a dynamite bomb was thrown in the city of Chicago and exploded. It was the first time that in our immediate civilization, and immediately about us, this great destructive agency was used in modern contests. I beg you to remember, in the consideration of this case, that dynamite is not the invention of Socialists; it is not their discovery. Science has turned it loose upon the world — an agency of destruction, whether for defense or offense, whether for attack or to build the bulwarks round the beleaguered city. It has entered into modern warfare. We know from what has already transpired in this case that dynamite is being experimented with as a weapon of warfare by the great nations of the world. What has been read in your hearing has given you the results of experiments made under the direction of the Government of Austria, and while you have sat in this jury-box considering the things which have been deposed before you, with reference to reaching a final and correct result, the Government of the United States has voted $350,000 for the

building of a dynamite cruiser. It is in the world by no procurement of Socialism, with no necessary relationship thereto. It is in the world to stay. It is manufactured freely; it is sold without let, hindrance or restriction. You may go from this jury-box to the leading powder companies of the country, or their depots, and buy all the dynamite that you wish without question as to your purpose, without interrogation as to your motive. It is here. Is it necessarily a thing of evil? It has entered into the great industries, and we know its results. It has cleared the path of commerce where the great North River rolls on its way to the sea. It is here and there blasting out rocks, digging out mines, and used for helpfulness in the great industries of life. But there never came an explosive into the world, cheap, simple of construction, easy of manufacture, that it did not enter also into the world's combats. I beg you to remember also that hand-bombs are not things of Socialistic devising. It may be that one or another, here and there, professing Socialistic tenets, has devised some improvements in their construction, or has made some advances with reference to their composition; they have not invented them. The hand-grenade has been known in warfare long ere you and I saw the light. The two things have come together — the hand-grenade, charged no longer with the powder of old days, but charged with the dynamite of modern science. It is a union which Socialists are not responsible for. It is a union led up to by the logic of events and the necessities of situations, and it is a union that will never be divorced. We stand amazed at the dread results that are possible to this union; but as we look back over history we know this fact, contradictory as it may seem, strange as it may first strike us, that in the exact proportion in which the implements of warfare have been made effective or destructive, in that precise proportion have wars lost the utmost measure of their horror, and in that precise proportion has death by war diminished. When gunpowder came into European warfare there was an outcry against it. All the chivalry which had arrogated to itself the power and glory of battle in martial times sprang up against the introduction of gunpowder, an agency that made the iron casque and shield and cuirass of the plumed knight no better a defense than the hemp doublet of the peasant. But now, instead of wars that last through thirty years, that are determined by the personal collision of individuals, that desolate nations, the great civilized nations of the world hesitate at war because of its possibilities of evil, and diplomacy sits where once force alone was intrenched. The moral responsibility for dynamite is not upon Socialism."



CAPT. WILLIAM P. BLACK
From a Photograph.

Captain Black insisted that the sole question before the jury was who threw the bomb, for the doctrine of accessory before the fact, under which

it was sought to hold the defendants, was nothing but the application to the criminal law of the civil or common law doctrine that what a man does by another he does himself. When the prosecution charged that the defendants threw it, their charge involved that the bomb was thrown by the procurement of these men, by their advice, direction, aid, counsel or encouragement, and that the man who threw it acted not alone for himself, or upon his own responsibility, but as a result of the encouragement or procurement of these men. He held that the State must show that the agent of the defendants did the deed, and that it is not sufficient to show that the defendants favored such deeds. Upon this point counsel spoke at some length. Next he took up the case of one of the talesmen examined with reference to his taking a place on the jury, who swore that, having been for three years connected with the office of the Prosecuting Attorney in the State of New York, he found in himself that the habit of thought and life to which he had there devoted himself had created in him a predisposition to believe every accused man guilty, which, in his own deliberate judgment before God, disqualified him from sitting as an impartial juror in a criminal case. The application of this case to the attachés of the State's Attorney's office who had appeared before the jury was made the most of.

After going over the evidence as to the other conspirators Capt. Black came to the case against Fischer and Engel. He said:

"It is perhaps proper that, in view of the circumstance that Fischer and Engel were the only two defendants at the West Lake Street meeting on Monday night, I should present briefly my opinions touching that meeting as relating to this case. Two witnesses, Waller and Schrade, testified as to what occurred at that meeting. Waller said there were seventy or eighty people present; the other placed the attendance at thirty-five to forty. Let us suppose thirty-five or forty met together in that basement. In the progress of the meeting it transpired that there had been a meeting of the North Side group, of which Mr. Engel was a member, on the previous morning (Sunday). At that meeting a resolution was adopted, which was brought before the Monday night meeting for consideration, and it was adopted in the manner indicated by Waller. I think I state it fairly to the State and fairly to the defendants themselves, when I say that the action then and there resolved upon was this, no more, no less: That if in the event of a struggle the police should attempt by brute force to overpower the strikers unlawfully and unjustly, those men would lend their help to their fellow-wageworkers as against the police. A plan of action was suggested by one of the group which contemplated the blowing up of police stations, cutting telegraph wires and disabling the Fire Department. Every particle of that resolution, gentlemen, was expressly dependent upon the unlawful invasion of the rights of the working people by the police. Nothing was to be inaugurated by the so-called conspirators, there was to be no resort to force by them in the first instance. It was solely defensive, and had reference alone to meeting force by force; it had reference alone to a possible attack in the future, dependent upon the action that the police themselves might take. I am not here to defend the action of that meet-

ing. The question here is: Had that action anything whatever to do with the result of the Haymarket meeting? The action of the North Side group had nothing to do with that, since the Haymarket meeting had never been dreamed of or suggested at that time. By whom was the Tuesday meeting suggested? What was its scope, purpose and object? As then and there declared, it was simply to be a mass-meeting of workingmen with reference to police outrages that had already taken place. Were the armed men, those conspirators who met at West Lake Street, present? 'No; they were not there.' That is the testimony of Waller and Schrade. I am not here even to say that the proposition to call that meeting was a wise one. The event has proven how sadly unwise it was. But I am here to say that the men who in that Monday night meeting proposed the calling of the Tuesday night meeting, if we take the testimony of the State itself, had no dream or expectation of violence, difficulty or contest on that eventful night. But before the Tuesday night meeting was proposed, a suggestion was made that they ought to have some sort of signal for action, and the word 'Ruhe' was suggested by somebody. Waller could not tell who suggested it; Schrade did not know it had been agreed upon. Evidently there was no very clear idea that night what 'Ruhe' did mean, because Lingg saw it in the paper at eleven o'clock, and said: 'That is a signal that we ought to be over at 54 West Lake Street.' Waller finally, under close examination by the State, said the word 'Ruhe' was to be inserted in the 'Letter-box' of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* in the event of the time arriving for a downright revolution. Had that revolution come: had it commenced when the word was put in the 'Letter-box'? No. When the members saw this in the 'Letter-box' what were they to do? Go to the Haymarket and attack anybody? No. They were to go to their respective places of meeting, and then, according to advices brought to them, were to determine upon a course of action. It had no reference to the throwing of the bomb at the Haymarket. Did that Monday night meeting pick out the man who was to throw the bomb? Did it provide that a collision between the police and the people was to be brought about at the Haymarket? Did it contemplate murder? Not at all. When Fischer told Spies that the word 'Ruhe' had no connection with the Haymarket meeting, he spoke the truth. It was a signal that the armed men should meet at the places designated by themselves to determine what action should be taken with reference to whatever might have transpired.

"But it is to be borne in mind that the meeting of the armed section never took place. There was no meeting of the Northwest Side groups; there was no meeting of any group pursuant to the word 'Ruhe.' Were any bombs to be thrown, any violence to be resorted to? No. If the police made an attack, a committee was to take word to the groups, and the groups were then, and not till then, to determine what action they should take in the line of offense. Does that make every man who was present at the Monday night meeting responsible for the throwing of the bomb? Not at all. Unless they are all responsible, it does not make Fischer and Engel responsible. Engel was not at the Tuesday night meeting. Fischer was there and went quietly away before the bomb was thrown. There was absolutely nothing in connection with the Monday night meeting which contemplated violence at the Haymarket or provided for the throwing of the bomb.

"Let me call your attention, in passing, to another thing. When Waller,

having from some source heard of the lamentable occurrence at the Haymarket, went to Engel's house, he found him drinking beer with two or three friends. After listening to the details of the affair Engel said, while Waller was saying, 'Let's do something,' 'You had better go home. I have no sympathy with a movement of this kind. The police are of the common people, and when the general revolution does occur, they should be with us. I am utterly opposed to this slaughtering of them.' That is the full extent of the case against these two defendants, except the further fact that Fischer had a pistol and a dagger. It is not right to hang any man for the Haymarket murder simply because he had a dagger or a pistol in his possession.

"As to Lingg, he came from that republic sitting in the center of Europe preaching the everlasting lesson of liberty. He came here in the fall of 1885, and became a member of the Seliger household. Whatever he knows of social and labor conditions in this country he learned from those about him. He joined a carpenters' union, being himself a carpenter by trade. He attended the meetings of that union. Young, active, bright, capable, he enters the band of which they speak, and manufactures bombs. There is no law against that, gentlemen; but they claim that is a circumstance from which you must draw the conclusion of his guilt, when taken with other circumstances, for the Haymarket tragedy. The State put on the stand one man, Lehman, to whom he gave bombs. Did he tell Lehman to go to the Haymarket and use the bombs there? No. Lehman swears that he said: 'You take these and put them in a safe place.' And Lehman hid them where the officer, piloted by him, found them. Does that prove that Lingg sent a bomb to the Haymarket for the purpose of having somebody killed? How did he come to make bombs? Was it a matter to engage in on his own volition or responsibility? No. The Carpenters' Union at one of its meetings resolved to devote a certain amount of money for the purpose of experimenting with dynamite. You may say that was not right, but he was not responsible for it. There is no more reason in holding him responsible for the Haymarket affair on account of his experiments than there is to hold every other member of the Carpenters' Union for the same thing. That is how Lingg came to make bombs. Without dynamite a bomb-shell is a toy. The Lingg bombs would kill nobody unless some human independent agency took hold of them. Did Lingg know on Monday night that one of his bombs was to be used? He could not have known it, because the testimony is incontrovertible that it was understood by the men who met at 54 West Lake Street there should be no violence at the Haymarket meeting. And yet the State asks you to say that Lingg shall be hanged because he manufactured bombs. The man who threw the bomb did the independent act necessary for its explosion. Who was that man? Was he connected with the defendants? The evidence does not show it.

"And a word more about that. This boy Lingg was dependent upon others as to his impressions of our institutions. He went to Seliger's house. Seliger is a Socialist; he has been in this country for years. He is thirty-one years of age; Lingg is twenty-one. And yet the great State of Illinois, through its legal representatives, bargains with William Seliger, the man of mature years, and with his wife, older even than himself, that if they will do what they can to put the noose around the neck of this boy they shall go scatheless! Ah! gentlemen, what a mockery of justice is this."

Proceeding to discuss the Haymarket meeting, he held that there was

no law that could take away the right of the people to meet and consider grievances. When it was proposed to adopt the Constitution, in 1787, the States were so careful to preserve the rights of the people that several amendments were put in. Capt. Black spoke of our forefathers, who had made the name of the revolutionist immortal, and referred to the meetings that had to be held as a preliminary to the great struggle. It had been charged against these men that they were guilty of misdemeanors for holding meetings, and they had been prosecuted for crimes. Before the Constitution could receive the approbation of the States, it had been necessary that the amendment providing that no laws should be passed by Congress abridging free speech should be inserted. Such a provision had been incorporated in the first Constitution of Illinois in 1818, and renewed in the subsequent Constitutions of 1848 and 1870. The Haymarket meeting had been called for the common good. Those men believed that a great wrong had been done, a great outrage committed, and the rights of the citizens in that assemblage had been invaded by an unlawful, unwarrantable and outrageous act.

"Bonfield, in his police office, surrounded by his minions, one hundred and eighty strong, armed to the teeth, knew that the meeting was quietly and peacefully coming to its close. Nay, he had said so to Carter Harrison. When Parsons had concluded, Mayor Harrison went to the station and told Bonfield that it was a quiet meeting, and Bonfield replied, 'My detectives make me the same report.' Yet Carter Harrison did not get out of hearing before Inspector Bonfield ordered his men to fall in for that death march. Who is responsible for it? Who precipitated that conflict? Who made that battle in that street that night? The law looks at the approximate cause, not the remote. The law looks at the man immediately in fault; not at some man who may have manufactured the pistol that does the shooting, the dynamite that kills, the bomb that explodes. I ask you, upon your oath before God, in a full and honest consideration of this entire testimony, who made the Haymarket massacre? Who is responsible for that collision? If Bonfield had not marched there, would there have been any death? Would not that meeting have dissolved precisely as it proposed to do? Did the bomb-thrower go down to the station where the police were and attack them? A bomb could have been thrown into that station with even more deadly effect than at the Haymarket itself. There they were, massed together in close quarters, in hiding, like a wild beast in its lair ready to spring. Did the bomb-thrower move upon them? Was there here a design to destroy? God sent that warning cloud into the heavens; these men were still there, speaking their last words; but a deadlier cloud was coming up behind this armed force. In disregard of our constitutional rights as citizens, it was proposed to order the dispersal of a peaceable meeting. Has it come to pass that under the Constitution of the United States and of this State, our meetings for the discussion of grievances are subject to be scattered to the winds at the breath of a petty police officer? Can they take into their hands the law? If so, that is Anarchy; nay, the chaos of constitutional right and legally guaranteed liberty. I ask you again, charging no legal responsibility here, but looking at the man who is morally

at fault for the death harvest of that night, who brought it on? Would it have been but for the act of Bonfield?"

Captain Black went on to say that as long as the Mayor was there Bonfield could not act, but as soon as Harrison had gone the officer could not get to the Haymarket quick enough. The police, the speaker urged, had been searching the files of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and the *Alarm* for years to put before the jury the most inflammatory articles. After alluding to Christ as the great Socialist of Judea, who first preached the Socialism taught by Spies and his other modern apostles, he compared John Brown and his attack on Harper's Ferry to the Socialists' attack on modern evils, concluding:

"Gentlemen, the last words for these eight lives. They are in your hands, with no power to whom you are answerable but God and history, and I say to you in closing only the words of that Divine Socialist: 'As ye would that others should do to you, do you even so to them.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Grinnell's Closing Argument — One Step from Republicanism to Anarchy

— A Fair Trial – The Law in the Case — The Detective Work – - Gilmer and his Evidence – - "We Knew all the Facts" — Treason and Murder — Arming the Anarchists — The Toy-shop Purchases — The Pinkerton Reports – "A Lot of Snakes" — The Meaning of the Black Flag — Symbols of the Social Revolution — The *Daily News* Interviews – - Spies the "Second Washington" - – The Rights of "Scabs" — The Chase into the River – Inflaming the Workingmen – The "Revenge" Lie – The Meeting at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Office - - A Curious Fact about the Speakers at the Haymarket – The Invitation to Spies – Balthasar Rau and the Prisoners – Harrison at the Haymarket – The Significance of Fielden's Wound – Witnesses' Inconsistencies – The Omnipresent Parsons — The Meaning of the Manuscript Find – Standing between the Living and the Dead.

STATE'S ATTORNEY GRINNELL took Wednesday and a part of Thursday in which to deliver his argument. He indulged in no flights of oratory, but presented a review of the case at once able, convincing and unassailable. He began as follows:

"I said to you in the opening, gentlemen, that in this country, above all countries in the world, is Anarchy possible. In my investigations of this case, in my conduct with it, with my knowledge of my own country and the freedom we enjoy and possess, I have been led to conclude that that is true. In those strong European governments, where there is monarchical or strongly centralized government, they strangle Anarchy or ship it here. Everybody comes to our climate; everybody reaches our shores; our freedom is great — and it should never be abridged – and here with that freedom, with that great enjoyment of liberty to all men, they seek to obtain their end by Anarchy, which in other countries is impossible. As I said, there is one step from republicanism to Anarchy. Let us never take that step, and, gentlemen, the responsibility which has devolved upon you in this case is greater than any jury in the history of the world ever undertook. This is no slight or mean duty that you are called upon to perform. You are to say whether that step shall be taken.

"When the Haymarket tragedy occurred, the spontaneous declaration by every honest, every law-abiding man and woman in this city was: 'An outrage has been perpetrated; a great crime has been committed; but let there be a cool, unimpassioned trial and let the guilty suffer. Then and not till then.' That has been the sentiment of every newspaper in this city from which counsel sought to make you believe by quotations there had been something said to the contrary. The little extracts and abstracts that have been clipped from the newspapers that they have talked to you about are such extracts as met the disapproval of the newspapers. And even as to what Capt. Black referred to the other day in your hearing and which Foster elaborated to you, something that some crank has written to the *Inter-Ocean* as to what should be done with these defendants, horrifying you by the recital as he did — what does the newspaper say? That the man who wrote it was as bad as an Anarchist; that we are here to maintain

the law, not break it. And that can be said of every newspaper in this city. There never has been in the history of America, in the world, such unanimity of sentiment as has prevailed through the length and breadth of this country, not only as to the crime itself and the perpetrators, but as to the perpetrators having a fair trial. And why, especially, has there been so much talk about a fair trial in this case? Because every honest, country-loving American citizen knew that his country's life was at stake, and the only thing to do was to demonstrate the strength of the law by a fair trial, which the defendants have had."

Mr. Grinnell at this point went into a very lengthy discussion of the law in the case. He showed conclusively that in a conspiracy the men who had advised and abetted the commission of the crime were fully as guilty as the man who had actually made himself the instrument of their deed. Inasmuch as the instructions given by the court to the jury are really a concise and complete statement of the points of law which Mr. Grinnell and the other attorneys for the State urged, I have taken the liberty to omit that part of the address.

Coming to the facts in the case, Mr. Grinnell, in his examination of the attempt made by the defense to impeach Gilmer's testimony, said:

"A few days, gentlemen, after the Haymarket riot, for a whole week, as is plain from the testimony in this case, and from Captain Schaack, there was not the least particle of knowledge or a suspicion, great as had been the crime that was committed there — there was not a suspicion that it was any farther-reaching than the result of these repeated inflammatory speeches which our city had listened to for years. But the magnificent efforts of Schaack, without my knowledge at that time, got the leading-string which led to the conspiracy. Then it was, for the first time, that we knew of Schnaubelt, or that we knew or suspected that a conspiracy existed at all. I confess here, gentlemen, a weakness; because, whatever may be the instincts of the prosecutor, as they say, I have not been so long in this office as to be callous to human sentiments and to humanity, and I have not yet become so hardened that I believe everybody accused of a crime is guilty. I hope in the prosecution of my duty, and in this office, that that time will never come. When we had Spies under arrest, I confess to you that then, and after it was developed that a conspiracy existed — I confess the weakness — that I did not suppose that a man living in our community would enter into a conspiracy so hellish and damnable as the proof showed, and our investigations subsequently showed, he had entered into; and therefore, notwithstanding Gilmer's statement to us so frequently, Spies was not shown to him and not identified.

"Honesty of purpose is the only thing that will determine, in every way, the right from the wrong.

"It may sound to you a little out of place for me to say here that the only mistake I have made — the only mistake that has been pointed out to you that I have made — and I frankly confess it was a mistake — was the suggestion in my opening about the bomb-thrower. We knew the facts. There was no law compelling me to make any statement. I might have proceeded with the proof, if I desired, without any opening statement. I did make an opening. I undertook to make it fairly and frankly and broad.

I was afraid of wearying you, as I was weary myself, from the days and days that we had been working here in getting a jury, and the anxiety under which I labored. I said in that opening that we would show to you who threw that bomb. I said in that opening that we would show that the man left the wagon, lighted the match and threw the bomb. That was not absolutely correct. I should have said that the man who came from the wagon, assisted the bomb-thrower, as the proof shows, and who we knew came from the wagon, was in that group, and that the bomb was thrown by a man whom we would show to you.

"Gentlemen, let me proceed, as fast as I can, in the discussion of another branch of this case. The gentlemen upon the other side have said to you deliberately, for the purpose of gaining some favor in your eyes for their clients, that this is a plain, simple case of murder, and that we have no right to discuss anything or talk about anything except that which occurred at the Haymarket meeting. They read some law to you, yesterday, upon that proposition. It was inapplicable, and was manifestly so. There never was a murder committed in the world, be it treasonable murder or the murder for mere gain, but what the trial of the perpetrator meant an investigation of the life of the man who committed the murder. What had been his utterances? What has he said? Has he threatened life? Has he talked against a system represented by police? Has he advised the use of dynamite? Has he advised the use of poison? Has he advised the use of the pistol, the rifle, the musket, to accomplish his end? Those are legitimate sources of investigation. And further than that, as the gentlemen well know, you can go back in those declarations for years and years, and there is no statute of limitation against threats, when a repeated threat results in the deed threatened.

"On the lake front, at the different halls in the city of Chicago, at these Communistic or Socialistic halls, as the gentlemen called them — they are Anarchistic halls; don't let us have any mistake about names and titles — in all these months and years there has been openly preached to the citizens of this city treason and murder by these defendants. Why? To bring about a social revolution. And these humanitarians, these God-like men, these defendants who have the similitude of Christ — peace — have openly talked murder in our streets. I think it ought to have been stopped before. I think when they made the utterance from the lake front, or any other spot in the city of Chicago, that they should have been snatched by policemen and taken to the station and fined for disorderly conduct, as that would be as far as they could go, except under the common-law rule which provides that if they had advised murder then they could have been punished for such advice. We know more law to-day than we did — I do, I am very glad to say."

Following this, Mr. Grinnell took up the case against each of the conspirators as follows:

"Why was Engel preparing for the purchase of a large amount of arms? That has not been disputed. There is testimony in this case that Engel not later than last winter, and perhaps in the spring, negotiated for a large amount of arms, with his daughter present. His daughter has not been placed upon the stand to deny that fact. Why? He was not a dealer in arms. It could have been denied if not true. He is a keeper of a toy-store, it appears, over on Milwaukee Avenue. These belligerent

humanitarians, these men whom Black would have you surround and cover with garlands — these are the men that we have demonstrated before you have been buying arms and preparing for years for something. Why was it that Parsons at another place, no later than last winter, or late in the fall, also negotiated for a large amount of arms? Has he denied it? He has been on the witness-stand. Why did he negotiate for arms? For humanitarian purposes? Why, gentlemen, to dispose of the bloodhounds, the police, the capitalists. That has been their cry. Their cry on the lake front and everywhere has been that same treasonable, infamous cry. Is that the only place they have spoken? Their halls are all over the city. Look at the testimony of Johnson, the detective, on that subject. The only testimony against Johnson, the only syllable in this proof against Pinkerton's detective who is called Johnson, or Jansen, is Foster's — that is all, except that Fielden said, as I remember, that the man O'Brien, in whose presence Johnson said Fielden made the remark about a little dynamite in his pocket, was not here, and that therefore he did not say it. Why, Fielden had been saying it for years — he had been talking it day after day and Sunday after Sunday on the lake shore.

"He had been talking it year in and year out. He had been speaking for dynamite and demanding its use by the workingmen, and advising them to arm themselves with it for months and years. Foster said that Johnson is not to be believed because he is a detective, and he delivered a very pleasant lecture on that subject. I presume he has delivered it in every important trial that he has ever been in. It is the ordinary language, the usual philippic against detectives, I suppose. I never saw a detective on the witness-stand that commended himself so favorably to the honest consideration of any listener as did Johnson. And after he had withstood that severe, critical and exasperating cross-examination of Foster, he still stood there a monument of strength to the truth which he had uttered. He had said nothing, gentlemen, but what had been in the public press for years about these utterances; and they have not denied a single syllable of his testimony. I suppose then, gentlemen, from that follows another proposition — that we, in the city of Chicago and elsewhere, must suffer murder, must be robbed, our friends killed, our houses invaded, law set at defiance, because it would be unfortunate to have anybody convicted who was guilty on the testimony of the detective. Foster said there never was any great murder trial in the world but what there is a detective in it. That may be so. The peculiarity of this murder trial and the detective is this — that this report was made from day to day by the detective to his principals, and by them to citizens, long before this murder. The detective that Foster pictures is the one who after the act goes back to make up a case. This was making the case without thinking that it would ever take place, and the actual written statements made by him from night to night and from day to day were here in court; and if they were not, the fact has not been denied, and these men have been on the stand. Why didn't they deny it? Did any of them deny the existence of the armed group and the marching backward and forward and the explanation of the dynamite cans at Greif's Hall? No; none of them denied it. They would have denied it if it had not been so absolutely strong in its proof. The written evidence, the handwriting on the wall, was against these men.

"But, not content, these revolutionists, these traitors, these men who have committed treason — I thank again the gentleman for the word —

these men who have committed treason are not content with confining their power and influence to the small limits of Cook County, but Spies goes to Grand Rapids and there gives utterance to these same treasonable sentences; and there is no doubt that other proselytes of the humanitarian crowd were at other places in the country doing the same thing. It seems that Parsons was at Cincinnati Sunday or Saturday before the Haymarket difficulty. Was he down there for the same purpose that Spies was at Grand Rapids? And at Grand Rapids, what did Spies say? He said that the social revolution must come, would come when there were great numbers of laboring men out of employment, and foreshadowed the difficulties in the ensuing year, in 1886. The great things that he was to accomplish then were foreshadowed. 'But,' said Moulton to him, -- the other witness heard the conversation,—'they will strangle you like a lot of snakes. It will be murder.' 'Oh no; oh no. No murder about this. We are humanitarians. No murder. We will succeed. It will be revolution, and I, great Spies, will be the second Washington of America.' The second Washington of America! 'But if you fail?' says Moulton. 'Of course, if we fail, that is another thing; but we ain't going to fail.' 'Why?' 'Because hundreds of thousands of laboring men will be out of employment all over the United States, and they have the power.' That is the friend of the laboring man, the Anarchist and friend of the laboring man, advocating the destruction of property to advance the interests of the laboring man. It would be a great benefit to me, with the very little property that I have, to have it destroyed; it would enrich me so at once!

"But that is not all — and there has been no dispute about that interview with Moulton, not a syllable of dispute about that interview from any source. Counsel did not even undertake to cross-examine Moulton. His intelligence was such, he was so clear-headed and concise in what he uttered, that they dropped him. What was all this for? That meant preparation and threats toward what? Toward murder, the social revolution — and it was murder. That is why this is competent evidence. That is why the utterances of these men are material and necessary. That is why the proof is overpowering.

"There is no use in my giving you the details of these speeches from day to day. They have made indignant every man who has listened to them or read them. They have caused other things — they have caused bloodshed and riot.

"Foster says to you that there is no difficulty about the black flag; that that is a flag they use over in Europe to march around with, showing their humanitarian desires, or that they are hungry — that that is what it means. It does not mean that here. They were going to march down Michigan Avenue under the black flag and strike terror to the hearts of the capitalists. Didn't Fielden and Spies and Parsons and all that gang understand that when the valiant crowd would march up Michigan Avenue under the black flag, it meant death, no quarter, piracy?

"But that is not all. The Board of Trade meeting occurs, and there the black flag and the red flag were carried. The article has been read to you, and it is unnecessary to go into that again. And there they say that that meeting was copiously supplied with nitro-glycerine pills, or something of that kind. They did not get at the Board of Trade, but had to march clear around it, within a block of it, and then vented their spite — aroused by their difficulties, vented their spite in speeches from the *Arbeiter-*

Zeitung office that night, commending their valorous deeds and acts, only saying that they were preparing for them, declaring: 'We will wait for some other time, when we are ready for the police.' They did not expect any police that night. They thought they would march right down. The police began to wake up.

"Gentlemen, the red flag has passed in our streets enough. At that meeting which they comment so much upon in the *Alarm* and the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, representing its peculiarities, its honor, and its humanitarian influences, they suggest that the red flag that was carried there, and carried by women, that it is the flag of universal liberty, and it is so described here on the witness-stand. Ah, gentlemen, there is but one flag of liberty in this land, and that is the stars and stripes. That flag is planted on our soil, and planted to stay, if you have the courage to carry out the law. It is a plant of liberty.

> The blades of heroes fence it round;
> Where'er it springs is holy ground.
> From tower and dome its glories spread;
> It waves where lonely sentries tread.
>
> It makes the land as ocean free,
> And plants an empire on the sea —
> Always the banner of the free,
> The starry flower of liberty.

"That is the flag that these men want to wipe out and supplant with the black and the red. No wonder those flags over there (indicating flags offered in evidence) disturbed Foster. He is an American citizen, not tinctured or tainted with any of the Anarchy of his clients.

"There is one other suggestion I want to make to you in this connection. I wish to hurry along and be as brief as possible. As has been said to you by counsel, the case in its magnitude and scope is so great that no one man can cover it. Some branches of this case, and nearly all, have been well covered by Mr. Walker and Mr. Ingham, who preceded me. But there is one forcible suggestion brought to my attention by Mr. Ingham, and I wish to again ask: Why all these threats? Why all this talk? Why so many threats of murder, outside of the question of the desire to accomplish that end? Ah! gentlemen, it is so that the revolution could more easily take place by causing terror in your hearts and my heart. That is what it meant: causing terror in the heart of every American citizen, and thereby making more easy the accomplishment of that which they desire and preach. Why all these armed groups, scattered throughout and operating in the city of Chicago, as they all say, as Most explains in his book, as Spies explains and as Parsons and all in their speeches explain? Why this network of groups? It was the nucleus, the foundation from which that social revolution was to spring, and these armed men were to do their part of the duty. There was a desire to strike terror — that is the watchword — to strike terror to the hearts of the capitalists and their minions, the bloodhounds of the police. That is what it meant. Threaten life — specific in one direction — and threaten the peaceful citizens and the law-abiding citizens on the other hand, so that they would throw up both hands at once, and let it go on. That was their scheme. Why? Because these men, in their craven spirit, supposed that one hundred thousand honest laboring men in this town would at once wheel in behind the ranks of the three thousand and mow down everybody else. Lingg, who told Capt.

Schaack of all the bombs, not admitting that he had made the bomb that killed Degan, admitted and told Schaack that they were pills and medicine for the police and capitalists.

"'They were not the friends of the laboring man, although they were always talking about that in public — such wonderful friends of the laboring man! Gentlemen, they wanted to kill the system. They said they wanted to kill the system, and on the witness-stand here they said that on that night of the Haymarket massacre they meant the system. What system? The system of law. They have no malice in their hearts against the seven officers — Oh! no. They did not know them. It was not the seven officers, as persons, they desired to kill; but they desired to kill the officers, and all of them, in order to kill the system — the system of law.

"Besides the frequent declarations that have been proven here as to the designs of these men foolishly and dishonestly to represent themselves as the friends of the laboring man, they have said in their writings, and they have preached on the stump, that the eight-hour movement, as a movement, would not help the laboring man. And why? Because the laboring man must have Anarchy — must have what other people have got in the way of property, as they have defined in their ideas of property. Black calls that a theory.

"Declarations threatening dynamite were made in our midst for the purpose of terrorizing the people, and causing them to believe that these men were more powerful than they were, and thereby causing the laboring man to come to their ranks. It was a bid for the laboring man — that is what it was, and that is why Wilkinson's interview was so easily obtained. Wilkinson interviewed these men, and published in the *Daily News* of the 14th day of January, 1886, his interview with Spies as to the purposes and objects of the revolutionists and Anarchists in the city of Chicago. What did he say? He told about the bombs, the dynamite, their preparation, their network of groups, their thousands of armed men in the city of Chicago, their drilling from day to day or week to week. He gave him a sample of a bomb, and told him further that the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office was a place for the distribution of bombs in the city of Chicago, and upon his own testimony it appears that he received bombs, as Mr. Ingham has explained to you, from one part of the country; and then samples were brought in — two more, of which the one here presented and called the Czar bomb was one.

"And now, why did he do all that? Why did this foolish man do that? They want you to acquit him because he is foolish. Why did this foolish man do all that? Gentlemen, the answer is plain and simple. First, vanity — the second Washington of this country! God save the memory of the father of our country.

"Another thing, he wanted to demonstrate through the public press to the one hundred thousand honest laborers in Chicago that Anarchy had come. That is what he wanted. That is why it was advertised. That is why he so flippantly discussed open secrets in that way. He wanted the laboring man to follow in the wake of the despoilers of our country, the Anarchists. Yes, and fearing that such talk in the newspapers would scare some of his conspirators and co-workers in evil, he goes to Fielden when they were having a meeting at Greif's Hall a day or two after, and says to him, 'Go light on that interview among our companions; they may be scared off.' He was obliged to hedge among his companions to keep them in

control, and by his vaporings, as they call it, seek to pull to them the one hundred thousand laborers in this town. If there had been a possibility of the accomplishment of his designs, what would we have done in this city with one hundred thousand men let loose? Parsons says he was a Knight of Labor. His very paper abuses Powderly, the genius and inspiration of the Knights of Labor in this country. Their honest leaders in this country are men who are opposed to Anarchy, and in the organization of the Knights of Labor, gentlemen, the one element in it to-day which is dangerous to it and the rights of the laboring man is the very element of Anarchy—dangerous wherever it is.

"Parsons was buying arms, negotiating for them; Engel was negotiating for them; Lingg was making bombs; Fischer was doing the work of Spies in the promulgation of their ideas; Fielden was making speeches preparing the public; Parsons, in his humanitarian designs against his own country, where his fathers were born and lived—he was writing and speaking for the social revolution and against all law, as was Schwab and Spies, and it was to take place the 1st of May, 1886. Gentlemen, as I said in the opening, I say again, Spies appeared at the McCormick meeting for the purpose of inflaming that crowd to the highest intensity, as expressed in their editorials — to the highest pitch of excitement — appeared at that crowd and spoke. It appears from his own lips, and appears in proof here, that before he spoke there had been no riot; that while he was speaking the rioting occurred and the difficulty was precipitated. I take, gentlemen, his explanation, given by himself, written that night, as the full explanation. He in that article says: 'If there had been one dynamite bomb.' Think of the horror! It makes one's blood run cold — these men deliberating with such infamy the destruction of life and property in a country which has freedom for its basis and freedom for its glory, and talking riot and bloodshed.

"I am not going to discuss further that McCormick meeting, except to make this suggestion that seems to have been omitted. It is in regard to the 'Revenge' circular. I say, gentlemen, that the basis of the 'Revenge' circular is a lie, premeditated, deliberate, infamous, and is the key-note to the situation.

"McCormick had some laboring men—it is the high privilege, the great and high privilege of the defendants in this case to call them 'scabs.' We will call them 'scabs.' They were working at McCormick's for their honest daily bread. They had no fight with the world. They were seeking their subsistence by daily toil. They had rights which every man should respect; they had the right to peaceful employment, of coming and going to their labor as they saw fit. They came out of that great factory, only a moment before teeming with the busy throb of life, to be set upon, attacked and murdered by the strikers whom defendant Spies was speaking to. Who there was entitled to protection, gentlemen? Was it the duty of the police to protect the 'scabs,' or the six thousand, part of whom began the riot? The time that the attack occurred, gentlemen, there were only two policemen on the ground. Those two policemen that came out of McCormick's factory nearly lost their lives; one of them was stoned nearly to death; secured himself in a patrol box, which was afterwards pulled down, and all for what? Because a few 'scabs' coming out of McCormick's on their way to their homes and their families had been attacked by the mob which Spies was addressing and instigating. The two policemen called a patrol wagon in

order, as was their right and duty, to protect the property of McCormick, the lives of the 'scabs' who swam the river, and the lives of the two officers who were there then. He calls such protection of a few 'scabs' against this army of strikers which he sought to inflame—and did not entirely succeed—calls that transaction the bloodhounds of the police wickedly shooting down your friends. It was a lie. The police were there in honored duty, protecting life and property, and the mob began the fight, and not the police. Not only has Spies declared in that circular that men were killed who were not, but that men were injured who were not hurt; not only that, but, pervading it, the whole of it, is a lie, and the purpose of that lie was to inflame the laboring men. He rushed down to his office and wrote that circular, as he says, 'with his blood boiling against the outrages of the police.' Poor bloodhounds of the police, who had undertaken to protect the lives of a few people, and McCormick, who is unfortunate enough to own more property than perhaps any of us—to protect his property from being stoned, and his premises pillaged, and his men murdered. He writes the 'Revenge' circular and prepares for war.

"They had prepared, before the McCormick meeting, for this difficulty. At Emma Street, on Sunday, was a conspiracy meeting of these infamous scoundrels, and among them was Fischer, seeking our lives—seeking the destruction of the law.. They agreed upon the plan—they agreed upon 'Ruhe'—they agreed that the meeting of the armed men should be called for Tuesday night. It is in the history of this conspiracy that the first meeting on that Sunday contemplated the difficulties at McCormick's. Where is this Thielen? Where is this German friend—this comrade? He was down there with Comrade Spies, on the top of that car, and their intention was to do that which was done—to excite that mob. That was the preliminary step in this conspiracy to the open infraction of law. The general conspiracy had been going along for weeks, perhaps for months; it may be for years. But the details of the conspiracy were arranged at the Emma Street meeting. Then comes the McCormick meeting, the inflaming of the workingmen, and then what? The production of the 'Revenge' circular, to still more incite them. The armed men meet at that Emma Street place, where the Northwest Side group meet—the group that the worst Anarchists in the city belong to—at that Emma Street meeting it was discussed, talked about and suggested, and at that meeting it was arranged and talked about as to where and how the fighting should be done when the contest came. How was it to be done? One man suggested that they should go into the crowd themselves, and begin killing then and there. Another says: 'That won't do; we may come in contact with the policemen or a detective and our lives'—yes, their precious lives—'might be at stake.' That plan was rejected—that part of it. And another thing you will remember: that it was settled that the meeting should not be on the Market Square, down here on the South Side, because 'it was a mouse trap,' because the power of the police, the militia and everything of that character was such that it was impossible to get out of the way, at Market Square, if the contest came. Courageous men!

"After Spies had written that circular, after he had had it printed, where does it appear? He has it sent over to the printer by a boy; and that circular, printed by him, ordered by him, is distributed broadcast through the city, by. whose order? By Spies'. It is another significant fact, gentlemen, that it appears at every meeting almost simultaneously with the con-

spiracy meeting; as I remember, brought there either by Fischer or Balthasar Rau — that I would not be sure of; but it appears almost like the wind in all parts of the city, distributed from horseback, and it never could have been distributed if it had not been done at the order of the arch-conspirator of all, August Spies. That circular was intended to inflame; it did inflame. It inflamed people throughout the city who read it; it was a lie. They could not know that. The police had not committed the outrages, but the mob had. There had not been that number killed nor wounded. They could not know that. Their apostle, the individual who has been their leader, had said, 'To arms!' Some answer, 'We will.' That is Anarchy. Gentlemen, it is unnecessary for me to go over step by step that conspiracy. It is established here so that it never can be moved. Mr. Ingham and Mr. Walker went over the ground thoroughly and completely. The defense has seen fit to let it alone. The conspiracy was established, and all the defendants show themselves as coming into it. Isn't it significant that on Tuesday, on Tuesday morning, between nine and ten, as I understand, Parsons appeared from Cincinnati? What does he do? He rushes straight to the *Daily News* office before eleven o'clock, and inserts a notice for the American group to meet at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, where it never had met before. For what purpose? For the purpose of 'important business.' If that had been an honest desire to have the important business for the purpose of arranging the sewing girls and their employment, or making a union among the sewing girls, as they now claim, why didn't he say so? Before eleven o'clock Parsons appears and has this article inserted. Why? So that the main head centers of the conspiracy could be readily reached when the contest came 'to its highest intensity' at the Haymarket. Not another day in the whole history of this organization has the American group ever met at Fifth Avenue. Why didn't it meet over at the other place, at Greif's Hall, where it always met? That would not do, because there were meetings there, conspiracy meetings and everything else. Whom else do we find here at this *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office? Schwab. What for? He was not a member of the American group? What was he there for? He was there, too, for that purpose. He had been talking and writing, as has been read to you, about Anarchy and bloodshed and dynamite and rifles, and he appears at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office for the first time when the American group meets; never was there with them before, so far as this proof shows.

"Fischer seeks to obtain this circular printed; that is his part of the programme; he goes out — there is no dispute about these facts — he goes out of the meeting and finds the printing-office closed. He waits until the next morning. Now, this man is a printer; he is the friend of Spies; he went from Spies when the circular was printed; he was in the meeting at which the circular was distributed; he knows, as a matter of fact, that Spies wrote that circular, 'Workingmen, to arms.' Spies is his general, his boss and chief, and the arch-conspirator. He says, 'Workingmen, to arms!' What does Fischer say? Why, he says: 'Workingmen, to arms,' in his circular, and adds: 'Come in full force,' and it appears the next morning.

"Now the circular was circulated. Who was invited to speak, gentlemen? No one. Why? Because they knew that if twenty-five thousand laboring men appeared at that meeting that night in the inflamed condition of this town with the results following the McCormick meeting — they knew that it was the bounden duty of the police to tell those men to go home.

It is in proof in this case that they expected twenty-five thousand laboring men there. They would not need a speaker. If there was no speaker, then there would be tumult and crowding and jostling. Fights might occur, difficulties be precipitated, and the police inevitably would have to come. How do I know that no speakers were invited? Spies said that Fischer invited him. From brother Foster's remarks I conclude that he has been on the stump a good many years out in Iowa. I venture to say he never went to a public meeting in his life, where he addressed it, where great crowds were assembled, where talking was to be indulged in, without asking his invitor who else was going to speak. It don't appear in proof here that Fischer was ever asked that question. Spies was to speak in German, and that is the reason he didn't hurry to the meeting. Fischer, Spies says, invited him to speak. Well, he was invited to speak, and nobody else — and he has never said anything about anybody else having been invited — not a syllable, not a name given. In fact, every other individual that could be invited had gone elsewhere, had prepared his alibi, had arranged for the meeting at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, at the American group; every other speaker was there, but Spies alone was invited to speak. he says, and yet he waits, he waits after getting to that meeting. He does that which the design showed clearly was the intention to do, to precipitate a difficulty at the Haymarket meeting, and to gain results by armed men and dynamite early in the evening, and then would destruction and chaos come.

"The first words of Spies' opening speech demonstrate a significant thing. Why should Spies open the meeting? Why didn't Fischer open it? Why didn't the executive committee open it? Spies opened it. After idling around there some time in regard to the matter, Spies opened the meeting. Had anybody asked him to open the meeting? Why, no. He was only an ordinary invited speaker at a meeting at which no other speaker had been invited, and he appears there, and the first words he says, as I will show you by English's testimony, are: 'Mr. Parsons and Mr. Fielden will be here in a very short time to address you.' How did he know where they were? He had not seen them. There is no indication that he had seen Parsons that day. How did he know that Parsons was not in Cincinnati? 'Parsons and Fielden will be here in a few moments.' How do you know, Mr. Spies? Why, they are over at the *Alarm* office, or at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and Balthasar Rau is sent over there to get them.

"And now, Belthasar Rau went from this meeting over to the *Alarm* office, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and invited those two people to come over there, that Spies wanted some help. Why did he want help? Well, the meeting was not big enough. It was going to dissolve; it looked as though it was going to pieces; the thing was a fiasco; he had got to keep it — try and see if he could not do something. And he continued, holding the audience till help came, and said: 'I will say, however, first, that this meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the general situation of the eight-hour strike, and the events which have taken place during the last forty-eight hours. It seems to have been the opinion of the authorities that this meeting had been called for the purpose of raising a little row and disturbance.'

"Now, how did Spies know that the authorities knew anything about it? Had Spies told them that there was going to be a row? Oh, no; he said nothing of that kind; but he said deliberately in that meeting that the

authorities are supposed to believe or know that a riot is going to take place right there. Had the 'Revenge' circular been circulated? Yes. Had the other circular been circulated? Yes. What was their purpose? To make a row. Spies knew it, and he hedges in his inflammatory utterances which you read between the lines. It is a Mark Antony style of oratory— inflames most when there is least said. He was lying about the Gatling guns and the police, all for inflaming purposes, discussing that McCormick matter, about which he had in the inception begun to lie, for the same purpose. That was a very significant opening. It shows that he knew the purposes and object of that meeting. Gentlemen, it was the duty of the police to have disturbed and broken up that meeting in its inception. Why? The whole town was aflame. You remember it. Riot had occurred the day before, and the calling of a meeting upon so public a place as that was ill-advised and ought not to have been done. And the police, if they had walked down there thus early in the evening and dispersed it, would have done what was right. But the police did not walk down there and disturb the meeting; they walked down there and asked the meeting to disperse. There is no use of talking about proof, gentlemen. Their belts were on, their clubs in their sockets, their pistols in their pockets. That is the fact. They marched down that street, not with the precipitation which they would have you believe. They marched down that street perhaps fast, but not with precipitation, not with haste. They marched down that street to disperse a meeting that had talked 'To arms;' that had said: 'Throttle the law,' and that had said enough to have caused bloodshed then and there, and the only reason that more lives were not lost is because they failed to come earlier. The arrangement of that meeting was that it should be called, and that they should come early, and that it should be precipitated, and blood would flow. Engel was there in the evening; he knew about it. Fischer walked up with Waller, and Waller was armed. 'Workingmen, come armed.' A word, gentlemen, only a word, about the breaking-up of that meeting. They have played Harrison in and out of this case, for the purpose of saving the defendants. Harrison, you remember, went there for the purpose of ascertaining if that meeting was organized to attack the freight-house of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, about which you remember there was some difficulty, or McCormick's, or if it was called to attack any particular place. He found, from the speeches, that, although inflammatory — and he said so — from the speeches themselves he found that no particular place was pointed out for an attack.

"It was the same old speeches — riot, bloodshed, the black flag, the red flag, dynamite, war, to arms. And counsel upon the other side say that that 'To arms! To arms!' didn't mean anything. It was Pickwickian, and used to round a sentence. They went down to that meeting, and Harrison was there and saw that meeting and heard those speeches, and reported back to Bonfield what had been the result, namely, that they had ceased to become inflammatory since they had seen his face.

"Thinking that the meeting was organized for plunder at the freight-house, hearing the speeches, seeing them become more moderate, Harrison left, and after he is gone, then come the reports, the incendiary character still increased, and when they come, they come in such shape that if Bonfield had not gone down there, then and there, he would have failed to perform his duty.

"We have had enough of this. It is time it stopped. They were asked

peaceably to disperse — peaceably to disperse — peaceably to disperse. The police had their clubs in their belts, their pistols in their belts, and the bomb was thrown. So say Bonfield, Wessler, Foley, Bowler, Hanley, Ward, Hubbard, Haas, Hull, Heinemann — and I want to suggest a word about Heinemann's testimony. Heinemann said that when that bomb exploded he was getting away on the east side of the street, going south. What did he get? He got the whistling of bullets past his ear. Where did they come from? Where could they come from? Hull was on that platform up there, and Owen was there, and that is where Simonson was. Hull says firing began by the crowd. Well, Owen got hit up there. It had to come from over there. Dr. Newman says that all sizes of bullets were found, from twenty-two to forty-four, and the police did not have anything but thirty-eight caliber. That was a cruel thrust for counsel to make at men standing up as these men did that night — death in their midst — standing there so nobly — a thrust to save the lives or the liberty of the defendants — by saying that they shot each other in their fright and terror. As Wirt Dexter said in a speech about that matter — I wish I could deliver his words to you — in praising the act of the police in that transaction: How noble was their conduct! Instead of fleeing and running, they said: 'Fall in, boys,' and the city was saved. Supposing the police had fired first, after the bomb. The man who threw that bomb obtained it from Lingg or Spies, and threw it in accordance with the general plan of conspiracy, and death was the result. I cannot talk to you about families, about wives and children, but if I had the power I would like to take you all over there to the Haymarket that night, and with you, with tears in your eyes, see the dead and mingle with the wounded, the dying — see law violated, and then I could, if I had the power, paint you a picture that would steel your hearts against the defendants. Captain Black said, in argument to you, that the State had no right to do that. The State has all the rights that it could possibly possess through so weak an instrument as myself. He has no more right. Did Fielden shoot? I think so. If he did not, he is made of poorer clay than I take him to be. He has been saying for years: 'The bloodhounds of the police should be massacred and killed.' He it was who said that he would march with the black flag down Michigan Avenue and strike terror to the heart of the capitalist. He it is who has said, day in and day out, since living in this inhospitable country: 'Death to the police and the capitalists — the despoilers — our despoilers — death to them!'

"Why, do you mean to say that he would not do what he says he would do? Dr. Epler swears that he told him when he dressed the wound that he was shot when he was down on the pavement, and he has not denied it. That was a significant fact, gentlemen; a very significant fact. The officer who was shot thinks it was by Fielden. It may have been by somebody else; nobody can tell.

"Another thing. One of the officers swears that he was wounded in the knee. I was not looking at Capt. Black when he motioned to you the place where the wound occurred. For the purpose of correcting myself and making no mistake about it, because the testimony of an officer or any witness who put his finger on the spot cannot get into the record; and I found by looking at the record that he pointed his finger 'here and here.' Of course there was no significance to that. So I saw the wound again. I had seen it once before. The bullet went in there (indicating), and came out above, going around up opposite the knee-cap, and was not from behind.

"That bomb was thrown in furtherance of a common design. No matter who threw it. But the gentlemen say there can be no conviction in this case because we have failed to prove, or cannot prove, who threw that identical bomb. That is not the law, as I explained to you yesterday. The other question is, Is there anything in this case showing who did? Gilmer says that he was in the alley, and a match was lighted, and that bomb was thrown by one man; Fischer stood by, and that Spies lighted it. Is that remarkable? Spies had been advising the doing of that thing for years; and in one of the articles that has been read to you, over his own signature, he says: 'Take as few people into your confidence as possible; do it alone; in your revolutionary deeds, do it alone; but if you have to consult anybody, take your nearest friend, a man you can rely upon.' Who is Schnaubelt? Schwab's brother-in-law. Who is Fischer? A man who got the meeting up at Spies' instance, and works for Spies. Now, gentlemen, I presume, and I have no doubt but what if they had raked a little more carefully, we would have found the man that said that that bomb was thrown from the top of Crane's building; you could have found the man that said it came from away in the alley; any number of men probably would have put it north of the alley, and some south. The question here is, about where did it come from? The explanation of street warfare is, that it is to be done near alleys. Is Spies so craven now, after the deed is done, that he shall say, 'I had no hand in it,' when he had advised it for years? Gentlemen, men's lives speak for themselves. He has advised it, said it, talked it, acted it. Why, the witnesses say, counsel upon the other side say to you, 'Gentlemen, it is impossible that this man would do it, because no man saw the light which would have flashed up in their faces.' Why, gentlemen, they put two witnesses on the stand to swear distinctly and clearly and positively that they had lighted a match and lighted a pipe, which would take a good deal longer than lighting a fuse. Spies says in one article: 'It never goes out in a dry night; the Anarchist fuse never fails.' It could have happened; it has been advised to happen precisely as Gilmer states it. Ignore Gilmer, and the case is made. But they want you to ignore Thompson too. Why? What for? Because they heard Schwab and Spies talk together. Was there anything marvelous in that? Had they said anything there together that they had not been saying in public for years? But supposing you ignore Thompson's testimony and say that Thompson is mistaken; then it was Schnaubelt, wasn't it? Why was Spies so confidential with Schnaubelt that night? Where is Schnaubelt? He was the man that was arrested before the conspiracy was known, and let go; shaved his whiskers off, changed his appearance, and he has not been seen since. Why was Spies so confidential with Schnaubelt? He says he did walk with him; says that Henry Spies walked behind him.

"Gentlemen, let me show you the testimony of these people in pairs. It is the most marvelous thing I ever saw in a lawsuit. Ferguson and Gleason were together. They went in pairs. You remember it. Ferguson says that he was on the corner of Randolph Street when the bomb was thrown. Gleason says that was not so; they were away down next to the station, more than half a block away. Ferguson says that they heard a crash like the breaking of a plank or a pistol, and then the bomb exploded. That is when he was on the corner of the street. Gleason says that was not so; he didn't remember of hearing anything of that kind, but they both distinctly remembered of seeing, after the bomb was exploded, the police

fire from that way. The Anarchists fired south, the police north. Ferguson and Gleason were south of and behind the police, yet they say the police fired south, while facing north. Ridiculous. And one or the other of them, I don't know — or it was Taylor — says that they, the police, fired clear down to Madison Street, and along Madison Street. Queer that nobody else heard of that. What were they shooting down there for? Richter and Liniger — you remember them — these are the two loving friends that went to that meeting pursuant to the notice that they saw in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* — not only the notice of the meeting, but the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* contained the 'Revenge' circular. They went to that meeting and lovingly stood in the alley, midway between the edge of the walk and the building, arm in arm, for over an hour. Foster knew that that was ridiculous, and he tried to get them apart; he asked them questions to get them apart, but they clung together for over an hour, and finally moved up to the lamp-post, where Taylor had been standing before the meeting began, and they didn't know where the meeting was to be.

"Again Krumm stood in the alley with his back to the wall all the time except when he lighted his pipe and walked backward and forward in it, Albright standing with him. Krumm had his back up against that wall, glued like a post for almost an hour, saving only at intervals did he leave it; and Krumm and Albright lighted their pipes, and they moved to the lamp-post. The lamp-post was peopled thick. Gentlemen, it is an insult to your intelligence to suggest a word about the truth of that Krumm and Albright's testimony. Why, Krumm is the man that left his boarding-house, boarding with Albright at that time -- left his house in search of a friend whose name he could not give; if he could it was indefinite — and that he was to meet him on the corner of Canal and Randolph Streets that night somewhere. He went down to Canal and Randolph Streets, wandered around there looking for his friend, or for somebody who said he would meet him there, and then walked back to the meeting and began to look for Albright, or at least he found Albright. Now, isn't that a queer circumstance — that they neither of them knew that that meeting was going to happen, or knew that the other was to be there; left the house about the same time, and yet did not leave together, and happened to meet right in that alley, with their backs up against the wall? The next pair is Fischer and Wandry. That is for the alibi. Now, why doesn't Spies, who was on the stand, who says he was in Zepf's, say something about Fischer being there. Why wasn't Waller, who was on the stand, asked by these men whether Fischer was there? The witnesses all congregate at this place, at Zepf's Hall, after the meeting, and Fischer has not been seen by anybody, except Wandry. Even this respectable Nihilist from Russia don't remember of seeing Fischer, and got Fischer in a great many different places, as they do Parsons. Finding Parsons had got to be in several places, and further, finding that they have got him down in the window, they get another man there that looks like Parsons - as they did Krumm, who lighted his pipe in the alley and looked so much like Spies. To digress a moment, Mr. Walker never said to you, gentlemen, that the defendants' lawyers put up Mr. Krumm because of his resemblance to Spies and to account for a light in the alley. That was not fair. He made the declaration that the other side, or somebody, had put up the job.

"We have endeavored to try this lawsuit like gentlemen. I think we have succeeded on both sides. There was not that implication to be

drawn from what Walker said, but it was rather ingenious and sagacious to allow you, gentlemen, to believe that we had been saying something that was unfair.

"The two men that saw Schnaubelt — Lehnert and Krueger. That was the queerest circumstance that I have yet come across. By the way, Krueger was in the conspiracy, was in both the meetings, with Schnaubelt, with Waller, with Engel, with Lingg; he was there, knew them all, and, although he was on the stand, the gentlemen upon the other side never asked him nor Grueneberg a question about the conspiracy. Neither did they ask Spies, or Parsons, or Schwab. They did ask Fielden.

"August Krueger and Lehnert got this man some twenty or thirty feet away from the alley and the wagon, talking in a quiet tone of voice about going home. They walk a little ways together. Krueger goes one direction and Schnaubelt another. Black tells you that the reason of that was because they could not go together any further, as their places diverged. It would not have done for them to have gone together any further, because Krueger went to Engel's. There were too many at Engel's — it would not have done.

"I believe that Schnaubelt threw the bomb. You may believe that it is an unknown person threw it; it is immaterial.

"Back and Mitlacher. Back, if I remember, is the man that appeared at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office that Tuesday night, at the time of the meeting of the American group. Now, what was he there for? He was a member of some other group. At all events he was there, and a German; he was not an American; he had not been here long enough, to start with, and he didn't look as if he ever wanted to be one of our kind.

"Now, where did these two men stand? They stood on the platform, next to the plumber's shop, on the south side of the alley, and at least thirty-five or forty feet from where that wagon was; yet those men, one of them, the tall man, says that he distinctly remembers seeing Henry Spies. Why, it was a dark night, and the man couldn't see from there. And the other fellow saw Henry Spies' hat. They stood there all the evening, nearly; walked up and down once in a while; stood there all the evening. That is another ridiculous suggestion.

"This alibi business and this suggestion of these pairs, couples, constitute what Black calls proof. That is right. It is negative, and a very poor negative at that. He says that that is all you could prove. Didn't see anything, of course.

"My attention is brought to another fact. Captain Black made a mistake. I put it that way. He read Thompson's testimony to you. Your (*i. e.*, Captain Black's) shorthand writer has either made a mistake, or your typewriter has. Thompson did not change, in his answers, from Spies to Schwab.

"In regard to the testimony of Thompson, gentlemen, it was a remarkable feature of the case that he stood that searching cross-examination with such splendid equanimity, and no disturbance of what he said. And, gentlemen, that same can be said of Gilmer. Let any of you go onto that witness-stand, and let the sagacious, clear-headed Foster hammer away at you two hours and a half, over some little fact, and you would see where you would be. I could not stand it. There is not one man in a thousand that could. And it is nothing against a man's character in the city of Chicago that those that know well of him do not know where he lives. I do

not believe that one of you gentlemen knows where I live, or where Foster lives, or where Black lives. It is nothing against a man that his employer sometimes speaks well of him.

"I have my attention brought — I had almost forgotten it — to a peculiar circumstance about this case, and the most significant of anything that I have seen in it. When Spies was arrested he left the traces of his crime in his office. Free speech had become so common to him — free speech, as they call it in this case, had become so remarkably liberal that he feared nothing. Bonfield came in and arrested him. He goes over to Ebersold. Ebersold, in his indignation, characterizes the crowd as you heard it here, and Spies says, upon the witness-stand, that he *unsuspectingly* went over there. If he had had his senses about him, he would have destroyed 'Ruhe,' the manuscript, and everything of that character, and no traces — autonomous traces — would be left.

"In speaking of 'Ruhe,' I want to speak of another thing. Spies said that he received a communication that he was to put in prominent letters in the Letter-box. Now, the bare fact of putting it in the Letter-box is as prominent as it could be. It is separate and distinct. Let us see how he puts it. He puts it in the Letter-box, marks a double line under it, which means big letters, puts in an exclamation point at the other end, and inserts it. That makes it prominent, sure. Now, what does he say about it? He unsuspectingly leaves the traces of his crime; and there never was a criminal, great or small, in the world, but that somewhere; at some time, committed a mistake. It is the little mistakes, the plain, noticeable mistakes that they make, which serve for detection. 'Ruhe' appears, and he says he supposed that it was some labor organization. The idea! Why, his labor organizations are all distinct and plain. It says: 'This organization meets so-and-so. That organization meets so and so.' The paper speaks for itself. Talk about a labor organization putting in such a word as that 'Ruhe,' whose significance is peace, quiet and rest, but which meant war and bloodshed!

"The police did not wait any too long. It has been done enough in this town. It is time that we American citizens awoke to a full realization of the importance of liberty and freedom of speech, and that freedom of speech does not mean license to preach murder, to preach assassination, to prceah crime and the perpetration of it. That is not free speech. A man who does that is answerable for it, and for the result of his preaching, the result of his words. If it results in crime, he is responsible himself. Gentlemen, that is the law. I have gone over this case perhaps more *in extenso* than I intended; more perhaps than you desire to listen to; I am through. Your duty is about to begin. I felt relieved when you were selected. Some of the great responsibility that has rested upon my shoulders I felt I could place upon yours. It has been placed there. Gentlemen, the responsibility is great. You have to answer yourselves, under your oaths, to the people of the State, not to me. My duty is performed, and yours begins, and in this connection, gentlemen, let me suggest to you another reason why it is important that you should be careful. You can acquit them all, one, or none; you can distribute the penalties as you please. To some you can administer the extreme penalty of the law; to others less than that, if you desire. To some you can give life, administer punishment if you desire; to some, years of punishment.

"I have a word to say in this connection about Neebe. The testimony

has been analyzed, the testimony in regard to his connection with the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office; his connection with these people from time to time, the evidence that when he saw the dynamite in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office on that morning when it was discovered there, which these men so infamously suggest was put there by the police — but I have not argued that question; it looks so insulting to a man's intelligence. If that had been so, if it was not there and did not belong there, they could have brought Lizius here. His name is on the back of the indictment. They could have brought all the employés of the office here. What did Neebe say about the dynamite? Why, he said it was stuff to clean type with, he guessed; and he circulated, not two circulars, but a lot of them. Gentlemen, I am not here to ask you to take the life of Oscar Neebe on this proof. I shall ask you to do nothing in this case that I feel I would not do myself were I seated in your chairs.

"This case is greater than us all, more important to the country than you conceive; the case itself and what it involves is more important than all their lives, than all the lives of the unfortunate officers who bit the dust that night in defense of our laws.

"Some of these people, we sincerely and honestly believe, should receive at your hands the extreme penalty of the law. Spies, Fischer, Lingg, Engel, Fielden, Parsons, Schwab, Neebe, in my opinion, based upon the proof, is the order of the punishment. It is for you to say what it shall be. You have been importuned, gentlemen, to disagree. Don't do that; don't do that. If, in your judgments, in the judgment of some of you, some of these men should suffer death, and others think a less punishment would subserve the law, don't stand on that, but agree on something. It is no pleasant task for me to ask the life of any man. Personally I have not a word to say against these men. As a representative of the law I say to you, the law demands now, here, its power. Regardless of me, of Foster, of Black, or of us all, that law which the exponents of Anarchy violated to kill Lincoln and Garfield, that law that has made us strong to-day, and which you have sworn to obey, demands of you a punishment of these men. Don't do it because I ask you. Do it, if it should be done, because the law demands it. You stand between the living and the dead. You stand between law and violated law. Do your duty courageously, even if that duty is an unpleasant and a severe one."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Instructions to the Jury—What Murder Is—Free Speech and its Abuse—The Theory of Conspiracy—Value of Circumstantial Evidence—Meaning of a "Reasonable Doubt"—What a Jury May Decide—Waiting for the Verdict—"Guilty of Murder"—The Death Penalty Adjudged—Neebe's Good Luck—Motion for a New Trial—Affidavits about the Jury—The Motion Overruled.

ON the conclusion of State's Attorney Grinnell's review of the arguments made by the defense, Judge Gary proceeded to charge the jury. The hour was after the noon recess of Thursday, August 19, and the presentation and reading of the instructions consumed a goodly portion of the afternoon. When the court had finished the jury retired, and the fate of eight men was in their hands.

The instructions given were as follows on behalf of the people:

"The court instructs the jury, in the language of the statute, that murder is the unlawful killing of a human being in the peace of the people, with malice aforethought, either expressed or implied. An unlawful killing may be perpetrated by poisoning, striking, starving, drowning, stabbing, shooting, or by any other of the various forms or means by which human nature may be overcome, and death thereby occasioned.

"Express malice is that deliberate intention unlawfully to take away the life of a fellow-creature which is manifested by external circumstances capable of proof. Malice shall be implied when no considerable provocation appears, or when all the circumstances of the killing show an abandoned and malignant heart.

"The court instructs the jury that whoever is guilty of murder shall suffer the penalty of death or imprisonment in the penitentiary for his natural life, or for a term not less than fourteen years. If the accused or any of them are found guilty by the jury, the jury shall fix the punishment by their verdict.

"The court instructs the jury that, while it is provided by the Constitution of the State of Illinois that every person may freely speak, write and publish on all subjects, he is, by the Constitution, held responsible under the laws for the abuse of liberty so given. Freedom of speech is limited by the laws of the land, to the extent, among other limitations, that no man is allowed to advise the committing of any crime against the person or property of another; and the statute provides: An accessory is he who stands by and aids, abets and assists, or who, not being present, aiding, abetting or assisting, hath advised, encouraged, aided or abetted the perpetration of the crime. He who thus aids, abets, assists, advises or encourages, shall be considered as principal, and punished accordingly.

"Every such accessory, when the crime is committed within or without this State by his aid or procurement in this State, may be indicted and convicted at the same time as the principal, or before or after his conviction, whether the principal is convicted or amenable to justice or not, and punished as principal.

"The court further instructs the jury, as a matter of law, that if they believe from the evidence in this case, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendants, or any of them, conspired and agreed together, or with others, to overthrow the law by force, or to unlawfully resist the officers of the law, and if they further believe from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, that, in pursuance of such conspiracy and in furtherance of the common object, a bomb was thrown by a member of such conspiracy at the time, and that Mathias J. Degan was killed, then such of the defendants that the jury believe from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, to have been parties to such conspiracy, are guilty of murder, whether present at the killing or not, and whether the identity of the person throwing the bomb be established or not.

"If the jury believe from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, that there was in existence in this county and State a conspiracy to overthrow the existing order of society, and to bring about social revolution by force, or to destroy the legal authorities of this city, county or State by force, and that the defendants, or any of them, were parties to such conspiracy, and that Degan was killed in the manner described in the indictment, that he was killed by a bomb, and that the bomb was thrown by a party to the conspiracy, and in furtherance of the objects of the conspiracy, then any of the defendants who were members of such conspiracy at that time are in this case guilty of murder, and that, too, although the jury may further believe from the evidence that the time and place for the bringing about of such revolution, or the destruction of such authorities, had not been definitely, agreed upon by the conspirators, but was left to them and the exigencies of time, or to the judgment of any of the co-conspirators."

"If these defendants, or any two or more of them, conspired together with or not with any other person or persons to excite the people or classes of the people of this city to sedition, tumult and riot, to use deadly weapons against and take the lives of other persons, as a means to carry their designs and purposes into effect, and in pursuance of such conspiracy, and in furtherance of its objects, any of the persons so conspiring publicly, by print or speech, advised or encouraged the commission of murder without designating time, place or occasion at which it should be done, and in pursuance of, and induced by such advice or encouragement, murder was committed, then all of such conspirators are guilty of such murder, whether the person who perpetrated such murder can be identified or not. If such murder was committed in pursuance of such advice or encouragement, and was induced thereby, it does not matter what change, if any, in the order or condition of society, or what, if any, advantage to themselves or others the conspirators proposed as the result of their conspiracy, nor does it matter whether such advice and encouragement had been frequent and long continued or not, except in determining whether the perpetrator was or was not acting in pursuance of such advice or encouragement, and was or was not induced thereby to commit the murder. If there was such conspiracy as in this instruction is recited, such advice or encouragement was given, and murder committed in pursuance of and induced thereby, then all such conspirators are guilty of murder. Nor does it matter, if there was such a conspiracy, how impracticable or impossible of success its end and aims were, nor how foolish or ill-arranged were the plans for its execution, except as bearing upon the question whether there was or was not such conspiracy.

"The court instructs the jury that a conspiracy may be established by circumstantial evidence the same as any other fact, and that such evidence is legal and competent for that purpose. So also whether an act which was committed was done by a member of the conspiracy, may be established by circumstantial evidence, whether the identity of the individual who committed the act be established or not; and also whether an act done was in pursuance of the common design may be ascertained by the same class of evidence, and if the jury believe from the evidence in this case beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendants or any of them conspired and agreed together or with others to overthrow the law by force, or destroy the legal authorities of this city, county or State by force, and that in furtherance of the common design, and by a member of such conspiracy, Mathias J. Degan was killed, then these defendants, if any, whom the jury believe from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, were parties to such conspiracy, are guilty of the murder of Mathias J. Degan, whether the identity of the individual doing the killing be established or not, or whether such defendants were present at the time of the killing or not.

"The jury are instructed, as a matter of law, that all who take part in the conspiracy after it is formed, and while it is in execution, and all who with knowledge of the facts concur in the plan originally formed, and aid in executing them, are fellow-conspirators. Their concurrence without proof of an agreement to concur is conclusive against them. They commit the offense when they become parties to the transaction or further the original plan with knowledge of the conspiracy.

"The court instructs the jury, as a matter of law, that circumstantial evidence is just as legal and just as effective as any other evidence, provided the circumstances are of such a character and force as to satisfy the minds of the jury of the defendants' guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

"The court instructs the jury that what is meant by circumstantial evidence in criminal cases is the proof of such facts and circumstances connected with or surrounding the commission of the crime charged as tend to show the guilt or innocence of the party charged. And if those facts and circumstances are sufficient to satisfy the jury of the guilt of the defendants beyond a reasonable doubt, then such evidence is sufficient to authorize the jury in finding the defendants guilty.

"The law exacts the conviction wherever there is sufficient legal evidence to show the defendants' guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and circumstantial evidence is legal evidence.

"The court instructs the jury, as a matter of law, that when the defendants August Spies, Michael Schwab, Albert R. Parsons and Samuel Fielden testified as witnesses in this case, each became the same as any other witness, and the credibility of each is to be attested by and subjected to the same tests as are legally applied to any other witness; and in determining the degree of credibility that shall be accorded to the testimony of any one of said above-named defendants, the jury have a right to take into consideration the fact that he is interested in the result of this prosecution, as well as his demeanor and conduct upon the witness-stand during the trial, and the jury are also to take into consideration the fact, if such is the fact, that he has been contradicted by other witnesses. And the court further instructs the jury that if, after considering all the evidence in this case, they find that any one of said defendants August Spies, Michael Schwab, Albert R. Parsons and Samuel Fielden has willfully and corruptly testified

falsely to any fact material to the issue in this case, they have the right to entirely disregard his testimony, except in so far as his testimony is corroborated by other credible evidence.

"The rule of law which clothes every person accused of crime with the presumption of innocence, and imposes upon the State the burden of establishing his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, is not intended to aid any one who is in fact guilty of crime to escape, but is a humane provision of law, intended, so far as human agencies can, to guard against the danger of any innocent person being unjustly punished.

"The court instructs the jury, as a matter of law, that in considering the case the jury are not to go beyond the evidence to hunt up doubts, nor must they entertain such doubts as are merely chimerical or conjectural. A doubt, to justify an acquittal, must be reasonable, and it must arise from a candid and impartial investigation of all the evidence in the case, and unless it is such that, were the same kind of doubt interposed in the graver transactions of life, it would cause a reasonable and prudent man to hesitate and pause, it is insufficient to authorize a verdict of not guilty. If, after considering all the evidence, you can say you have an abiding conviction of the truth of the charge, you are satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt.

"The court further instructs the jury, as a matter of law, that the doubt which the juror is allowed to retain on his own mind, and under the influence of which he should frame a verdict of not guilty, must always be a reasonable one. A doubt produced by undue sensibility in the mind of any juror, in view of the consequences of his verdict, is not a reasonable doubt, and a juror is not allowed to create sources or materials of doubt by resorting to trivial and fanciful suppositions and remote conjectures as to possible states of fact differing from that established by the evidence. You are not at liberty to disbelieve as jurors if from the evidence you believe as men; your oath imposes on you no obligation to doubt where no doubt would exist if no oath had been administered.

"The court instructs the jury that they are the judges of the law as well as the facts in this case, and if they can say, upon their oaths, that they know the law better than the court itself, they have the right to do so; but before assuming so solemn a responsibility, they should be assured that they are not acting from caprice or prejudice, that they are not controlled by their will or their wishes, but from a deep and confident conviction that the court is wrong and that they are right. Before saying this, upon their oaths, it is their duty to reflect whether, from their study and experience, they are better qualified to judge of the law than the court. If, under all the circumstances, they are prepared to say that the court is wrong in its exposition of the law, the statute has given them that right.

"In this case the jury may, as in their judgment the evidence warrants, find any or all of the defendants guilty or not, or all of them not guilty; and if, in their judgment, the evidence warrants, they may, in case they find the defendants, or any of them, guilty, fix the same penalty for all the defendants found guilty, or different penalties for the different defendants found guilty.

"In case they find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of murder, they should fix the penalty either at death or at imprisonment in the penitentiary for life, or at imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of any number of years, not less than fourteen."

The instructions given on behalf of defendants were as follows:

"The jury in a criminal case are the judges of the law and the evidence, and have to act according to their best judgment of such law and the facts.

"The jury have a right to disregard the instructions of the court, provided they can say upon their oaths that they believe they know the law better than the court.

"The law presumes the defendants innocent of the charge in the indictment until the jury are satisfied by the evidence, beyond all reasonable doubt, of the guilt of the defendants.

"If a reasonable doubt of any facts, necessary to convict the accused, is raised in the minds of the jury by the evidence itself, or by the ingenuity of counsel upon any hypothesis reasonably consistent with the evidence, that doubt is decisive in favor of the prisoners' acquittal. A verdict of not guilty simply means that the guilt of the accused has not been demonstrated in the precise, specific and narrow forms prescribed by the law.

"No jury should convict anybody of crime upon mere suspicion, however strong, or because there is a preponderance of all the evidence against him, but the jury must be convinced of the defendant's guilt, beyond all reasonable doubt, before they can lawfully convict.

"The law does not require the defendants to prove themselves innocent, but the burden of proof that they are guilty beyond all reasonable doubt is upon the prosecution.

"The indictment is of itself a mere accusation and no proof of the guilt of the defendants.

"The presumption of the innocence of the defendants is not a mere form, but an essential, substantial part of the law of the land, and it is the duty of the jury to give the defendants the full benefit of this presumption in this case.

"It is incumbent upon the prosecution to prove beyond all reasonable doubt every material allegation in the indictment, and unless that has been done, the jury should find the defendants not guilty.

"The burden is upon the prosecution to prove by credible evidence, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the defendants are guilty as charged in the indictment of the murder of Mathias J. Degan; it is the duty of the jury to acquit any of the defendants as to whom there is a failure of such proof. The jury are not at liberty to adopt any unreasonable theories or suppositions in considering the evidence in order to justify a verdict of conviction.

"A reasonable doubt is that state of mind in which the jury, after considering all the evidence, cannot say they feel an abiding faith, amounting to a moral certainty, from the evidence in the case, that the defendants are guilty as charged in the indictment.

"The rules of evidence as to the amount of evidence in this case are different from those in a civil case; a mere preponderance of evidence would not warrant a verdict of guilty.

"Mere probability of the defendants' guilt is not sufficient to warrant a conviction.

"Your personal opinions as to facts not proved cannot be the basis of your verdict, but you must form your verdict from the evidence, and that

alone, unaided and uninfluenced by any opinions or presumptions not founded upon the evidence.

"The jury are the sole judges of the credibility of witnesses, and in passing thereon may consider their prejudices, motives or feelings of revenge, if any such have appeared, and if the jury believe from the evidence that any witness has knowingly or willfully testified falsely as to any material fact, they may disregard his entire testimony, unless it is corroborated by other credible evidence.

"If one single fact is proved by a preponderance of the evidence which is inconsistent with the guilt of a defendant, this is sufficient to raise a reasonable doubt as to his guilt and entitles him to an acquittal. In order to justify the inference of legal guilt from circumstantial evidence, the existence of the inculpatory facts must be absolutely incompatible with the innocence of the accused upon any rational theory.

"The witnesses Gottfried Waller and Wilhelm Seliger are accomplices, and while a person accused of crime may be convicted upon the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice, still the jury should weigh it with great care and caution, and convict upon it only if they are satisfied beyond any reasonable doubt of its truth.

"If you believe from the evidence that the witnesses Gottfried Waller and Wilhelm Seliger were induced to become witnesses by any promise of immunity from punishment, or by any hope held out to them, that it would go easier with them in case they disclosed who their confederates were, or in case they implicated some one else in the crime, then you should take such facts into consideration in determining the weight to be given to their testimony.

"Same instruction in regard to the testimony of any other witnesses for the prosecution.

"The testimony of an accomplice should be subjected to critical examination in the light of all the other evidence.

"A person charged with crime may testify in his own behalf, but his neglect to do so shall not create any presumption against him.

"The jury should endeavor to reconcile the testimony of the defendants' witnesses with the belief that all of them endeavored to tell the truth, and you should attribute any contradictions or differences in their testimony to mistake or misrecollection rather than to a willful intention to swear falsely, if you can reasonably do so under the evidence.

"The jury should fairly and impartially consider the testimony of the defendants, together with all the other evidence.

"If the verbal admission of a defendant is offered in evidence, the whole of the admission must be taken together, and those parts which are in favor of the defendant are entitled to as much consideration as any other parts, unless disproved, or apparently improbable or untrue, when considered with all the other evidence.

"It would be improper for the jury to regard any statements of the prosecuting attorneys, not based upon the evidence, as entitled to any weight.

"If all the facts and circumstances relied on by the People to secure a conviction can be reasonably accounted for upon any theory consistent with the innocence of the defendants, or any of them, then you should acquit such of them as to whom the facts proven can thus be accounted for.

"It is not enough to warrant the conviction of a person charged with crime that he contemplated the commission of such crime. If any rea-

sonable hypothesis exists that such crime may have been committed by another in no way connected with the defendants, the accused should be acquitted.

"If the evidence leaves a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the defendants, as charged in the indictment, the jury should acquit, although the evidence may show conduct of no less turpitude than the crime charged.

"The allusions and references of the prosecuting attorneys to the supposed dangerous character of any views entertained or principles contended for by the accused should in no way influence you in determining this case.

"Individuals and communities have the legal right to arm themselves for the defense and protection of their persons and property, and a proposition by any person, publicly proclaimed, to arm for such protection and defense, is not an offense against the laws of this State.

"If the defendants, or some of them, agreed together, or with others, in the event of the workingmen or strikers being attacked, that they (defendants) would assist the strikers to resist such an attack, this would not constitute conspiracy if the anticipated attack was unjustified and illegal, and such contemplated resistance simply the opposing of force wrongfully and illegally exercised, by force sufficient to repel said assault.

"The burden is not cast upon the defendants of proving that the person who threw the bomb was not acting under their advice, teaching or procurement. Unless the evidence proves beyond all reasonable doubt that either some of the defendants threw said bomb, or that the person who threw it acted under the advice and procurement of defendants or some of them, the defendants should be acquitted. Such advice may not necessarily be special as to the bomb, but general, so as to include it.

"It is not proper for the jury to guess that the person who threw the bomb was instigated to do the act by the procurement of defendants or any of them. There must be a direct connection established, by credible evidence, between the advice and consummation of the crime, beyond all reasonable doubt.

"The bomb might have been thrown by some one unfamiliar with, and unprompted by, the teachings of the defendants or any of them. Before defendants can be held liable therefor, the evidence must satisfy you beyond all reasonable doubt that the person throwing said bomb was acting as the result of the teaching or encouragement of defendants or some of them.

"Before a person charged as accessory to a crime can be convicted, the evidence must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the crime was committed by some person acting under the advice, aid, encouragement, abetting or procurement of the defendant whose conviction as accessory is sought. Though you may believe from the evidence that a party in fact advised the commission in certain contingencies of acts amounting to crime, yet, if the act complained of was in fact committed by some third party of his own mere volition, hatred, malice or ill-will, and not materially influenced, either directly or indirectly, by such advice of the party charged, or any party for whose advice the defendants are responsible, the party charged would not in such case be responsible.

"If you find that at a meeting held on the evening of May 3d at 54 West Lake Street, at which some of the defendants were present, it was agreed that in the event of a collision between the police, militia or firemen, and the

striking laborers, certain armed organizations, of which some of the defendants were members, should meet at certain places in Chicago, that a committee should attend public places and meetings where an attack by the police and others might be expected, and in the event of such attack report the same to said organizations to the end that such attack might be resisted and the police stations of the city destroyed, still, if the evidence does not prove, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the throwing of the bomb which killed Mathias J. Degan was the result of any act in furtherance of the common design herein stated, and if it may have been the unauthorized and individual act of some person acting upon his own responsibility and volition, then none of the defendants can be held responsible therefor on account of said West Lake Street meeting."

Upon the conclusion of the reading of the instructions in behalf of the defendants, which were read after the instructions on behalf of the people, the court of its own motion gave to the jury the following instruction :

"The statute requires that instructions by the court to the jury shall be in writing, and only relate to the law of the case.

"The practice under the statute is that the counsel prepare on each side a set of instructions and present them to the court, and, if approved, to be read by the court as the law of the case. It may happen, by reason of the great number presented and the hurry and confusion of passing on them in the midst of the trial, with a large audience to keep in order, that there may be some apparent inconsistency in them, but if they are carefully scrutinized such inconsistencies will probably disappear. In any event, however, the gist and pith of all is that if advice and encouragement to murder was given, if murder was done in pursuance of and materially induced by such advice and encouragement, then those who gave such advice and encouragement are guilty of the murder. Unless the evidence, either direct or circumstantial, or both, proves the guilt of one or more of the defendants upon this principle so fully that there is no reasonable doubt of it, your duty to them requires you to acquit them. If it does so prove, then your duty to the State requires you to convict whoever is so proved guilty. The case of each defendant should be considered wfth the same care and scrutiny as if he alone were on trial. If a conspiracy, having violence and murder as its object, is fully proved, then the acts and declarations of each conspirator in furtherance of the conspiracy are the acts and declarations of each one of the conspirators. But the declarations of any conspirator before or after the 4th of May which are merely narrative as to what had been or would be done, and not made to aid in carrying into effect the object of the conspiracy, are only evidence against the one who made them.

"What are the facts and what is the truth the jury must determine from the evidence, and from that alone. If there are any unguarded expressions in any of the instructions which seem to assume the existence of any facts, or to be any intimation as to what is proved, all such expressions must be disregarded, and the evidence only looked to to determine the facts."

The jury the next day reported to the court that they had agreed upon a verdict. The members were accordingly brought in, and the clerk of the court read the verdict as follows:

"We, the jury, find the defendants August Spies, Michael Schwab,

Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant Oscar W. Neebe guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for fifteen years."

This was a great surprise to the defendants, and their counsel at once entered a motion for a new trial. The hearing of the motion was postponed until the next term, and on the 1st of October arguments were submitted. The grounds upon which the motion was based were numerous. They first related to a refusal of some, and a modification of several other instructions at the hands of the court asked for by the defendants; a claim that jurors had been summoned by the officers with the avowed view to conviction; improper language by the State's Attorney in his closing argument; erroneous rulings of the court in regard to the competency of jurors, and the refusal of separate trials for the defendants. Other grounds touched on a statement made by one of the members of the jury, Mr. Adams, prior to the trial, with reference to the Haymarket massacre, showing prejudice against the defendants, backed by an affidavit as to what he said; an affidavit of one Mr. Love, that he met Gilmer on the night of May 4, shortly after eight o'clock, and went to a saloon with him, where they and another person drank beer and talked until 9:20 o'clock, and also a further reason that the defendants had discovered some new evidence, to back which an affidavit was submitted from John Philip Deluse, dated August 24, 1886, concerning a mysterious individual who had called at his saloon, in Indianapolis, Ind., in May, 1886.

The argument of counsel on each side, on the points raised, consumed several days, and finally, on the 7th of October, 1886, Judge Gary, in an elaborate and exhaustive opinion, overruled the motion.

The defendants then entered a motion in arrest of judgment, and this was also overruled.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Last Scene in Court — Reasons Against the Death Sentence — Spies' Speech — A Heinous Conspiracy to Commit Murder — Death for the Truth — The Anarchists' Final Defense — Dying for Labor — The Conflict of the Classes — Not Guilty, but Scapegoats — Michael Schwab's Appeal — The Curse of Labor-saving Machinery — Neebe Finds Out what Law Is — "I am Sorry I am not to be Hung" — Adolph Fischer's Last Words — Louis Lingg in his own Behalf — "Convicted, not of Murder, but of Anarchy" — An Attack on the Police — "I Despise your Order, your Laws, your Force-propped Authority. Hang me for it!" — George Engel's Unconcern — The Development of Anarchy — "I Hate and Combat, not the Individual Capitalist, but the System" — Samuel Fielden and the Haymarket — An Illegal Arrest — The Defense of Albert R. Parsons — The History of his Life — A Long and Thrilling Speech — The Sentence of Death — "Remove the Prisoners."

AFTER motion in arrest of judgment had been overruled by Judge Gary, Spies was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. The prisoner rose, with pallid cheeks and distended eyes, and advanced toward the bench with a hesitating tread. The moment he faced the court he recovered his equanimity and proceeded with much deliberation to give his reasons why he should not be sent to death on the gallows. He spoke in a firm, almost a menacing tone of voice, and seemed bent on posing as a martyr to the cause of the laboring classes. In his very opening sentence he desired to have that understood. "In addressing this court," he said, "I speak as the representative of one class to the representative of another. I will begin with the words uttered five hundred years ago, on a similar occasion, by the Venetian Doge Falieri, who, addressing the court, said, 'My defense is your accusation. The cause of my alleged crime is your history.'" He then referred to his conviction, holding that there was no evidence to show that he had any knowledge of the man who threw the bomb, or that he had had anything to do with its throwing. There being no evidence to establish his legal responsibility, he maintained, his "conviction and the execution of the sentence would be nothing less than willful, malicious and deliberate murder, as foul a murder as may be found in the annals of religious, political or any sort of persecution." He charged that the representative of the State had "fabricated most of the testimony which was used as a pretense to convict," and that the defendants had been convicted "by a jury picked out to convict."

"I charge," he continued, "the State's Attorney and Bonfield with the heinous conspiracy to commit murder." Having thus proved the truth of the old adage that "no rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law," Spies next paid his compliments to the Citizens' Association, the Bankers' Association and the Board of Trade, attributing to them the

inspiration for the attack on the Haymarket meeting, and he proceeded to give an account of his movements on the night of that meeting in the company of Legner. He again repeated that, "notwithstanding the purchased and perjured testimony of some," the prosecution had not established the defendants' legal responsibility, and insisted that those who had brought about their conviction were the "real and only law-breakers." When he approached this part of the subject Spies' anger scarcely knew any bounds. He rose in a towering passion and characterized the proceedings of the trial as "rascalities perpetrated in the name of the people." He continued:

"The contemplated murder of eight men, whose only crime is that they have dared to speak the truth, may open the eyes of these suffering millions; may wake them up. Indeed, I have noticed that our conviction has worked miracles in this direction already. The class that clamors for our lives, the good, devout Christians, have attempted in every way, through their newspapers and otherwise, to conceal the true and only issue in this case. By simply designating the defendants as 'Anarchists,' and picturing them as a newly-discovered species of cannibals, and by inventing shocking and horrifying stories of dark conspiracies said to be planned by them, these good Christians zealously sought to keep the naked fact from the working people and other righteous parties, namely: That on the evening of May 4 two hundred armed men, under the command of a notorious ruffian, attacked a meeting of peaceable citizens! With what intention? With the intention of murdering them, or as many of them as they could. I refer to the testimony given by two of our witnesses. The wage-workers of this city began to object to being fleeced too much — they began to say some very true things, but they were highly disagreeable to our patrician class; they put forth — well, some very modest demands. They thought eight hours' hard toil a day, for scarcely two hours' pay, was enough. This lawless rabble had to be silenced! The only way to silence them was to frighten them, and murder those whom they looked up to as their 'leaders.' Yes, these foreign dogs had to be taught a lesson, so that they might never again interfere with the high-handed exploitation of their benevolent and Christian masters. Bonfield, the man who would bring a blush of shame to the managers of the Bartholomew night — Bonfield, the illustrious gentleman with a visage that would have done excellent service to Doré in portraying Dante's fiends of hell — Bonfield was the man best fitted to consummate the conspiracy of the Citizens' Association of our patricians. If I had thrown that bomb, or had caused it to be thrown, or had known of it, I would not hesitate a moment to state so. It is true a number of lives were lost — many were wounded. But hundreds of lives were thereby saved! But for that bomb there would have been a hundred widows and hundreds of orphans where now there are few. These facts have been carefully suppressed, and we were accused and convicted of conspiracy by the real conspirators and their agents. This, your honor, is one reason why sentence should not be passed by a court of justice — if that name has any significance at all."

Spies then adverted to the fact of his having published articles on the manufacture of dynamite and bombs, and wanted to know what other newspapers in the city had not done the same thing. He forgot to show, how-

ever, that other papers had never urged the people to use dynamite to the destruction of the lives and property of the people.

Spies claimed that his only offense was in espousing the cause of "the disinherited and disfranchised millions," and asked what they had said in their speeches and publications.

"We have interpreted to the people their condition and relations in society. We have explained to them the different social phenomena and the social laws and circumstances under which they occur. We have, by way of scientific investigation, incontrovertibly proved and brought to their knowledge that the system of wages is the root of the present social iniquities—iniquities so monstrous that they cry to heaven. We have further said that the wage system, as a specific form of social development, would, by the necessity of logic, have to make room for higher forms of civilization; that the wage system must prepare the way and furnish the foundation for a social system of coöperation—that is, *Socialism*. That whether this or that theory, this or that scheme regarding future arrangements were accepted, was not a matter of choice, but one of historical necessity, and that to us the tendency of progress seemed to be *Anarchism*—that is, a free society without kings or classes—a society of sovereigns in which the liberty and economic equality of all would furnish an unshakable equilibrium as a foundation and condition of natural order."

After some further explanation of Socialism, he said:

"I may have told that individual who appeared here as a witness that the workingmen should procure arms, as force would in all probability be the *ultima ratio*, and that in Chicago there were so and so many armed men, but I certainly did not say that we proposed to inaugurate the social revolution. And let me say here: Revolutions are no more made than earthquakes and cyclones. Revolutions are the effect of certain causes and conditions. I have made social philosophy a specific study for more than ten years, and I could not have given vent to such nonsense! I do believe, however, that the revolution is near at hand—in fact, that it is upon us. But is the physician responsible for the death of the patient because he foretold that death?"

If the opinions of the court were good, Spies held there was "no person in this country who could not be lawfully hanged," and maintained that they ought to be exempted from responsibility because they had sought to bring about reforms. Then he turned to the labor movement and pronounced his anathema against the wealthy classes.

"If you think that by hanging us you can stamp out the labor movement—the movement from which the downtrodden millions, the millions who toil and live in want and misery—the wage slaves—expect salvation—if this is your opinion, then hang us! Here you will tread upon a spark, but there, and there, and behind you and in front of you, and everywhere, flames will blaze up. It is a subterranean fire. You cannot put it out. The ground is on fire upon which you stand. You can't understand it. You don't believe in magical arts, as your grandfathers did, who burned witches at the stake, but you do believe in conspiracies; you believe that all these occurrences of late are the work of conspirators! You resemble the child

that is looking for his picture behind the mirror. What you see and what you try to grasp is nothing but the deceptive reflex of the stings of your bad conscience. You want to 'stamp out the conspirators'—the agitators? Ah! stamp out every factory lord who has grown wealthy upon the unpaid labor of his employés. Stamp out every landlord who has amassed fortunes from the rent of overburdened workingmen and farmers. Stamp out every machine that is revolutionizing industry and agriculture, that intensifies the production, ruins the producer, that increases the national wealth, while the creator of all these things stands amidst them, tantalized with hunger! Stamp out the railroads, the telegraph, the telephone, steam and yourselves—for everything breathes the revolutionary spirit. You, gentlemen, are the revolutionists. You rebel against the effects of social conditions which have tossed you, by the fair hand of fortune, into a magnificent paradise. Without inquiring, you imagine that no one else has a right in that place. You insist that you are the chosen ones, the sole proprietors. The forces that tossed you into the paradise, the industrial forces, are still at work. They are growing more active and intense from day to day. Their tendency is to elevate all mankind to the same level, to have all humanity share in the paradise you now monopolize. You, in your blindness, think you can stop the tidal wave of civilization and human emancipation by placing a few policemen, a few Gatling guns and some regiments of militia on the shore—you think you can frighten the rising waves back into the unfathomable depths whence they have arisen, by erecting a few gallows in the perspective. You, who oppose the natural course of things, *you* are the real revolutionists. *You* and *you* alone are the conspirators and destructionists!

"Said the court yesterday, in referring to the Board of Trade demonstration: 'These men started out with the express purpose of sacking the Board of Trade building' While I can't see what sense there would have been in such an undertaking, and while I know that the said demonstration was arranged simply as a means of propaganda against the system that legalizes the respectable business carried on there, I will assume that the three thousand workingmen who marched in that procession really intended to sack the building. In this case they would have differed from the respectable Board of Trade men only in this—that they sought to recover property in an unlawful way, while the others sack the entire country lawfully and unlawfully—this being their highly respectable profession. This court of 'justice and equity' proclaims the principle that when two persons do the same thing, it is not the same thing. I thank the court for this confession. It contains all that we have taught, and for which we are to be hanged, in a nutshell. Theft is a respectable profession when practiced by the privileged class. It is a felony when resorted to in self-preservation by the other class."

He then scored the capitalistic class, and referred to the strikes in the Hocking Valley, East St. Louis, Milwaukee and Chicago. Reverting again to the prosecution, he continued:

"'These men,' Grinnell said repeatedly, 'have no principle; they are common murderers, assassins, robbers,' etc. I admit that our aspirations and objects are incomprehensible to some, but surely for this we are not to be blamed. The assertion, if I mistake not, was based on the ground that

we sought to destroy property. Whether this perversion of facts was intentional, I know not. But in justification of our doctrines I will say that the assertion is an infamous falsehood. Articles have been read here from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm* to show the dangerous character of the defendants. The files of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm* have been searched for the past years. Those articles which generally commented upon some atrocity committed by the authorities upon striking workingmen were picked out and read to you. Other articles were not read to the court. Other articles were not what was wanted. The State's Attorney, upon those articles (who well knows that he tells a falsehood when he says it), asserts that 'these men have no principle.'"

What a perversion of facts! Some of the articles did comment on some alleged atrocity, but those taken at various dates and published in a preceding chapter show that force by the use of dynamite was continually being agitated. However, in his criticism of the prosecution Spies seemed to overlook a great many points. He repeated what he had said to the Congregational ministers at the Grand Pacific Hotel, on the 9th of January, 1886, with reference to Socialism, and then stated that he had seen Lingg only twice before he was arrested, but had never spoken to him. With Engel he had not been on speaking terms for at least a year, and Fischer had gone about making speeches against him. The article in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* with reference to the Board of Trade demonstration, he claimed, he had not seen until he had read it in the paper. In conclusion he said:

"Now, if we cannot be directly implicated with this affair, connected with the throwing of the bomb, where is the law that says that 'these men shall be picked out to suffer'? Show me that law if you have it! If the position of the court is correct, then half of this city—half of the population of this city—ought to be hanged, because they are responsible the same as we are for that act on May 4th. And if not half of the population of Chicago is hanged, then show me the law that says, 'Eight men shall be picked out and hanged, as scapegoats'? You have no good law. Your decision, your verdict, our conviction is nothing but an arbitrary will of this lawless court. It is true there is no precedent in jurisprudence in this case! It is true that we have called upon the people to arm themselves. It is true that we have told them time and again that the great day of change was coming. It was not our desire to have bloodshed. We are not beasts. We would not be Socialists if we were beasts. It is because of our sensitiveness that we have gone into this movement for the emancipation of the oppressed and suffering. It is true that we have called upon the people to arm and prepare for the stormy times before us. This seems to be the ground upon which the verdict is to be sustained. 'But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce the people under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and provide new guards for their future safety.' This is a quotation from the 'Declaration of Independence.' Have we broken any laws by showing to the people how the abuses that have occurred for the last twenty years are invariably pursuing one object, viz.: to establish an *oligarchy* in this country as strong and powerful and monstrous as never before has existed in any country? I can well under-

stand why that man Grinnell did not urge upon the grand jury to charge us with treason. I can well understand it. You cannot try and convict a man for treason who has upheld the Constitution against those who try to trample it under their feet. It would not have been as easy a job to do that, Mr. Grinnell, as to charge 'these men' with murder.

"Now these are my ideas. They constitute a part of myself. I cannot divest myself of them, nor would I if I could. And if you think that you can crush out these ideas that are gaining ground more and more every day, if you think you can crush them out by sending us to the gallows — if you would once more have people suffer the penalty of death because they have dared to tell the truth — and I defy you to show us where we have told a lie — I say, if death is the penalty for proclaiming the truth, then I will proudly and defiantly pay the costly price! Call your hangman! Truth crucified in Socrates, in Christ, in Giordano Bruno, in Huss, Galileo, still lives — they and others whose number is legion have preceded us on this path. We are ready to follow."

MICHAEL SCHWAB had very little to say, but what he did say was that it was "idle and hypocritical to think about justice" having been done to them. He criticised the acts of the prosecution in securing his conviction "for writing newspaper articles and making speeches," and contended that they had engaged in no conspiracy, as "all they did was done in open daylight." He seemed rather vindictive toward Mr. Furthmann for having had the articles in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* translated, and excused his own inflammatory utterances by holding that after the mayoralty election, in the spring of 1885, Edwin Lee Brown, president of the Citizens' Association, had urged the people, in a public speech, "to take possession of the Court-house by force, even if they had to wade in blood." Schwab touched on the labor problem, drawing largely from his own experience while living among the poor in Europe, and then spoke of the condition of laborers in Chicago, holding that they lived in miserable, dilapidated hovels, owned by greedy landlords. He continued:

"What these common laborers are to-day, the skilled laborer will be to-morrow. Improved machinery, that ought to be a blessing for the workingman, under the existing conditions turns for him to a curse. Machinery multiplies the army of unskilled laborers, makes the laborer more dependent upon the men who own the land and the machines. And that is the reason that Socialism and Communism got a foothold in this country. The outcry that Socialism, Communism and Anarchism are the creed of foreigners, is a big mistake. There are more Socialists of American birth in this country than foreigners, and that is much, if we consider that nearly half of all industrial workingmen are not native Americans. There are Socialistic papers in a great many States, edited by Americans for Americans. The capitalistic newspapers conceal that fact very carefully."

In conclusion Schwab said:

"If Anarchy were the thing the State's Attorney makes it out to be, how could it be that such eminent scholars as Prince Krapotkin and the greatest living geographer, Elisée Reclus, were avowed Anarchists, even

editors of Anarchistic newspapers? Anarchy is a dream, but only in the present. It will be realized. Reason will grow in spite of all obstacles. Who is the man that has the cheek to tell us that human development has already reached its culminating point? I know that our ideal will not be accomplished this or next year, but I know that it will be accomplished as near as possible, some day, in the future. It is entirely wrong to use the word Anarchy as synonymous with violence. Violence is one thing and Anarchy another. In the present state of society violence is used on all sides, and therefore we advocated the use of violence against violence, but against violence only, as a necessary means of defense. I never read Mr. Most's book, simply because I did not find time to read it. And if I had read it, what of it? I am an agnostic, but I like to read the Bible nevertheless. I have not the slightest idea who threw the bomb on the Haymarket, and had no knowledge of any conspiracy to use violence on that or any other night."

Oscar Neebe followed. In his opening sentence he very correctly diagnosed the situation when he said: "I have found out during the last few days what law is. Before I didn't know." He, more than all the other defendants, except Parsons, ought to have known the law. He was a citizen, and as such he should have known the law of the land long before he engaged in the inculcation of force. He spoke of his having presided at Socialistic meetings, having headed the Board of Trade procession, and how he happened to drive to the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* after learning on May 5 that Spies and Schwab had been arrested.

The rest of his statement consists simply of abuse of the prosecution, laudation of his own acts in endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of the workingmen and in continuing the publication of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* after May 4, and a disavowal of his having distributed the "Revenge" circular. In speaking of his having organized the Beer-brewers' Union and attended a meeting at the North Side Turner Hall to announce the result of his conference with the bosses, he said:

"I entered the hall. I went on the platform and I presented the union with a document signed by every beer-brewer of Chicago, guaranteeing ten hours' labor and $65 wages — $15 more wages per month — and no Sunday work, to give the men a chance to go to church, as many of them are good Christians. There are a good many Christians among them. So, in that way, I was aiding Christianity — helping the men to go to church. After the meeting I left the hall, and stepped into the front saloon, and there were circulars lying there called the 'Revenge' circular. I picked up a couple of them from a table and folded them together and put them in my pocket, not having a chance to read them, because everybody wanted to treat me. They all thought it was by my efforts that they got $15 a month more wages and ten hours a day. Why, I didn't have a chance to read the circulars. From there I went to another saloon across the street, and the president of the Beer-brewers' Union was there; he asked me to walk with him, and on the way home we went into Heine's saloon. He was talking to Heine about the McCormick affair, and I picked up a circular and read it, and

Heine asked me: 'Can you give me one?' I gave him one, and he laid it back on his counter. That is my statement."

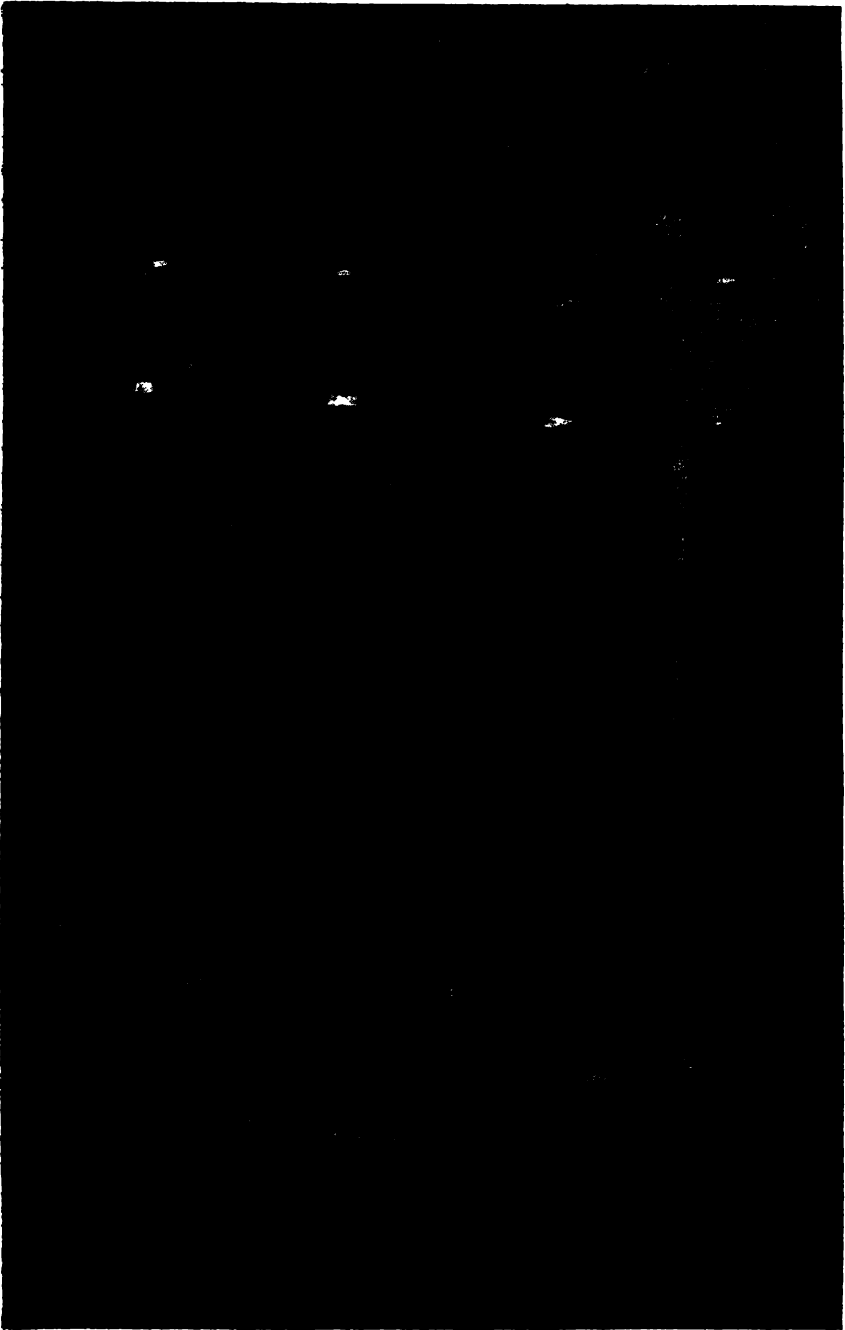
In conclusion Neebe said:

"They found a revolver in my house, and a red flag there. I organized trades-unions. I was for reduction of the hours of labor, and the education of laboring men, and the reëstablishment of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*—the workingmen's newspaper. There is no evidence to show that I was connected with the bomb-throwing, or that I was near it, or anything of that kind. So I am only sorry, your honor—that is, if you can stop it or help it, I will ask you to do it—that is to hang me, too; for I think it is more honorable to die suddenly than to be killed by inches. I have a family and children; and if they know their father is dead, they will bury him. They can go to the grave, and kneel down by the side of it; but they can't go to the penitentiary and see their father, who was convicted for a crime that he hasn't had anything to do with. That is all I have got to say. Your honor, I am sorry I am not to be hung with the rest of the men."

ADOLPH FISCHER rose with some signs of nervousness and proceeded slowly and deliberately with his protest. "I was tried here in this room," he said, "for murder, and I was convicted of Anarchy." He objected most vigorously to the charge that he was a murderer, and insisted that he had had nothing to do with the throwing of the bomb. He confessed to having made arrangements for the Haymarket meeting, to having been present, but urged that it had not been called for the purpose of committing violence or crime. He said he had been present at the Monday evening meeting. of which Waller was chairman, but aside from volunteering to have hand-bills printed for the Haymarket meeting he had not done anything. He had invited Spies to speak at the Haymarket, and in the original copy he had had the line put in, "Workingmen, appear armed!" His reason for this was, he said, that he "did not want the workingmen to be shot down in that meeting as on other occasions." He then entered into some details as to his movements on the night of the Haymarket gathering and again launched into a protest against the jury's verdict. He said that the verdict against him was because he was an Anarchist, and "an Anarchist," he explained with a defiant toss of his head, "is always ready to die for his principles." He concluded as follows:

"The more the believers in just causes are persecuted, the more quickly will their ideas be realized. For instance, in rendering such an unjust and barbarous verdict, the twelve 'honorable men' in the jury-box have done more for the furtherance of Anarchism than the convicted have accomplished in a generation. This verdict is a death-blow to free speech, free press and free thought in this country, and the people will be conscious of it, too. This is all I care to say."

LOUIS LINGG was in no gentle frame of mind when he advanced to enter his objection at the bar of the court. After a thrust at the court, he said that he had been accused of murder and been convicted; and "what



. LINGG'S SUICIDE BOMBS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Made of gas-pipe, six inches in length, and with a notched bolt, as shown, inserted in the bottom of each. These were found in Lingg's cell, and are similar to the bomb with which he took his life. The fuse is so short that explosion ensues in one second after lighting, making them fitted for self-destruction only.

proof," he defiantly asked, "have you brought that I am guilty?" He acknowledged that he had helped Seliger to make bombs; "but," he stoutly maintained, "what you have not proven — even with the assistance of your bought 'squealer,' Seliger, who would appear to have acted such a prominent part in the affair — is that any of those bombs were taken to the Haymarket." He referred to the testimony of the experts as simply showing that the Haymarket bomb bore "a certain resemblance to those bombs of his," and that was the kind of evidence, he held, upon which he had been convicted. He had been convicted of murder, but it was Anarchy on which the verdict was based. "You have charged me with despising 'law and order,'" he said. "What does your 'law and order' amount to? Its representatives are the police, and they have thieves in their ranks." He then opened fire on me because the detectives I had sent out had broken into his room, as he claimed, to effect his arrest, and insisted that he had not been at the Monday night meeting, but at Zepf's Hall, at that time, which I had stated to be false.

Lingg next turned his attention to Mr. Grinnell, and accused him of having "leagued himself with a parcel of base, hireling knaves, to bring me to the gallows." Then the Judge came in for a scoring. "The Judge himself," he held, "was forced to admit that the State's Attorney had not been able to connect me with the bomb-throwing. The latter knows how to get around it, however. He charges me with being a 'conspirator.' How does he prove it? Simply by declaring the International Workingmen's Association to be a 'conspiracy.' I was a member of that body, so he has the charge securely fastened on me. Excellent!" He concluded as follows:

"I tell you frankly and openly, I am for force. I have already told Captain Schaack, 'If they use cannon against us, we shall use dynamite against them.' I repeat that I am the enemy of the 'order' of to-day, and I repeat that, with all my powers, so long as breath remains in me, I shall combat it. I declare again, frankly and openly, that I am in favor of using force. I have told Captain Schaack, and I stand by it, 'If you cannonade us, we shall dynamite you.' You laugh! Perhaps you think, 'You'll throw no more bombs,' but let me assure you that I die happy on the gallows, so confident am I that the hundreds and thousands to whom I have spoken will remember my words; and when you shall have hanged us, then, mark my words, they will do the bomb-throwing! In this hope do I say to you: 'I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority.' Hang me for it!"

George Engel appeared the least concerned of all when it came his turn to respond to the court's question as to any reasons he might have against the infliction of the death penalty. He opened by setting forth his arrival in America in 1872 and gave some reasons which had prompted him to espouse Anarchy. It was "the poverty, the misery of the working classes." People here in a free land, he said, were "doomed to die of star-

vation." He had read the works of Lassalle, Marx and George, and after studying the labor question carefully he had come, he said, to the conclusion that "a workingman could not decently exist in this rich country." He had sought to remedy the inequalities through the ballot-box, but after a time, he said, it had become clear to him "that the working classes could never bring about a form of society guaranteeing work, bread and a happy life by means of the ballot." He had labored for a time in the interest of the Social-Democratic party, but, finding political corruption in its ranks, he had left it.

"I left this party and joined the International Working People's Association, that was just being organized. The members of that body have the firm conviction that the workingman can free himself from the tyranny of capitalism only through force—just as all advances of which history speaks have been brought about through force alone. We see from the history of this country that the first colonists won their liberty only through force; that through force slavery was abolished, and just as the man who agitated against slavery in this country had to ascend the gallows, so also must we. He who speaks for the workingmen to-day must hang. And why? Because this republic is not governed by people who have obtained their office honestly. Who are the leaders at Washington that are to guard the interests of this nation? Have they been elected by the people, or by the aid of their money? They have no right to make laws for us, because they were not elected by the people. These are the reasons why I have lost all respect for American laws."

Engel then alluded to the displacement of labor by machinery and held that the amelioration of the workingmen's condition could only be effected through Socialism. As to his conviction, he declared that he was not at all surprised. He had learned long ago that the workingman had no more rights here than anywhere else in the world. His crime, he insisted, consisted simply in having labored to "bring about a system of society by which it is impossible for one to hoard millions, through the improvements in machinery, while the great masses sink to degradation and misery." He believed that inventions should be free to all and touched on the aims of Anarchy. In his opinion "Anarchy and Socialism were as much alike as one egg is to another." Whatever difference existed was in tactics.

"It is true, I am acquainted with several of my fellow-defendants; with most of them, however, but slightly, through seeing them at meetings, and hearing them speak. Nor do I deny that I, too, have spoken at meetings, saying that, if every workingman had a bomb in his pocket, capitalistic rule would soon come to an end.

"That is my opinion, and my wish; it became my conviction when I mentioned the wickedness of the capitalistic conditions of the day.

"Can any one feel any respect for a government that accords rights only to the privileged classes, and none for the workers? We have seen but recently how the coal barons combined to form a conspiracy to raise the price of coal, while at the same time reducing the already low wages of their men. Are they accused of conspiracy on that account? But when working-

men dare ask an increase in their wages, the militia and the police are sent out to shoot them down.

"For such a government as this I can feel no respect, and will combat them, despite their power, despite their police, despite their spies.

"I hate and combat, not the individual capitalist, but the system that gives him those privileges. My greatest wish is that workingmen may recognize who are their friends and who are their enemies.

"As to my conviction, brought about, as it was, through capitalistic influence, I have not one word to say."

SAMUEL FIELDEN entered into a long disquisition on the troubles of the working classes all over the world, and covered much of the ground traversed by him when on the witness-stand. He spoke of his having been in England a Sunday School superintendent, a local preacher of the Methodist Church, and an exhorter, and then chronicled his change of convictions after his arrival in the United States in 1868. He branched out into an exposition of Socialism and cited instances of the oppression practiced on working people by capitalists. He then reviewed some of the points in the testimony against him and sought to show wherein his speeches at various meetings had been incorrectly reported in the newspapers. He had neither said at the Haymarket meeting, "Here come the bloodhounds," nor had he fired a revolver. He claimed that the meeting had been a peaceable one, and held that there had been no indication of trouble, and that his language had not been incendiary. He said :

"I am charged with having said, 'Stab the law.' No one claims but that it was in connection with my conception of the meaning of Foran's speech, and the word 'stab' is not necessarily a threat of violence upon any person. Here at your primary elections you frequently hear the adherents of different candidates state before the primaries are called that they will 'knife' so and so. Do they mean that they are going to kill him, stab him, take his life away from him? They are forcible expressions — very emphatic expressions. They are adjectives which are used in different ways to carry conviction, and perhaps make the language more startling to the audience, in order that they may pay attention."

In speaking of his arrest he said :

"I didn't attempt to run away. I had been out walking around the street that morning, and there was plenty of opportunity for me to have been hundreds of miles away. When the officer came there I opened the door to him. He said he wanted me. I knew him by sight and I knew what was his occupation. I said : 'All right; I will go with you.' I have said here that I thought, when the representatives of the State had inquired by means of their policemen as to my connection with it, that I should have been released. And I say now, in view of all the authorities that have been read on the law and regarding accessories, that there is nothing in the evidence that has been introduced to connect me with that affair. One of the Chicago papers, at the conclusion of the State's Attorney's case, said that they might have proved more about these men, about where they were and what they were doing on the 2d and 3d of May. When I was told that

Captain Schaack had got confessions out of certain persons connected with this affair, I said: 'Let them confess all they like. As long as they will tell only the truth, I care nothing for their confessions.'"

Fielden next dwelt upon his treatment at the Central Station, and criticised the searching of houses without warrant. With reference to the trial he said:

"We claim that the foulest criminal that could have been picked up in the slums of any city of Christendom, or outside of it, would never have been convicted on such testimony as has been brought in here, if he had not been a dangerous man in the opinion of the privileged classes. We claim that we are convicted, not because we have committed murder. We are convicted because we were very energetic in advocacy of the rights of labor. I call your attention to a very significant fact — that on this day, at this time when the sentence of death is going to be passed on us, the Stock-yards employers have notified their employés that they will be required to work ten hours next Monday or they will shut down. I think it is a logical conclusion to draw that these men think they have got a dangerous element out of the way now, and they can return again to the ten-hour system. I know that I had considerable to do with the eight-hour question, although I only spoke once in that neighborhood, every man there being a stranger to me — but I went down there in March previous and made an eight hour speech and formed the nucleus of an eight-hour organization there, and the Stock-yards succeeded in starting the eight-hour system, though they have not been able to keep it up in its entirety. We claim that we have done much."

He predicted that it would be a grand day when everybody adopted Socialism, and then touched on his own case, denying that he had entered into a conspiracy. Fischer, Lingg and Engel, he said, were men with whom he had not associated for a year, and therefore, he maintained, he could not have heen conspiring with them. He had never, he said, seen a dynamite bomb till he saw one in the court-room, and had never known that dynamite was kept at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. In concluding his speech Fielden said:

Your honor, I have worked at hard labor since I was eight years of age. I went into a cotton factory when I was eight years old, and I have worked continually since, and there has never been a time in my history that I could have been bought or paid into a single thing by any man or for any purpose which I did not believe to be true. To contradict the lie that was published in connection with the bill by the grand jury charging us with murder, I wish to say that I have never received one cent for agitating. When I have gone out of the city I have had my expenses paid. But often when I have gone into communities, when I would have to depend upon those communities for paying my way, I have often come back to this city with money out of pocket, which I had earned by hard labor, and I had to pay for the privilege of my agitation out of the little money I might have in my possession. To-day as the beautiful autumn sun kisses with balmy breeze the cheek of every free man, I stand here never to bathe my head in its rays again. I have loved my fellow-men as I have loved myself. I have hated trickery, dishonesty and injustice.

The nineteenth century commits the crime of killing its best friend. It will live to repent of it. But, as I have said before, if it will do any good, I freely give myself up. I trust the time will come when there will be a better understanding, more intelligence, and above the mountains of iniquity, wrong and corruption, I hope the sun of righteousness and truth and justice will come to bathe in its balmy light an emancipated world."

ALBERT R. PARSONS consumed a great deal of time in the delivery of his speech. He began by declaring that the trial had been conducted with "passion, heat and anger," and pronounced the verdict as one of "passion, born in passion, nurtured in passion, and the sum totality of the organized passion of the city of Chicago." For that reason he asked for a suspension of sentence and a new trial. He said:

"Now, I stand here as one of the people, a common man, a working-man, one of the masses, and I ask you to give ear to what I have to say. You stand as a bulwark; you are as a brake between them and us. You are here as the representative of justice, holding the poised scales in your hands. You are expected to look neither to the right nor to the left, but to that by which justice, and justice alone, shall be subserved. The conviction of a man, your honor, does not necessarily prove that he is guilty. Your law-books are filled with instances where men have been carried to the scaffold and after their death it has been proven that their execution was a judicial murder. Now, what end can be subserved in hurrying this matter through in the manner in which it has been done? Where are the ends of justice subserved, and where is truth found in hurrying seven human beings at the rate of express speed upon a fast train to the scaffold and an ignominious death? Why, if your honor please, the very method of our extermination, the deep damnation of its taking-off, appeals to your honor's sense of justice, of rectitude, and of honor. A judge may also be an unjust man. Such things have been known."

Parsons acknowledged being an Anarchist and proceeded to show the ends Anarchy sought. Then he asked:

"Now, what is this labor question which these gentlemen treat with such profound contempt, which these distinguished 'honorable' gentlemen would throttle and put to ignominious death, and hurry us like rats to our holes? What is it? You will pardon me if I exhibit some feeling? I have sat here for two months, and these men have poured their vituperations out upon my head, and I have not been permitted to utter a single word in my own defense. For two months they have poured their poison upon me and my colleagues. For two months they have sat here and spat like adders the vile poison of their tongues, and if men could have been placed in a mental inquisition and tortured to death, these men would have succeeded here now—vilified, misrepresented, held in loathsome contempt, without a chance to speak or contradict a word. Therefore, if I show emotion, it is because of this, and if my comrades and colleagues with me here have spoken in such strains as these, it is because of this. Pardon us. Look at it from the right standpoint. What is this labor question? It is not a question of emotion; the labor question is not a question of sentiment; it is not a religious matter; it is not a political problem; no, sir, it is a stern economic fact, a stubborn and immovable fact."

He entered into a long explanation of the capitalistic system and pointed to the troubles experienced by the laboring classes under the present conditions. He spoke of capitalistic combinations and "corners," touched on landlordism, discoursed on the eight-hour movement, and then reviewed some of the evidence against him. Referring to the *Alarm*, of which he had been editor, he said:

"Why, the very article that you quote in the *Alarm*, a copy of which I have not, but which I would like to see, calling the American group to assemble for the purpose of considering military matters and military organization, states specifically that the purpose and object is to take into consideration measures of defense against unlawful and unconstitutional attacks of the police. The identical article shows it. You forgot surely that fact when you made this observation; and I defy any one to show, in a speech that is susceptible of proof, by proof, that I have ever said aught by word of mouth or by written article except self-defense. Does not the Constitution of the country, under whose flag myself and my forefathers were born for the last two hundred and sixty years, provide that protection, and give me, their descendant, that right? Does not the Constitution say that I, as an American, have a right to keep and to bear arms? I stand upon that right. Let me see if this court will deprive me of it. Let me call your attention to another point here. These articles that appear in the *Alarm*, for some of them I am not responsible any more than is the editor of any other paper. And I did not write everything in the *Alarm*, and it might be possible that there were some things in that paper which I am not ready to indorse. I am frank to admit that such is the case. I suppose that you can scarcely find an editor of a paper in the world but that could conscientiously say the same thing. Now, am I to be dragged up here and executed for the utterances and writings of other men, even though they were published in the columns of a paper of which I was the editor? Your honor, you must remember that the *Alarm* was a labor paper, published by the International Working People's Association, belonging to that body. I was elected its editor by the organization, and, as labor editors generally are, I was handsomely paid. I had saw-dust pudding as a general thing for dinner. My salary was eight dollars a week, and I have received that salary as editor of the *Alarm* for over two years and a half—eight dollars a week! I was paid by the association. It stands upon the books. Go down to the office and consult the business manager. Look over the record in the book, and it will show you that A. R. Parsons received eight dollars a week as editor of the *Alarm* for over two years and a half. This paper belonged to the organization. It was theirs. They sent in their articles—Tom, Dick and Harry; everybody wanted to have something to say, and I had no right to shut off anybody's complaint."

He then offered some reasons to justify his utterances on labor questions. He quoted from newspapers to show their hostility to the interests of labor, and he dwelt on various strikes in the United States and endeavored to show how the men had been treated by corporations. The tramp question was next handled, and Parsons maintained that the present social system was responsible for the fact that millions did not know where to get a bed or supper. He continued:

"Who are the mob? Why, dissatisfied people, dissatisfied workingmen and women; people who are working for starvation wages, people who are on a strike for better pay — these are the mob. They are always the mob. That is what the riot drill is for. Suppose a case that occurs. The First Regiment is out with a thousand men armed with the latest improved Winchester rifles. Here are the mobs; here are the Knights of Labor and the trades-unions, and all of the organizations without arms. They have no treasury, and a Winchester rifle costs eighteen dollars. They cannot purchase those things. We cannot organize an army. It takes capital to organize an army. It takes as much money to organize an army as to organize industry, or as to build railroads; therefore, it is impossible for the working classes to organize and buy Winchester rifles. What can they do? What must they do? Your honor, the dynamite bomb, I am told, costs six cents. It can be made by anybody. The Winchester rifle costs eighteen dollars. That is the difference. Am I to be blamed for that? Am I to be hanged for saying this? Am I to be destroyed for this? What have I done? Go dig up the ashes of the man who invented this thing. Find his ashes and scatter them to the winds, because he gave this power to the world. It was not I."

Coming to the Haymarket meeting and referring to the presence of the police as an affront, he said:

"Was not that a most grievous outrage? Was not that a violation of all of those principles for which our forefathers struggled in this country? At this juncture some unknown and unproven person throws a bomb among the police, killing several men. You say that I did it, or you say that I knew of it. Where is your proof, gentlemen of the prosecution? You have none. You didn't have any. Oh, but you have a theory, and that theory is that no one else could have had any motive to hurl that missile of death except myself, and, as is the common remark of the great papers of the city, the police are never short of a theory. There is always a theory on hand for everything. A theory they have got, and especially the detectives; they hatch up a theory at once and begin to follow that out. There was a theory carried out during this trial. Let us examine that theory. I say that a Pinkerton man, or a member of the Chicago police force itself, had as much inducement to throw that bomb as I had, and why? Because it would demonstrate the necessity for their existence and result in an increase of their pay and their wages. Are these people any too good to do such a thing? Are they any better than I am? Are their motives any better than my own? Let us look at this thing now from every standpoint. Perhaps, on the other hand, the dread missile was hurled in revenge by some poor man or woman, or child even, whose parent or protector or friend was killed by the police in some of their numerous massacres of the people before. Who knows? And if it was, are we seven to suffer death for that? Are we responsible for that act? Or, might it not be that some person with the fear of death in his eyes threw that bomb in self-defense? And if they did, am I responsible for it? Am I to be executed for that? Is it law to put me to death for that? And who knows? My own deliberate opinion concerning this Haymarket affair is that the death-dealing missile was the work, the deliberate work, of monopoly, the act of those who themselves charge us with the deed. I am not alone in this view of the matter."

Monopoly, Parsons held, was responsible for the labor troubles

"What are the real facts of that Haymarket tragedy? Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has caused to be published his opinion — because, mark you, your honor, this is all a matter of conjecture. It is only presumed that I threw the bomb. They have only assumed that some one of these men threw that bomb. It is only an inference that any of us had anything to do with it. It is not a fact, and it is not proven. It is merely an opinion. Your honor admits that we did not perpetrate the deed, or know who did it, but that we, by our speeches, instigated some one else to do so. Now, let us see the other side of this case. Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has caused to be published in the New York *World* — and the interview was copied in the *Tribune* of this city, in which he says: 'I do not believe there was any intention on the part of Spies and those men to have bombs thrown at the Haymarket. If so, why was there but one thrown? It was just as easy for them to throw a dozen or fifty, and to throw them in all parts of the city, as it was to have thrown one. And again, if it was intended to throw bombs that night, the leaders would not have been there at all, in my opinion. Like commanders-in-chief, they would have been in a safe place. No, it cannot be shown that there was any intention on the part of these individuals to kill that particular man who was killed at that Haymarket meeting.' Now, your honor, this is the Mayor of Chicago. He is a sensible man. He is in a position to know what he is talking about. He has first-rate opportunities to form an intelligent opinion, and his opinion is worthy of respect. He knows more about this thing than the jury that sat in this room, for he knows — I suspect that the Mayor knows — of some of the methods by which most of this so-called evidence and testimony was manufactured. I don't charge it, but possibly he has had some intimation of it, and if he has, he knows more about this case and the merits of this case than did the jury who sat here. There is too much at stake to take anything for granted. Your honor can't afford to do that.

"Is it nothing to destroy the lives of seven men? Are the rights of the poor of no consequence? Is it nothing that we should regard it so lightly, as a mere pastime? That is why I stand here at such length to present this case to you, that you may understand it; that you may have our side of this question as well as that of the prosecution."

Parsons then referred to attacks of the police on workingmen's meetings, and reviewed some of the evidence against himself, insisting that he had never seen Lingg until he saw him in the court-room.

"Waller testified in chief, and reiterated it in cross-examination, that Engel and Fischer, these noble and brave Germans, offered a resolution at Greif's Hall, on the announcement that six men had been wantonly and brutally murdered by the police at McCormick's, that if other men should come into encounter with the police we should aid them; and further swore that this plan was to be followed only when the police, by brutal force, should interfere with the workmen's right of free assemblage and free speech. Now, then, where is the foul and dastardly criminal conspiracy here? Where is it? So preposterous was it on its face to call such a noble compact to do a lawful thing a conspiracy, that it became necessary, in face of a dozen witnesses, both for the prosecution and the defense, who swear that the bomb came from the pavement on Desplaines Street, south

of the alley, between the alley and Randolph Street — a statement made by Bonfield himself to reporters about half an hour after the tragedy occurred, and published in the *Times*, on May 5, the following morning — Louis Haas, Bonfield's special detective on the ground, at the Coroner's inquest, swore the bomb was thrown from the east side of Desplaines Street, and about fifteen feet, he believed, south of the alley, a statement confirmed by the witness Burnett, for the defense, who located it fifteen feet further south than Haas or Bonfield did — still, on the impeached testimony of Gilmer, who swore the bomb was thrown from within the alley, we are convicted, because he was also willing to perjure himself by swearing that Spies lit the fuse of the fatal missile. The idea of a man striking a match in an alley to light a bomb in the midst of a crowd, the people and police standing all around him! It seems to me that such a statement as that ought, among sensible men, on the face of it, to carry its own refutation. Perfectly absurd! If this statement bore the semblance of truth with regard to Gilmer, or was the truth, not one of these defendants would shrink from the responsibility of the right of self-defense, your honor, and of free speech, and the right of the people peaceably to assemble. It is because this is not the work of the Anarchists or of the workingmen that we repel the charge, which proves there was no concerted action, and that it was none of the plans of these groups. It is not unlawful to repel an invasion of our meetings.

"About this time some one, as testified to by three reputable witnesses, stopped at Indianapolis. That was in May. The Haymarket tragedy was the 4th. This man testifies to that fact. A stranger stops there. He says: 'I am going to Chicago. I have something that will work. You will hear from it.' The man was in his cups, no doubt; probably he drank too much. The Pinkertons are not all temperance men; they sometimes take a little, and sometimes possibly take a little too much. Possibly he talked a little more than he ought to have talked. Possibly he didn't care, but at any rate it is sworn to that he said it. He came to Chicago, and the bomb was heard from and heard around the world. Your honor, is this an unreasonable assumption? It is far more likely, much more reasonable than your honor's surmise that I instigated some one to do it.

"The absolute proof that the missile thrown was not dynamite, but what was known in the late civil war as an infernal bomb, is in the evidence of every surgeon who testified that all incisions were clean, and that the flesh was torn as from an explosive in the interior. It was testified by these scientific men, your honor, that dynamite is percussive, and had a shell the size of Lingg's manufacture, on exhibition in evidence, been thrown in the closed ranks of the police, as was this infernal machine, instead of killing but one on the spot, and wounding a few others, it would have blown to unrecognizable fragments the platoons in the vicinity, and the wounds, where there were wounds, would have been as clean as with solid projectiles.

"This was an infernal bomb from New York, brought there by the Indianapolis traveler, and not a dynamite bomb, the description in its effects upon its victims exactly corresponding with the description of those explosives when once used in battle on the Potomac. The hollow bullets within the shell, after entering the victim, exploded, lacerating the flesh and inflicting ugly internal and really infernal wounds.

"Six of these condemned men were not even present at the Haymarket meeting when the tragedy occurred. One of them was five miles away, at

the Deering Harvester Works, in Lake View, addressing a mass-meeting of two thousand workingmen. Another was at home, in bed, and knew not of the meeting being held at all until the next day. These facts, your honor, stand uncontradicted before this court. Only one witness — Gilmer — and his testimony is overwhelmingly impeached, as I remarked before — connected the other two — two only — of these men with the tragedy at the Haymarket at all.

"Now, with these facts, the attempt to make out a case of conspiracy against us is a contemptible farce. What are the facts testified to by the two so-called informers? They said that two of these defendants were present at the so-called conspiracy meeting of Monday night. What, then, have you done with the other six men who were not members — who were not present, and did not know of the meeting being held Monday night? These two so-called informers testified that at the so-called conspiracy meeting of May 3 it was resolved that in the future, when police and militia should attack and club and kill workingmen at their meetings, then, and then only, they were in duty bound to help defend these working people against such unlawful, unrighteous and outrageous assaults. That was all that was said or done. Was that a conspiracy? If it was, your honor, it was a conspiracy to do right and oppose what is wrong.

"But your sentence says that it is criminal for the workingmen to resolve to defend their lives and their liberties and their happiness against brutal, bloody and unlawful assaults of the police and militia."

Parsons again returned to Anarchy and defined its doctrines at some length. In concluding his remarks, which consumed two hours on Friday and six hours on Saturday, he said:

"The next day I saw that they were dragging these men to prison, treating them in a shameful manner. I left the city. I went to Geneva, Ill., for a couple of days; staid there with friend Holmes. Then I went to Elgin, Ill.; staid there a couple of days. Then I left there and went to Waukesha, Wis., where I obtained employment as a carpenter and afterwards as a painter, and remained for over seven weeks in Waukesha. My health was debilitated, and I went to the springs when I was thirsty. The house I was working on was only half a block from the springs, and I needed the recreation and the rest, and the pure air, and the water besides. When I saw the day fixed for the opening of this trial, knowing I was an innocent man, and also feeling that it was my duty to come forward and share whatever fate had in store for my comrades, and also to stand, if need be, on the scaffold, and vindicate the rights of labor, the cause of liberty, and the relief of the oppressed, I returned. How did I return? It is interesting, but it will take time to relate it, and I will not state it. I ran the gauntlet. I went from Waukesha to Milwaukee. I took the St. Paul train at the Milwaukee depot and came to Chicago; arrived here at 8:30, I suppose, in the morning; went to the house of my friend Mrs. Ames, on Morgan Street, sent for my wife and had a talk with her. I sent word to Captain Black that I was here and prepared to surrender. He sent word back to me that he was ready to receive me. I met him at the threshold of this building, and we came up here together. I stood in the presence of this court. I have nothing, not even now, to regret."

The speeches of the defendants occupied three days — the 7th to the 9th

of October, inclusive — and when Parsons had finished the court proceeded to pronounce sentence. Judge Gary said:

"I am quite well aware that what you have said, although addressed to me, has been said to the world; yet nothing has been said which weakens the force of the proof, or the conclusions therefrom upon which the verdict is based. You are all men of intelligence, and know that, if the verdict stands, it must be executed. The reasons why it shall stand I have already sufficiently stated in deciding the motion for a new trial.

"I am sorry beyond any power of expression for your unhappy condition, and for the terrible events that have brought it about. I shall address to you neither reproaches nor exhortation. What I shall say shall be said in the faint hope that a few words from a place where the people of the State of Illinois have delegated the authority to declare the penalty of a violation of their laws, and spoken upon an occasion so solemn and awful as this, may come to the knowledge of and be heeded by the ignorant, deluded and misguided men who have listened to your counsels and followed your advice. I say in the faint hope; for if men are persuaded that because of business differences, whether about labor or anything else, they may destroy property and assault and beat other men and kill the police if they, in the discharge of their duty, interfere to preserve the peace, there is little ground to hope that they will listen to any warning.

"It is not the least among the hardships of peaceable, frugal and laborious people to endure the tyranny of mobs who, with lawless force, dictate to them, under penalty of peril to limb and life, where, when and upon what terms they may earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. Any government that is worthy of the name will strenuously endeavor to secure to all within its jurisdiction freedom to follow their lawful avocations in safety for their property and their persons, while obeying the law; and the law is common sense. It holds each man responsible for the natural and probable consequences of his own acts. It holds that whoever advises murder is himself guilty of the murder that is committed pursuant to his advice, and if men band together for forcible resistance to the execution of the law, and advise murder as a means of making such resistance effectual, — whether such advice be to one man to murder another or to a numerous class to murder men of another class,— all who are so banded together are guilty of any murder that is committed in pursuance of such advice.

"The people of this country love their institutions. They love their homes. They love their property. They will never consent that by violence and murder their institutions shall be broken down, their homes despoiled and their property destroyed. And the people are strong enough to protect and sustain their institutions and to punish all offenders against their laws. And those who threaten danger to civil society if the law is enforced are leading to destruction whoever may attempt to execute such threats.

"The existing order of society can be changed only by the will of the majority. Each man has the full right to entertain and advance, by speech and print, such opinions as suit himself; and the great body of the people will usually care little what he says. But if he proposes murder as a means of enforcing them he puts his own life at stake. And no clamor about free speech or the evils to be cured or the wrongs to be redressed will shield him from the consequences of his crime. His liberty is not a license to destroy.

The toleration that he enjoys he must extend to others, and he must not arrogantly assume that the great majority are wrong and that they may rightfully be coerced by terror or removed by dynamite.

"It only remains that for the crime you have committed — and of which you have been convicted after a trial unexampled in the patience with which an outraged people have extended you every protection and privilege of the law which you derided and defied — the sentence of that law be now given.



E. F. L. GAUSS.
From a Photograph.

"In form and detail that sentence will appear upon the records of the court. In substance and effect it is that the defendant Neebe be imprisoned in the State Penitentiary at Joliet at hard labor for the term of fifteen years.

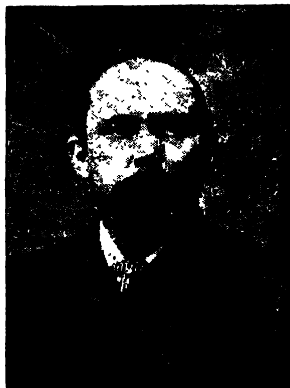
"And that each of the other defendants, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon of the third day of December next, in the manner provided by the statute of this State, be hung by the neck until he is dead. Remove the prisoners."

Capt. Black — "Your honor knows that we intend to take an appeal to the Supreme Court in behalf of all the defendants. I ask that there be a stay of execution in the case of Mr. Neebe until the 3d day of December."

Mr. Grinnell — "If the court please, that is a matter that usually stands between counsel for the defendants and the State. Every possible facility will be allowed and everything will be granted you in that particular that good sense and propriety dictate."

Captain Black — "That is sufficient."

Thus closed the most remarkable trial which ever engaged the attention of a judge and jury in America. It was begun, as stated, on the 21st day of June, 1886, and ended on the 20th day of August, thus occupying exactly two months. I cannot close this chapter without paying a deserved tribute to Mr. E. F. L. Gauss, who acted as interpreter throughout the trial. A very large proportion of the witnesses testified in foreign tongues, but in all the mass of testimony rendered into English by Mr. Gauss, not a syllable of the translation was ever challenged.



HENRY SEVERIN.
From a Photograph.

Chief Bailiff Henry Severin, with his staff of twenty-six men, had charge of the eight defendants. It was his duty to bring the prisoners from and to the court, to preserve order in the crowded court-room, and to guard the jury, escorting them to and from their hotel and in their walks, and watching out to prevent any attack by the malcontents upon the officers of the court.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In the Supreme Court — A *Supersedeas* Secured — Justice Magruder Delivers the Opinion — A Comprehensive Statement of the Case — How Degan was Murdered — Who Killed Him ? — The Law of Accessory — The Meaning of the Statute — Were the Defendants Accessories ? — The Questions at Issue — The Characteristics of the Bomb — Fastening the Guilt on Lingg — The Purposes of the Conspiracy — How they were Proved — A Damning Array of Evidence — Examining the Instructions — No Error Found in the Trial Court's Work — The Objection to the Jury — The Juror Sandford — Judge Gary Sustained — Mr. Justice Mulkey's Remarks — The Law Vindicated.

ALTHOUGH doomed to die, the prisoners did not despair. Their counsel led them to believe that the State Supreme Court would certainly grant them a rehearing, and the first step to get their case before that court was to secure a stay of the execution of the sentence. For this purpose Hon. Leonard Swett was called into the case to assist Capt. Black, and the two gentlemen accordingly went before Chief Justice Scott, and on the 25th of November, 1886, secured the desired *supersedeas*. In March, 1887, the appeal came before the Supreme Court of Illinois, and arguments were heard in the case until the 18th of the same month, when the matter was taken under advisement. Several months elapsed before a decision was handed down, but meanwhile all the prisoners expressed the utmost confidence in a reversal of the judgment of the Criminal Court. Their counsel were alike confident of a rehearing, and sympathizers joined in the hopes indulged in by the men behind the bars and their representatives before the bar.

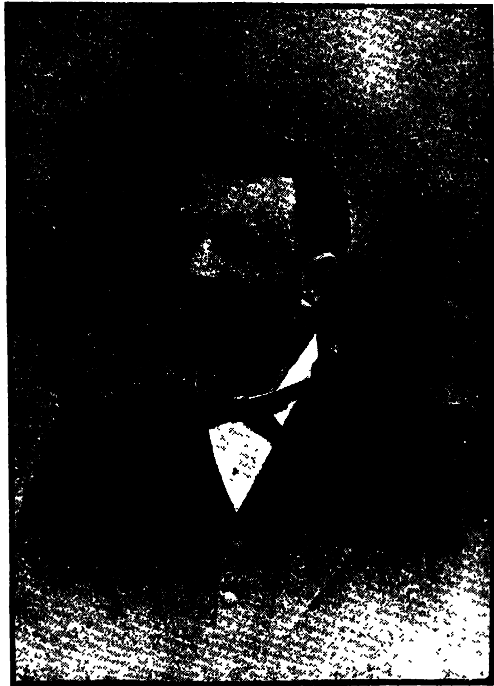
On Wednesday, September 14, 1887, however, the Supreme Court rendered its decision, sustaining the findings of the lower court in every particular. It was given by the full bench, and there was not a dissenting opinion. Justice Benjamin D. Magruder delivered the opinion. After stating various rulings bearing on murder, conspiracy, accessory before the fact and other legal points involved in the case, and citing numerous extracts from the organs of the Anarchists and Herr Most's book, he reviewed the authorities given by the counsel to sustain their respective sides, and then delivered the opinion of the court, as follows:

"This case comes before us by writ of error to the Criminal Court of Cook County. The writ has been made a *supersedeas*.

"Plaintiffs in error were tried in the summer of 1886 for the murder of Mathias J. Degan, on May 4, 1886, in the city of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois. On August 20, 1886, the jury returned a verdict finding the defendants August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg guilty of murder, and fixing death as the penalty. By the same verdict they also found

Oscar W. Neebe guilty of murder and fixed the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for fifteen years.

"About the 1st day of May, 1886, the workingmen of Chicago and of other industrial centers in the United States were greatly excited upon the subject of inducing their employers to reduce the time during which they should be required to labor on each day to eight hours. In the midst of the excitement growing out of this eight-hour movement, as it was called, a meeting was held on the evening of May 4, 1886, at the Haymarket, on Randolph Street, in the West Division of the city of Chicago. This meeting was addressed by the defendants Spies, Parsons and Fielden. While the latter was making the closing speech, and at some point of time between ten and half-past ten o'clock in the evening, several companies of policemen, numbering one hundred and eighty men, marched into the crowd from their station on Desplaines Street, and ordered the meeting to disperse. As soon as the order was given, some one threw among the policemen a dynamite bomb, which struck Degan, one of the police officers, and killed him. As a result of the throwing of the bomb and of the firing of pistol shots, which immediately succeeded the throwing of the bomb, six policemen besides Degan were killed, and sixty more were seriously wounded."



JUDGE BENJAMIN D. MAGRUDER.
From a Photograph.

The court then went into the law of accessory, confirming the interpretation and ruling of the trial court, that all distinction between principals and accessories is by the Illinois statute abolished. The issue thus became: Were the defendants accessories to the murder of Degan?

To find the answers to these questions the court went into an exhaustive review of all the evidence in the case, covering the same ground which has been gone over in the previous chapters of this book.

First the bomb with which the murder had been done was considered. It had been proven to be round; to have a projecting fuse; to be of composite manufacture; to contain tin and lead, with traces of antimony, iron and zinc; to have upon it a small iron nut. All these characteristics were found in the bombs which Louis Lingg manufactured, and for these and

other reasons the court held that the jury was warranted in believing that the bomb which killed Degan had been made by Lingg.

The purposes of the conspiracy were next inquired into, and the articles in the *Alarm*, the platform of the Internationale and similar incendiary and dangerous language from many sources are quoted in full in the opinion. The organization of the Anarchists was also inquired into, and the divisions into groups, the make-up of the Lehr and Wehr Verein and like matters stated. The court declared this to be an "illegal conspiracy."

The damning array of evidence against the assassins was brought together relentlessly and completely. The speeches of the defendants were sifted, their teachings examined, and there could be left in no mind a doubt that these men had advised murder and arson, and that they were guilty technically as well as morally. The opinion of the court was a masterly presentation of the facts, and the conclusions drawn from them settled once for all both the law and the equity of this celebrated case. It was evident that there was law enough in America to protect society.

That the Haymarket murders were the legitimate and expected result of the teachings of the ring-leaders of the conspiracy was conclusively shown with a ruthless logic that left no hope for pardon, nor for interference with the law's stern course.

Lingg's case, and the case of Spies, of Engel, of Fischer, of Parsons, of Neebe, of Fielden were taken up separately, examined with a care that might be described as almost microscopic, and in each case there was no flaw in the record — no reason why these men should not pay the penalty for their crime.

The concluding part of the opinion is so important from a legal standpoint, and at the same time of such general interest, that I will quote it entire:

"If the defendants, as a means of bringing about the social revolution and as a part of the larger conspiracy to effect such revolution, also conspired to excite classes of workingmen in Chicago into sedition, tumult and riot and to the use of deadly weapons and the taking of human life, and, for the purpose of producing such tumult, riot, use of weapons and taking of life, advised and encouraged such classes by newspaper articles and speeches to murder the authorities of the city, and a murder of a policeman resulted from such advice and encouragement, then defendants are responsible therefor.

"It is a familiar doctrine of the law, in criminal cases, that, if a reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner is entertained, the jury have no discretion, but must acquit. The twelfth and thirteenth instructions for the prosecution are objected to as not correctly stating to the jury the meaning of 'reasonable doubt.' The twelfth instruction is an exact copy, *verbatim et liberatim*, of the sixth instruction in *Miller et. al.* vs. *The People*, 39 Ill. 457, which we approved in that case, and which since that case we have indorsed as correct in at least three cases, to-wit: *May* vs. *The People*, 60

Ill. 119, *Connaghan* vs. *The People*, 88 id. 460, and *Dunn* vs. *The People*, 109 id. 635.

"The portion of the thirteenth instruction which plaintiffs in error complain of is that which is contained in the following words: 'You are not at liberty to disbelieve as jurors if from the evidence you believe as men.' This expression has been sanctioned by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania as having been properly used in an instruction given to the jury by a trial judge, and we are inclined to follow the ruling there laid down. That court said in *Nevling* vs. *Commonwealth*, 98 Pa. St. 322: 'The learned judge then proceeded to say that the doubt must be a reasonable one, and that jurymen could not doubt as jurymen what they believed as men. In all this there was no error. It is the familiar language found in the text-books and decisions which treat of the subject.'

"By the twelfth and thirteenth instructions, considered in connection with the eleventh instruction for the State, and also in connection with the definitions of reasonable doubt as embodied in the instructions given for the defense, we think the law upon this subject was correctly presented to the jury.

"The statute of this State provides that 'juries in all criminal cases shall be judges of the law and fact.' Instruction number thirteen and a half, given for the prosecution, is objected to as improperly limiting and qualifying this provision of the statute. It tells the jury, that 'if they can say upon their oaths that they know the law better than the court itself, they have the right to do so,' . . . but that 'before saying this, upon their oaths, it is their duty to reflect whether from their study and experience they are better qualified to judge of the law than the court,' etc.

"The language of instruction number thirteen and a half is an exact copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of the language used by this court in *Schnier* vs. *The People*, 23 Ill. 17. The views expressed in *Schnier* vs. *The People* have been approved of and indorsed in *Fisher* vs. *The People*, 23 Ill. 283, *Mullinix* vs. *The People*, 76 id. 211, and *Davison* vs. *The People*, 90 id. 221. The question is settled, and we see no reason to retreat from our position upon this subject.

"It is also claimed that the court erred in refusing to give certain instructions asked by the defendants. The refusal of refused instructions numbered 3, 8, 9, 11 and 18 is especially insisted upon as error.

"Instruction No. 3 was properly refused because it told the jury that those of the defendants who were not present at the Haymarket, counseling, aiding or abetting the throwing of the bomb, should be acquitted. Under our statute and the decision of this court in *Brennan* vs. *The People*, 15 Ill. 517, the defendants were guilty if they advised and encouraged the murder to be committed, although they may not have been present.

"Instruction No. 8 was wrong for a number of reasons, but it is sufficient to refer to one: it assumes that 'a conspiracy to bring about a change of government . . . by peaceful means if possible, but, if necessary, to resort to force for that purpose,' is not unlawful. The fact that the conspirators may not have intended to resort to force, unless, in their judgment, they should deem it necessary to do so, would not make their conspiracy any the less unlawful.

"All that was material in instructions 9, 11 and 18 was embodied in the instructions which were given for the defendants.

"The defendants also complain that the court refused to give an instruc-

tion for them which contained the following statement: 'It can not be material in this case that defendants, or some of them, are or may be Socialists, Communists or Anarchists,' etc.

"If there was a conspiracy, it was material to show its purposes and objects, with a view to determining whether and in what respects it was unlawful. Anarchy is the absence of government; it is a state of society where there is no law or supreme power. If the conspiracy had for its object the destruction of the law and the government, and of the police and militia as representatives of law and government, it had for its object the bringing about of practical Anarchy. Whether or not the defendants were Anarchists, may have been a proper circumstance to be considered in connection with all the other circumstances in the case, with a view to showing what connection, if any, they had with the conspiracy and what were their purposes in joining it. Therefore, we can not say that it was error to refuse an instruction containing such a broad declaration as that announced in the above quotation.

"Defendants further complain because the instruction numbered 13, which was asked by them, was refused by the trial court. The refusal of this instruction was not error. It was proper enough, so far as it stated that if a person at the Haymarket 'without the knowledge, aid, counsel, procurement, encouragement or abetting of the defendants or any of them, then or theretofore given, . . . threw a bomb among the police, wherefrom resulted the murder or homicide charged in the indictment, then the defendants would not be liable for the results of such bomb,' etc. But the instruction is so ingeniously worded as to lead the jury to believe that the person who threw the bomb at the Haymarket was justified in doing so if the meeting there was lawfully convened and peaceably conducted and if the order to disperse was unauthorized and illegal. Counsel inject into the instruction the hypothesis that the bomb may have been thrown by an outside party 'in pursuance of his view of the right of self-defense.' A mere order to disperse can not be an excuse for throwing a dynamite bomb into a body of policemen. If the bomb-thrower had been illegally and improperly attacked by the police, while quietly attending a peaceable meeting, and had thrown the bomb to defend himself against such attack, another question would be presented. The vice of the instruction lies in the insidious intimation embodied in it, that when a body of policemen, even if in excess of their authority, give a verbal order to an assemblage to disperse, a member of that assemblage will be excusable for throwing a bomb, on the ground of self-defense and because of the supposed invasion of his rights.

"The instruction given by the court of its own motion, and which has already been referred to, is also claimed to be erroneous. So far as it speaks of murder and advice to commit murder in general terms, it is sufficiently limited and qualified when read in connection with all the other instructions, to which it specifically calls attention. It does not supersede and stand as a substitute for the other instructions, given for both sides. It does not so purport upon its face. On the contrary, the jury are directed to 'carefully scrutinize' such other instructions, and are told that their apparent inconsistencies will disappear under such scrutiny. In the last sentence they are requested to disregard any unguarded expressions that may have crept into the instructions, 'which seem to assume the existence of any facts,' and look only to the evidence, etc. Why caution the jury to disregard certain expressions of a particular kind in the other instructions,

if the latter were to be entirely superseded? We do not think that the instruction given by the trial judge *sua motu* is obnoxious to the objections urged against it.

"Defendants also object to the instruction as to the form of the verdict as being erroneous. It is claimed that the jury were obliged, under this instruction, to find the defendants either guilty or not guilty of murder, whereas the jury were entitled to find that the offense was a lower grade of homicide than murder, if the evidence so warranted. This position is fully answered by our decisions in the cases of *Dunn* vs. *The People*, 109 Ill. 646, and *Dacey* vs. *The People*, 116 id. 555. If counsel desired to have the jury differently instructed as to the form of the verdict, they should have prepared an instruction, indicating such form as they deemed to be correct, and should have asked the trial court to give it. They did not do so, and are in no position to complain here.

"The court, at the request of the defendants, did give the jury an instruction defining manslaughter in the words of the statute and specifying the punishment therefor as fixed by the statute. The court also gave the jury the following instruction: 'The jury are instructed that under an indictment for murder a party accused may be found guilty of manslaughter; and in this case, if from a full and careful consideration of all the evidence before you, you believe beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendants or any of them are guilty of manslaughter, you may so find by your verdict.'

"The next error assigned has reference to the impaneling of the jury. The counsel for plaintiffs in error have made an able and elaborate argument for the purpose of showing that the jury which tried this case was not an *impartial* jury in the sense in which the word 'impartial' is used in our Constitution. We do not deem a consideration of all the points presented as necessary to a determination of the case, and shall only notice those that seem to us to be material.

"Nine hundred and eighty-one men were called into the jury-box and sworn to answer questions. Each one of the eight defendants was entitled to a peremptory challenge of twenty jurors, making the whole number of peremptory challenges allowed to the defense one hundred and sixty. The State was entitled to the same number. Seven hundred and fifty-seven were excused upon challenge for cause. One hundred and sixty were challenged peremptorily by the defense and fifty-two by the State.

"Of the twelve jurors who tried the case, eleven were accepted by the defendants. They challenged one of these, whose name was Denker, for cause, but, after the court overruled the challenge, they proceeded to further question him and finally accepted him, although one hundred and forty-two of their peremptory challenges were at that time unused. They accepted the ten others, including the juror Adams, without objection. When Adams, the eleventh juror, was taken, they had forty-three peremptory challenges which they had not yet used.

"Therefore, as to eleven of the jurymen, the defendants are estopped from complaining. They virtually agreed to be tried by them, because they accepted them, when, by the exercise of their unused peremptory challenges, they could have compelled every one of them to stand aside.

"Counsel for the defense complain that the trial court overruled their challenges for cause of twenty-six talesmen, to whose examinations they specifically call our attention. As they afterwards peremptorily challenged the talesmen so referred to, no one of them sat upon the jury. Every one

of these twenty-six men had been peremptorily challenged before the eleventh juror was taken.

"After the eleventh juror was accepted, the forty-three peremptory challenges which then remained to the defendants were all used by them before the twelfth juror was taken.

"After the defendants had examined the twelfth juror, whose name was Sandford, they challenged him for cause. Their challenge was overruled and they excepted.

"The one hundred and sixty talesmen who were peremptorily challenged by defendants were first challenged for cause, and the challenges for cause were overruled by the trial court. It is claimed that, inasmuch as the defendants exhausted all their peremptory challenges before the panel was finally completed, the action of the court in regard to these particular jurors will be considered, and, if erroneous, such action is good ground of reversal. We think it must be made to appear that an objectionable juror was put upon the defendants after they had exhausted their peremptory challenges. 'Unless objection is shown to one or more of the jury who tried the case, the antecedent rulings of the court upon the competency or incompetency of jurors who have been challenged and stood aside will not be inquired into in this court.' *Holt* vs. *State*, 9 Texas Ct. App. 571.

"We cannot reverse this judgment for errors committed in the lower court in overruling challenges for cause to jurors, even though defendants exhausted their peremptory challenges, unless it is further shown that an objectionable juror was forced upon them and sat upon the case after they had exhausted their peremptory challenges. This doctrine is ably discussed in *Loggins* vs. *State*, 12 Texas Ct. App. 65. We think the reasoning in that case is sound and answers the objection here made.

"In addition to this reason, we have carefully considered the examinations of the several jurors challenged by the defendants peremptorily, and while we cannot approve all that was said by the trial judge in respect to some of them, we find no such error in the rulings of the court in overruling the challenges for cause as to any of them as would justify a reversal of the cause. The examinations, as they appear in the record, of the forty-three talesmen who were challenged peremptorily after the eleventh juror was accepted, show that many of the forty-three challenges were exercised arbitrarily and without any apparent cause. Such challenges were not compelled by any demonstrated unfitness of the jurors, but seem to have been used up for no other purpose than to force the selection of one juror after the forty-three challenges were exhausted.

"The only question, then, which we deem it material to consider, is: Did the trial court err in overruling the challenge for cause of Sandford, the twelfth juror? or, in other words, Was he a competent juror?

"The following is the material portion of his examination:

"Have you an opinion as to whether or not there was an offense committed at the Haymarket meeting by the throwing of a bomb? A. Yes. Q. Now, from all that you have read and all that you have heard, have you an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of any of the eight defendants of the throwing of that bomb? A. Yes. Q. You have an opinion upon that question also? A. I have. . . . Q. Now, if you should be selected as a juror in this case to try and determine it, do you believe that you could exercise legally the duties of a juror, that you could listen to the testimony and all of the testimony and the charge of the court, and after deliberation return a verdict which would be right and fair as between the defendants and the People of the State of Illinois? A. Yes, sir. Q. You believe that you could do that? A. Yes, sir. Q. You could fairly and impartially listen to the testi-

mony that is introduced here? A. Yes. Q. And the charge of the court, and render an impartial verdict, you believe? A. Yes. Q. Have you any knowledge of the principles contended for by Socialists, Communists and Anarchists? A. Nothing except what I read in the papers. Q. Just general reading? A. Yes. Q. You are not a Socialist, I presume, or a Communist? A. No, sir. Q. Have you a prejudice against them from what you have read in the papers? A. Decided. Q. Do you believe that that would influence your verdict in this case or would you try the real issue which is here as to whether the defendants were guilty of the murder of Mr. Degan or not, or would you try the question of Socialism and Anarchism, which really has nothing to do with the case? A. Well, as I know so little about it in reality at present, it is a pretty hard question to answer. Q. You would undertake, you would attempt of course to try the case upon the evidence introduced here, upon the issue which is presented here? A. Yes, sir. . . . Q. Well, then, so far as that is concerned, I do not care very much what your opinion may be now, for your opinion now is made up of random conversations and from newspaper reading, as I understand? A. Yes. Q. That is nothing reliable. You do not regard that as being in the nature of sworn testimony at all, do you? A. No. Q. Now, when the testimony is introduced here and the witnesses are examined, you see them and look into their countenances, judge who are worthy of belief and who are not worthy of belief, don't you think then you would be able to determine the question? A. Yes. Q. Regardless of any impression that you might have or any opinion? A. Yes. Q. Have you any opposition to the organization by laboring men of associations or societies or unions so far as they have reference to their own advancement and protection and are not in violation of law? A. No, sir. Q. Do you know any of the members of the police force of the city of Chicago? A. Not one by name. Q. You are not acquainted with any one that was either injured or killed, I suppose, at the Haymarket meeting? A. No. . . . Q. If you should be selected as a juror in this case, do you believe that, regardless of all prejudice or opinion which you now have, you could listen to the legitimate testimony introduced in court, and upon that, and that alone, render and return a fair and impartial, unprejudiced and unbiased verdict? A. Yes.

The foregoing examination was by the defense. The following was by the State:

"Q. Upon what is your opinion founded—upon newspaper reports? A. Well, it is founded on the general theory and what I read in the newspapers. Q. And what you read in the papers? A. Yes, sir Q. Have you ever talked with any one that was present at the Haymarket at the time the bomb was thrown? A. No, sir. Have you ever talked with any one who professed of his own knowledge to know anything about the connection of the defendants with the throwing of that bomb? A. No. Q. Have you ever said to any one whether or not you believed the statement of facts in the newspapers to be true? A. I have never expressed it exactly in that way, but still I have no reason to think they were false. Q. Well, the question is not what your opinion of that was. The question simply is—it is a question made necessary by our statute, perhaps. A. Well, I don't recall whether I have or not. Q. So far as you know then, you never have? A. No, sir. Q. Do you believe that, if taken as a juror, you can try this case fairly and impartially and render an impartial verdict upon the law and the evidence? A. Yes.

"It is objected that Sandford had formed such an opinion as disqualified him from sitting upon the jury.

"It is apparent from the foregoing examination that the opinion of the juror was based upon rumor or newspaper statements, and that he had expressed no opinion as to the truth of such rumors or statements. He stated upon oath that he believed he could fairly and impartially render a verdict in the case in accordance with the law and the evidence. That the trial court was satisfied of the truth of his statement would appear from the fact that the challenge for cause was overruled.

"Therefore, the examination of the juror shows a state of facts which brings his case exactly within the scope and meaning of the third proviso of the 14th section of chapter 78, entitled 'Jurors,' of our Revised Statutes. That proviso is as follows: '*And provided further*, that, in the trial of any criminal cause, the fact that a person called as a juror has formed an opinion or impression, based upon rumor or upon newspaper statements

(about the truth of which he has expressed no opinion), shall not disqualify him to serve as a juror in such case, if he shall, upon oath, state that he believes he can fairly and impartially render a verdict therein in accordance with the law and the evidence, and the court shall be satisfied of the truth of such statement.'

"In *Wilson* vs. *The People*, 94 Ill. 299, one William Gray was examined touching his qualifications as a juror and said: 'I have read newspaper accounts of the commission of the crime with which the defendant is charged and have also conversed with several persons in regard to it since coming to Carthage and during my attendance upon this term of court; do not know whether they are witnesses in the case or not; do not know who the witnesses in the case are. From accounts I have read and from conversations I have had, I have formed an opinion in the case; would have an opinion now if the facts should turn out as I heard them, and I think it would take some evidence to remove that opinion; would be governed by the evidence in the case and can give the defendant a fair and impartial trial according to the law and the evidence.' Gray was challenged for cause and the challenge overruled by the trial court. We held that all objection to Gray's competency was clearly removed by the proviso above quoted. We also there said: 'The opinion formed seems not to have been decided, but one of a light and transient character which at no time would have disqualified the juror from serving.'

"The expressions of Sandford in the case at bar as to the opinion formed by him are not so strong as those used by Gray in the Wilson case in regard to his opinion. Sandford's impressions were not such as would refuse to yield to the testimony that might be offered, nor were they such as to close his mind to a fair consideration of the testimony. They were not 'strong and deep impressions,' such as are referred to by Chief Justice Marshall when he said upon the trial of Aaron Burr for treason: 'Those strong and deep impressions which will close the mind against the testimony which may be offered in opposition to them, which will combat that testimony and resist its force, do constitute a sufficient objection' to a juror. (1 Burr's Trial, 416.)

"Counsel for the defense seem to claim in their argument that the proviso above quoted is unconstitutional in that it violates section 9 of article 2 of the present Constitution of this State, which guarantees to the accused party in every criminal prosecution 'a speedy public trial by *an impartial jury* of the county or district in which the offense is alleged to have been committed.' We do not think that the proviso is unconstitutional for the reason stated. The rule which it lays down, when wisely applied, does not lead to the selection of partial jurors. On the contrary, it tends to secure intelligence in the jury-box and to exclude from it that dense ignorance which has often subjected the jury system to just criticism. A statute upon this subject, similar to ours and attacked as unconstitutional for the same reason here indicated, was held to be constitutional by the Court of Appeals in the State of New York in *Stokes* vs. *The People*, 53 N. Y. 171.

"The juror Sandford further stated that he had a prejudice against Socialists, Communists and Anarchists. This did not disqualify him from sitting as a juror. If the theories of the Anarchists should be carried into practical effect, they would involve the destruction of all law and government. Law and government cannot be abolished without revolution, bloodshed and murder. The Socialist or Communist, if he attempted to put into

practical operation his doctrine of a community of property, would destroy individual rights in property. Practically considered, the idea of taking a man's property from him without his consent, for the purpose of putting it into a common fund for the benefit of the community at large, involves the commission of theft and robbery. Therefore, the prejudice which the ordinary citizen, who looks at things from a practical standpoint, would have against Anarchism and Communism, would be nothing more than a prejudice against crime.

"In *Winnesheik Insurance Co.* vs. *Schueller*, 60 Ill. 465, we said: 'A man may have a prejudice against crime, against a mean action, against dishonesty, and still be a competent juror. This is proper, and such prejudice will never force a jury to prejudge an innocent and honest man.' In *Robinson et al.* vs. *Randall, supra*, we again said: 'The mere fact, therefore, that a juror may have a prejudice against crime does not disqualify him as a juror. A juror may be prejudiced against larceny, or burglary, or murder, and yet such fact would not in the least disqualify him from sitting upon a jury to try some person who might be charged with one of these crimes.'

"Sandford stated that he would 'attempt to try the case upon the evidence introduced here upon the issue which is presented here.' The issue presented was whether the defendants were guilty or not guilty of the murder of Mathias J. Degan. Any prejudice against Communism or Anarchism would not render a juror incapable of trying that issue fairly and impartially.

"We cannot see that the trial court erred in overruling the challenge for cause of the twelfth juror. This being so, it does not appear that the defendants were injured, or that their rights were in any way prejudiced by his selection as a juryman.

"On the motion for a new trial the defendants read three affidavits for the purpose of showing that, shortly after May 4, 1886, two of the jurors had given utterance to expressions showing prejudice against the defendants. The two jurors made counter-affidavits denying that they had used the expressions attributed to them.

"We do not think that the affidavits satisfactorily proved previously expressed opinions on the part of the two jurors referred to. It was a dangerous practice to allow verdicts to be set aside upon *ex parte* affidavits as to what jurors are claimed to have said before they were summoned to act as jurymen. The parties making such affidavits submit to no cross-examination, and the correctness of their statements is subjected to no test whatever. We adhere to the views which we have recently expressed upon this subject in the case of *Hughes* vs. *The People*, 116 Ill. 330.

"The defendants claim that, although they were entitled to one hundred and sixty peremptory challenges, yet the State was entitled to only twenty, and they charge it as error that the State was allowed to peremptorily challenge more than twenty talesmen. The statute says: 'The attorney prosecuting on behalf of the people shall be admitted to a peremptory challenge of the same number of jurors that the accused is entitled to.' (Rev. Stat. chap. 38, sec. 432.) We cannot conceive how language can be plainer than that here used. It explains itself and requires no further remark. The defendants also claim that the trial court erred in refusing a separate trial, from the other defendants, to the defendants Spies, Schwab, Fielden, Neebe and Parsons. Error cannot be assigned upon the refusal to

grant separate trials where several are jointly indicted. It was a matter of discretion with the court below. We so decided in *Maton et al.* vs. *The People*, 15 Ill. 536. We are unable to see any abuse of the discretion in this case.

"Defendants also take exceptions to the conduct of the special bailiff The regular panel having been exhausted and the defendants having objected 'to the Sheriff summoning a sufficient number of persons to fill the panel' of jurors, the court appointed a special bailiff named Ryce to summon such persons under section 13, chapter 78, of the Revised Statutes. On the motion for new trial, defendants read the affidavit of one Stevens, in which Stevens swore that he had heard one Favor say that he, Favor, had heard Ryce say that he, Ryce, was summoning as jurors such men as the defense would be compelled to challenge peremptorily, etc. The defendants then made a motion, based upon this affidavit, that Favor be compelled to come into court and testify to what Ryce had said to him. The refusal of the court to grant the application is complained of as error.

"The statements in the affidavit were mere hearsay and were too indefinite and remote to base any motion upon. Moreover, if Ryce did make the remark in question to Favor, it does not appear that defendants were harmed by it. There is nothing to show that Ryce made any remarks of any kind, proper or improper, to the jurors whom he summoned. In addition to this, it is not shown that the defendants served Favor with a subpœna so as to lay a foundation for compelling his attendance.

"We think that the course pursued on the trial in regard to the manner of impaneling the jury was correct and in accordance with the plain meaning of section 21, chapter 78, of the Revised Statutes. That section says 'that the jury shall be passed upon and accepted in panels of four by the parties, commencing with the plaintiff.' The State is not called upon to tender the defendants a second panel before the defendants tender it back four.

"We can not see that the remarks of the State's Attorney in his argument to the jury were marked by any such improprieties as require a reversal of the judgment. *Wilson* vs. *The People, supra*, and *Garrity* vs. *The People*, 107 Ill. 162.

"In their lengthy argument counsel for the defense make some other points of minor importance, which are not here noticed. As to these, it is sufficient to say that we have considered them and do not regard them as well taken.

"The judgment of the Criminal Court of Cook County is affirmed."

After the reading of the decision, Justice Mulkey stated that it had been his intention, if health had permitted, to file a separate opinion. He said:

"While I concur in the conclusion reached, and also in the general view presented in the opinion filed, I do not wish to be understood as holding that the record is free from error, for I do not think it is. I am nevertheless of opinion that none of the errors complained of are of so serious a character as to require a reversal of the judgment.

"In view of the number of defendants on trial, the great length of time it was in progress, the vast amount of testimony offered and passed upon by the court, and the almost numberless rulings the court was required to

make, the wonder with me is, that the errors were not more numerous and more serious than they are.

"In short, after having carefully examined the record, and given all the questions arising upon it my very best thought, with an earnest and conscientious desire to faithfully discharge my whole duty, I am satisfied fully that the conclusion reached vindicates the law, does complete justice between the prisoners and the State, and that it is fully warranted by the law and the evidence."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Last Legal Struggle — The Need of Money — Expensive Counsel Secured — Work of the "Defense Committee" — Pardon, the Only Hope — Pleas for Mercy to Gov. Oglesby — Curious Changes of Sentiment — Spies' Remarkable Offer — Lingg's Horrible Death Bombs in the Starch-box — An Accidental Discovery — My own Theory — Description of the "Suicide Bombs" — Meaning of the Short Fuse — "Count Four and Throw" — Details of Lingg's Self-murder — A Human Wreck — The Bloody Record in the Cell — The Governor's Decision — Fielden and Schwab Taken to the Penitentiary.

IN spite of this overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Supreme Court of Illinois, counsel for the Anarchists did not lose hope. They at once set about formulating plans to carry their case before the highest tribunal under the law, the Supreme Court of the United States, and for some time they labored unremittingly in preparing the necessary grounds on which to bring the matter within the jurisdistion of that court. The point on which they mainly relied was a constitutional question involving the validity of the jury law of the State of Illinois, but time was necessary to put in proper shape other questions incidental to the main issue, growing out of rulings in the trial court. Meanwhile money was needed, just as it had been during the trial and the appeal to the State Supreme Court. It had been resolved to call into the service of the convicted men eminent constitutional lawyers, of national reputation as well as of high standing before the highest tribunal in the land, and contributions were accordingly sought throughout the country by the Anarchist "Defense Committee" of Chicago, a body which had been organized preceding the trial. In compliance with the call, a great deal of money was subscribed, and the local counsel began to cast about for legal assistance among the most noted constitutional expounders in the Union, to properly prepare the case for presentation at Washington. Capt. Black, to whom this duty seems to have been mainly intrusted, finally decided upon Gen. Pryor, of New York, and J. Randolph Tucker, and with these eminent jurists he held long consultations on the best points to make before the court of last resort. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was also called into the case as special counsel for Spies and Fielden.

Finally, on Thursday, October 27, 1887, the case was brought before the United States Supreme Court, and arguments were heard before a full bench. Mr. Tucker was the first to speak, and held the court's attention for some time, contending that the Illinois jury law was in contravention of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That amendment, he said, had been adopted, and had been construed by the court as for the special protection of the negro, and he insisted that it should be opened up for the protection of the whites as well. Upon this

point he elaborated at some length, consuming nearly the whole time allotted to him, and then he proceeded to show that an impartial jury had not been chosen in the trial court, some men upon it — reference being made to Denker and Sandford — having formed a newspaper opinion, but, in spite of that fact, having still been admitted under the rulings of the court. The first ten amendments to the Constitution, he held, limited the States in the adoption of laws abridging the rights of citizens. His whole argument received marked attention and was ably presented.

Benjamin F. Butler made a few points in addition to those presented in his brief, but the main burden of his plea was that his clients, Spies and Fielden, were aliens and had come to this country under treaties made with Germany and England, long before the jury law of Illinois was passed.

Attorney-General Hunt, of Illinois, replied to the various points made by the petitioners, showing that the Federal Constitution, in its first ten amendments, did not restrict the rights of a State in the regulation of jury selections, and that there was no refuge for any of the defendants under the treaties. It was an eloquent and masterly argument, and its effect on the court was subsequently shown in the decision, which closely followed in the line of Mr. Hunt's position on the matters in question.

State's Attorney Grinnell was present simply to assist the Attorney-General in pointing out the salient features in the record of the trial court, with which he was so thoroughly familiar, but, on solicitation, he also addressed the court at some length. He spoke with reference to some details in the trial, and made a clear and concise exposition of the case. He was followed by General Butler, who spoke at considerable length, but advanced no new points, except that he maintained that Spies had been compelled to testify against himself.

The arguments occupied two days, and the court reserved its decision until Wednesday, November 2. On that day the court decided, on the claim that the first ten amendments to the Constitution limited the rights of a State in the passage of laws affecting personal rights, that they "were not intended to limit the powers of the State Government in respect to their own citizens, but to operate on the National Government alone." This had been decided more than fifty years before, and that decision had been steadily adhered to ever since. "It was contended in argument," said the court, "that, although originally the first two amendments were adopted as limitations on Federal power, yet, in so far as they secure and recognize fundamental rights, common-law rights of the man, they make them privileges and immunities of the man as a citizen of the United States and cannot now be abridged by a State under the Fourteenth Amendment." The objections raised, in brief, were that a statute of the State, as construed by the court, deprived the petitioners of a trial by an impartial jury and that Spies was compelled to give evidence against himself. The statute to

which special objection was made, continued the court, was approved March 12, 1874, and went into force on July 1 of that year. The claim set up by petitioners was that the trial court, acting under this law, compelled them against their will to submit to a trial by a jury that was not impartial, and thus deprived them of one of the fundamental rights they had as citizens of the United States under the Federal Constitution, and that if the sentence was carried out they would be deprived of their lives "without due process of law." The court then referred to the peremptory challenges allowed petitioners and held that with these the constitutional right of the accused had been maintained.

"Although a juror called as a juryman," said the court, "may have formed an opinion based upon rumor or newspaper statement, he is still qualified as a juror if he states that he can fairly and impartially render a verdict thereon in accordance with the law and the evidence. Indeed, the rule of the statute of Illinois as construed by the trial court is not materially different from that which has been adopted by the courts in many other States without any legislation. We agree entirely with the Illinois Supreme Court in the opinion that the statute on its face, as construed by the trial court, is not repugnant to section 9 of article 2 of the Constitution of that State, which guarantees to the accused party in every criminal prosecution a speedy trial by an impartial jury of the county or district in which the offense is alleged to have been committed."

Speaking of the alleged bias of one of the jurors — Denker — the court says that neither party at the close of the examination challenged the juror peremptorily. "When this occurred it was not denied," says the court, "that the defendants were still entitled to 143 peremptory challenges, or about that number." As to Juror Sandford, the court said that "at the close of his examination on the part of the defendants the juror was challenged on their behalf for cause, and the attorney for the State, after having ascertained that all the peremptory challenges of the defendants had been exhausted, took up the examination of the juror." It then appearing that he could render an impartial verdict, he was sworn in under the proper rulings of the court.

As to Spies being compelled to be a witness against himself, the court ruled that, inasmuch as he had voluntarily offered himself as a witness in his own behalf, by so doing he had become bound to submit himself to a proper cross-examination. But it was said that the reading of Most's letter was not proper evidence. "That is," continued the court, "a question of State law in the courts of the States, and not of Federal law." Something was said about the alleged unreasonable search and seizure of the papers and property of some of the defendants, and their use in evidence in the trial of the case. Special reference was made to letters from Most to Spies, about which he was cross-examined; but "we have," said the court, "not been

referred to any part of the record in which it appears that objection was made to the use of the evidence on that account," and therefore, "as the Supreme Court of Illinois says so, we cannot consider the constitutional question involved."

The writ of error prayed for in the petitions and briefs filed and the arguments made on their merits was therefore denied.

The late Chief Justice Waite read the decision, and there was not a dissenting opinion, thus overwhelmingly sustaining the most important rulings made by Judge Gary and attesting the impregnable position taken by the State.

The prisoners in the Cook County Jail were now confronted with the awful fate in store for them nine days hence from the rendering of the Supreme Court's decision. But, like drowning men grasping at straws, they turned in the direction of executive clemency. Their counsel, Capt. Black especially, entertained strong hopes of securing from Gov. Oglesby a commutation of sentence to imprisonment in the penitentiary. Steps were accordingly taken looking to that end. Petitions to the chief executive of Illinois were at once put in circulation for signatures, and friends and sympathizers of the condemned busied themselves in writing personal letters pleading for mercy.

As the day of execution approached, it was surprising to note how many, who had hitherto clamored for blood in atonement for the Haymarket massacre, now exerted themselves in the effort to secure executive clemency. With my own eyes I saw people who had made the most fuss shouting, "Hang the Anarchists! Don't give them a chance for their lives. Destroy them at once. They must be roasted out; the balance of them must leave the country," the first to weaken. They began calling the doomed Anarchists "poor innocent men; it is too bad to hang them. If they would only promise to do better hereafter, the authorities ought to let them go." There were others, again, who wished to see the laws enforced, but who failed to make their true feelings known during the interval immediately preceding the day set for the execution. These, when it became almost certain that the Anarchists must hang, showed themselves very firm and openly declared that the men fully deserved hanging, and should be hanged as determined by the verdict of the jury.

Some of those who had given their moral support to the prosecution even went to the extent of giving up rooms in their residences for meetings of parties interested in imploring executive clemency, and avowed Anarchists and Socialists spread their feet under mahogany tables and shuffled dirt-laden shoes over velvety rugs in houses that had hitherto sheltered owners who, on the streets and in the marts of trade, had denounced the Anarchists in unmeasured terms. But there were those who believed, from the conclusion of the trial up to the last moment, that the law should take

its course, and these were largely in the majority. Governor Oglesby is made of stern material, but the most stern and rugged natures, with the clearest perceptions of duty and the most absolute belief in guilt, would have yielded to public sentiment as being the best guide in a case involving the lives of human, fallible beings. Really public sentiment upheld the verdict, and only yielded in the abatement of the sentence of Fielden and Schwab as justified by the mitigating circumstances in their cases.

The day drew near for decisive action, and, on the 9th of November, Capt. Black, accompanied by his wife, George Schilling, Mrs. Schwab, Mrs. and Miss Spies, Miss Engel, Miss Mueller, Lingg's sweetheart, and Mrs. Fischer, repaired to the Capitol at Springfield, to personally intercede for mercy. The "Amnesty Committee," organized shortly before to arouse interest in preventing the execution, was represented by Cora L. V. Richmond, a noted trance-spiritualistic exhorter, and a few others of less renown. Mr. W. M. Salter, of the Ethical Society of Chicago, Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Henry D. Lloyd and S. P. McConnell also proceeded to the State capital on special missions in behalf of one or the other of the Anarchists, and besides there was a large sprinkling of labor representatives. Governor Oglesby, who had meanwhile accumulated a voluminous mass of letters and had received lengthy petitions from Chicago and all other parts of the country, even from the Commune of Paris, met the various delegations in his office in the Executive Department.

The first speaker was Capt. Black, who presented a long petition, which he read, signed by Schwab, Fielden and Spies. It set forth the grounds upon which an exercise of the pardoning power was invoked, claiming that the signers were wholly innocent of any knowledge of the throwing of the bomb, and giving a brief epitome of the history of the case. It gave ten reasons for asking a pardon. These reasons may be summarized as follows: 1. They were innocent of the bomb-throwing, alike in act and intent. 2. They had no knowledge of any purpose or arrangement for the throwing of the bomb. 3. They (those present) counseled peace at the Haymarket meeting and there disclaimed any purpose of violence. 4. A great deal of evidence was permitted to be presented in court which had no specific reference to the crime charged, and an effort was made to prove that their utterances and advice had reference alone to "defensive action by the wage class as against any unlawful attacks upon them," and in thus publicly expressing their sentiments by pen and speech they were not conscious that they were violating the law. 5. Under a rule of responsibility allowed, which was contrary to Anglo-Saxon legislation but expressed in the statute law of the State, they were held to be accessories "for the act of a supposed but absolutely unknown and unidentified principal, when the actor in the commission of the crime charged may have acted, not as the agent, but the enemy, of the accused;" and they had been tried as "the supposed leaders

of a general movement or conspiracy embracing a much larger number of men." 6. Their trial was at a time of great public excitement, when press and public demanded their conviction as enemies of public order. 7. That men were allowed to sit upon the jury with strong prejudices against them. 8. They were not tried by men according to constitutional rights, but had jurors "with a prejudgment of their guilt induced and inflamed by the daily reading of the papers," whose columns had never ceased to denounce them, 9. Some of them were subjected to illegal cross-examinations, and "the provisions of the Constitution and the law were set aside, and property unlawfully seized in unauthorized searches was introduced to bring about a conviction." 10. They believed and charged that the special bailiff who was intrusted with securing talesmen for the jury had deliberately selected men whose views he was assured were hostile to them.

Capt. Black commented upon each point made in the petition, and explained that up to the time of the Haymarket meeting his clients had had the absolute, uniform acquiescence of the municipal authorities in all their public and secret gatherings. He also read an affidavit of Otis S. Favor, to show that the bailiff had said to affiant that he was "managing this case" (meaning selection of the jury to try the Anarchists) and "he knew what he was about."

The plea was an eloquent and forcible one, but the Governor never gave the slightest sign as to how far it had affected his judgment of the case.

Mrs. Richmond spoke with reference to the petitions which her committee had presented, containing many signatures, and explained that "the majority of those who had signed them had done so because they considered it a matter of public policy that these men should not be hanged." Another reason she advanced was that "these men did not intend a murder, and the fact cannot be shown that they had any direct connection in the throwing of the bomb which caused the death of Officer Degan." She held that public opinion was unanimous that these men could not afford to be sacrificed. "The shock upon the rising generation will be such that it will take fifty or one hundred years to wipe it out, and we believe it never could be wiped out from the records of this State." She asked that the sentence be com muted "on the higher ground that it should be done for the welfare of the people," and then, after deploring the existence of capital punishment in Illinois, she said that if mercy was shown by the Governor, his name would forever be written on the scroll of humanity along with that of the martyred Abraham Lincoln. "I again implore you, sir, to extend clemency to these condemned men, and enroll your name among those who have dared to do for humanity what all the courts of the land have denied."

Gen. M. M. Trumbull had had a pamphlet prepared respecting the trial, and after presenting a copy of it to the Governor, and calling attention to the fact that he had therein reviewed the unfairness of the trial, he made a

few remarks, closing as follows: "In behalf of the families of these men; in behalf of the men themselves; in behalf of thousands and hundreds of thousands of people who sympathize with them in their misfortunes, I implore your Excellency to show mercy in their case."

Elijah M. Haines, ex-Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, said: "I do not come here, your Excellency, like others, to appeal to the executive of this State to exercise an act of clemency; neither do I come here representing petitioners. But I come here representing a sentiment appealing to the executive branch of the government for an act of justice." His plea was based simply on the ground of justice, not policy, and he held that what had been a crime years ago was not a crime now, and that "this sentence, at this time, would not have been the sentence of the barbarous race that preceded us." He held that no conspiracy had been proven, and that the men had been condemned to die through prejudice. He did not believe in capital punishment, and concluded that "the peculiar complication of this case would make the execution of these men hazardous to the best interests of society."

State Senator Streeter made a short address. He began by saying: "We are not here to favor any crime, but we do believe that this case marks an epoch in our history; that you and I, Governor, and the people who are living, probably never met or never will again meet an emergency in history like this. It is almost without parallel." He then pleaded for clemency on the ground of "the common good of society," and asked the Governor to give the petition a careful consideration.

Messrs. Bailey and Campbell, representing the Trades and Labor Assembly of Quincy, Ill., each spoke a few words for the doomed men, and they were followed by William Urban, who spoke "for the German workingmen of North Chicago," and presented a set of resolutions passed by the Central Labor Union.

L. S. Oliver, on behalf of the "Amnesty Committee," made a few statements and presented a petition containing 41,000 names.

Mr. Shullenberg, of Detroit, Mich., said he represented forty-five organizations, and he asked, on their behalf, that executive clemency be extended.

C. G. Dixon, of Chicago, also submitted a long petition, and addressed the Governor at some length. He was followed by Samuel Gompers, of New York, President of the American Federation of Labor, who went into an account of the eight-hour movement, and held that the police were responsible for the Haymarket riot. He said that thousands would consider that the men had been executed because they had stood up for free speech and free assemblage, and maintained that throughout the civilized world there had arisen a protest against the execution of the men. He concluded by saying that the throwing of that bomb had killed the eight-hour move-

ment, and that, had it not been for that, it would have been successful to a great extent.

Other addresses were made by Edward King, of District Assembly 49, of New York; President Quinn, of the same organization, and George Schilling. The various delegations then withdrew to permit the relatives of the doomed men to confer personally with the Governor, and then each in turn gave a few reasons why the Governor should be lenient.

After this conference Mr. J. R. Buchanan and Mrs. George Schilling, accompanied by two friends, sought an audience with the Governor and presented a personal letter from August Spies. In that letter, dated November 6, among other things he wrote:

"I care not to protest my innocence of any crime, and of the one I am accused of in particular. I have done that, and leave the rest to the judgment of history. . . . If a sacrifice of life there must be, will not my life suffice? The State's Attorney of Cook County asked for no more. Take this, then! Take my life! I offer it to you so that you may satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob, and save that of my comrades."

This extract fully indicates the whole tenor of the letter.

Messrs. Salter, Lloyd and McConnell next visited the Governor and spoke on behalf of the men.

Mr. Edward Johnson, a slate and stone dealer of Chicago, presented a petition on behalf of Fielden's former employers, numbering thirty-one firms, and in that document they set forth that they had known Fielden for fifteen years as an honest, hard-working, sober, reliable employé, with no brutal or bloody instincts, and that the only trouble with him was that "he was cursed with a gift of rude eloquence, a fatal facility of speech, and had a consuming desire for the praise and applause of his fellow-men, and in this lay the cause of his downfall."

This petition was accompanied by a personal letter from Fielden, dated November 5, 1887. After speaking of his earlier years, and his interest in the cause of workingmen, the letter concludes:

"I was intoxicated with the applause of my hearers, and, the more violent my language, the more applause I received. My audience and myself mutually excited each other. I think, however, it is true that, for sensational or other purposes, words were put in my mouth and charged to me which I never uttered; but, whether this be true or not, I say now that I no longer believe it proper that any class of society should attempt to right its own wrongs by violence. I can now see that much that I said under excitement was unwise, and all this I regret. It is not true, however, that I ever consciously attempted to incite any man to the commission of crime. Although I do admit that I belonged to an organization which was engaged at one time in preparing for a social revolution, I was not engaged in any conspiracy to manufacture or throw bombs. I never owned or carried a revolver in my life and did not fire one at the Haymarket. I had not the slightest idea that the meeting at the Haymarket would be other than a

peaceable and orderly one, such as I had often addressed in this city, and was utterly astounded at its bloody outcome, and have always felt keenly the loss of life and suffering there occasioned.

"In view of these facts I respectfully submit that, while I confess with regret the use of extravagant and unjustifiable words, I am not a murderer. I never had any murderous intent, and I humbly pray relief from the murderer's doom. That these statements are true I do again solemnly affirm by every tie that I hold sacred, and I hope that your Excellency will give a considerate hearing to the merits of my case, and also to those of my imprisoned companions who have been sentenced with me."

Judge Gary and Mr. Grinnell also wrote a letter setting forth this natural desire of Fielden's for applause and saying that there was no evidence showing that he knew of any preparations to throw the bomb. They believed him to have been an honest and industrious man and thought executive clemency in his case would be justifiable.

A letter from Schwab was also presented to the Governor. It was short and read as follows:

"As supplemental to the petition heretofore signed by me, I desire to say that I realize that many utterances of mine in connection with the labor agitation of the past, expressions made under intense excitement, and often without any deliberation, were injudicious. These I regret, believing that they must have had a tendency to incite to unnecessary violence oftentimes. I protest again that I had no thought or purpose of violence in connection with the Haymarket meeting, which I did not even attend, and that I have always deplored the results of that meeting."

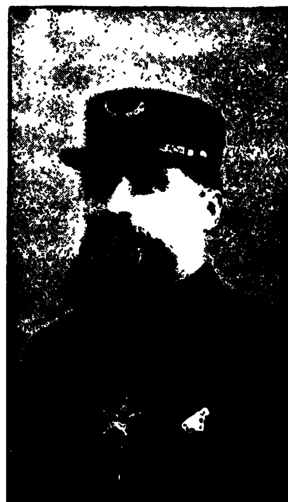
This was accompanied by a letter from Judge Gary, concurring with State's Attorney Grinnell's opinion that Schwab's case deserved consideration, as the man was friendless and had evidently been the pliant tool of stronger-willed men. George C. Ingham also wrote, saying that if executive clemency was shown to Fielden and Schwab it would not be misplaced.

While the case was thus being discussed at Springfield, Parsons, Lingg, Engel and Fischer were strongly urged by their friends to send personal letters appealing for clemency, but each absolutely refused. They wrote letters to the Governor, but declared that they would not accept a pardon unless it restored them to full liberty. They held that they had committed no wrong, and hence could seek no clemency except that which would release them from imprisonment.

On the same day that the delegations appeared befor the Governor, Mr. Vere V. Hunt went before Judge Richard J. Prendergast, of the County Court in Chicago, and filed a petition to try the sanity of Lingg. He gave as witnesses Dr. James G. Kiernan, George E. Detwiler, Ferdinand Spies, Ida Spies, Henry Spies, Chris Spies, Mr. Kuttleman, Gustav Poch, Louis Zetter, Mr. Linnemeyer and W. Bentthin. After arguments, Judge Prendergast held that, in view of the judgment of the Supreme Court, affirming the sentence of the Criminal Court, he had no jurisdiction. The next

day Mr. Hunt presented the same petition to Judge Frank Baker, but, after hearing arguments, the court declined to examine into the question of the bomb-maker's sanity.

Another curious move was also made on behalf of Parsons on the day preceding the execution. It was an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* by Attorney Salomon, and was presented before Judge M. F. Tuley. The grounds on which it was based were that the judgment affirmed by the Supreme Court was directed against seven men and not against one, and that the prisoner, not being in court when the sentence was passed, could not be executed under it. He also claimed that the death warrant was not legal because it did not run in the name of the people of the State of Illinois. Judge Tuley said the court had no power to correct any errors of the Supreme Court, and that the prisoner was legally in the custody of the Sheriff, and the application would accordingly be denied.



JAILOR FOLZ.
From a Photograph.

While favorable results were being anticipated by some as to the Governor's decision, an incident occurred which dampened their expectations and somewhat affected public sentiment in the belief of the guilt of the conspirators. Although it probably had no effect on the Governor's decision, Anarchists at large thought it would highly prejudice the case of their friends at his hands. This incident was the horrible suicide of Louis Lingg.

While the Anarchists were confined in the Cook County Jail they were quartered in that portion of the premises known as "murderers' row." This row faces south on the first gallery, in view of the entrance to the jail corridor, and had been so designated because in times past men accused of murder and awaiting trial, or men convicted of murder and awaiting execution of sentence, were kept in the cells on that tier. Lingg, the most defiant Anarchist of them all, occupied cell No. 22; Engel, No. 23; Spies, No. 24; Schwab, No. 26; Fielden, No. 27, and Fischer, No. 28. During Neebe's detention, before being taken to the penitentiary, he occupied cell No. 21. All the prisoners were subjected to strict prison discipline. The rules of the jail knew no relaxation in the case of any one brought into that part of the establishment, and each regulation was carried out to the very letter.

Jailor Folz is a veteran in the service, having filled the jailorship off and on for twenty-two years, and he thoroughly understands all the requirements in the way of jail discipline, to prevent escapes and guard against suicides and assaults. I know him well, and he always has one ear and one eye open

to the conduct of the prisoners and the other eye and ear for his own security, like a sailor who gives one-half of his body to the ship and reserves the other half for his own safety. Where so many desperate characters are confined it requires the utmost vigilance to keep them under control and restrain them from violent outbreaks. Men whose lives have been almost a continual record of misdeeds, crimes and murders are not, as a rule, easily handled, and the wonder is that there have been so few to create trouble in Folz's bailiwick.

One of the rules is a regular inspection of all the cells for contraband articles and the exclusion of all implements calculated to aid a prisoner in effecting his escape. Sometimes a revolver may be found during these inspections; at other times a tiny saw for cutting the bars, and then again some tool for cutting through the flagstones with a view to reaching the air-shaft or getting into the sewer underneath; and, though rarely, even smuggled poison has been discovered.

All prisoners are carefully searched before being locked up, but it frequently happens that prisoners are permitted to talk with their friends through the lawyers' cage. This cage is an inclosure ten by sixteen feet in dimensions, with iron bars and strong wires, and while it would seem impossible to pass anything through the narrow interstices, now and then an aperture is pried open wide enough to pass in contraband articles. In this way many things have been found smuggled into the jail. Food and delicacies handed into the jail office for prisoners are always carefully examined, and this precaution was particularly exercised in the case of the Anarchists as the time approached for their execution.

On Sunday morning, November 6, 1887, Mr. Folz gave orders about eight o'clock to have the cells of the Anarchists searched, and Deputies John Eagan and O. E. Hogan were detailed for that purpose. Lingg's cell was first examined, and while the search proceeded he was locked up in the "lawyers' cage." A lot of revolutionary books, copies of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and other papers were taken out and thrown temporarily in the corridor. In one corner of the room stood a ten-pound starch-box, in one nook of which there was a kerosene lamp, about which again some onions were piled. Box and onions were placed on the gallery platform for the time being.

The officers were next about to proceed to a search of Engel's cell, but just before doing so Hogan happened to kick box, onions and all over the platform, down onto the main floor. At the time some of the prisoners, who were exercising themselves in the corridor, got curious as to the contents of the rubbish, and, in the hope of finding something they might desire, began a search of the pile. Some of them seemed particularly interested in something they had discovered, and Hogan, noticing their intent gaze, stopped to look at them. He noticed that one of the prisoners

had something strange in his hands. Eagan also noticed the same thing and started on a run down-stairs. Arriving at the place where the knot of prisoners had gathered, he found that the curious object which they were scrutinizing was nothing else than a dynamite bomb. The bomb, it appears, had been dashed out of the box as it fell on the floor from the gallery platform above, and interest at once centered in the innocent-looking box. Mr. Eagan found therein three other bombs, and they were immediately taken to Jailor Folz's office. The box was next carefully examined, and it was found to have a false bottom, in which the bombs had been concealed. Some six days before this box had been brought into the jail, and, being apparently empty, it had been passed in to Lingg. It was evident that it had been made according to Lingg's instructions by some handy carpenter who was a close friend, and, judging from its construction, it seems to have been patterned after Lingg's trunk, which, it will be remembered, also had a false bottom, and in whose secret apartment I found a lot of dynamite, together with a coil of fuse and a supply of caps. Either the bombs were in the box at the time it was brought to the jail, or they must have been smuggled in through a temporarily-forced opening in the wire cage. The officials incline to the former theory.

Lingg was a most interested spectator. It was evident from his actions that the discovery greatly troubled him. His face became almost livid with rage, his eyes fairly snapped fire, and he fumed in his cage like an imprisoned beast of prey. He was speechless with anger, and every motion betrayed an energy of passion that was fearful to behold.

After a little while Lingg was taken out of the "lawyers' cage," and thereafter he was confined in a cell fixed up for him on the lower floor, where he could be directly under the eyes of the officials, who by this time had come to regard him as a very dangerous man. At ten o'clock on the same morning, I received a dispatch from the Sheriff asking me to call at the jail immediately. Arriving there, I met Sheriff Matson and Jailor Folz, and after they had explained the circumstances of the morning's find, the four bombs were handed to me for examination. I found that they were all loaded with dynamite of the regular kind, and I gave it as my opinion that they were manifestly intended for suicidal purposes, to escape the gallows. I could not believe that they were made for any other purpose. Both the Sheriff and the Jailor concurred in this view, and they so expressed themselves to outsiders, although sensational reports were circulated in the newspapers that the bombs were smuggled in to be used especially on the day of the execution, to blow the jail, prisoners and visitors to the four winds.

I took charge of the bombs, and subsequently, at the station, gave them a more thorough examination. They were all of the same size, being six inches long, three-eighth gas-pipe, and one end of each had been plugged

with a boiler rivet one inch long. On each rivet there had been cut about a dozen notches with a sharp chisel, and after the rivets had been inserted hot lead had been poured into the pipe from the top, thus fastening them in place. A wooden plug, through which a hole had been bored in the center for the cap and fuse, had been put at the other end of each pipe; and thus plugged, with a charge of dynamite inside, it was a most destructive implement. The dynamite used was of the regular factory make, the percussion cap of English manufacture, and the fuse of the tar-cloth, waterproof kind. The fuse was cut scarcely an inch long, and a fuse of that length would explode the cap as soon almost as it was ignited. I explained these features in a general way to Sheriff Matson and Jailor Folz, and told them that with such a short fuse no one using one of these deadly contrivances could light it and then throw the bomb away before it would explode. It might, as I explained to them, be kept about the body or inserted in a man's mouth, and in an instant after being lighted an explosion would follow. Hence my theory was that they were designed exclusively for suicidal purposes. A photographic illustration of the suicide bombs appears on page 595.


BENJ. P. PRICE.

The bomb used at the Haymarket was of the kind called the "five and six seconds fuse." The fuse on a bomb of that kind was cut at a length of four inches, and the instruction to Anarchists in handling one of them was to count four just as soon as the fuse caught fire, and then throw it. If the bombs found in Lingg's cell had had that length of fuse, then it might have been possible that they were intended for general destruction. These bombs had evidently been made under instructions from Lingg. He was the only one who made bombs by plugging up one end with lead, and, whoever the party was that turned them out for him, he must have had some prior experience with Lingg in bomb-making. That could be plainly seen, too, in the way the fuse had been fastened in the caps. It was also manifest that the man must have been a machinist. But no clue as to his identity could be secured, and, of course, Lingg never gave the slightest hint to any of the officers, or even to his associates.

Thereafter, as might have been expected, Lingg was more carefully watched than ever. No strange visitors were permitted to see him. The discovery of the explosives had created an intense and widespread excitement, and Sheriff Matson issued most stringent orders with reference, not only to Lingg, but to all the other confined Anarchists. By these orders the public was measurably reassured.

The bomb-maker had been committed to cell No. 11, and every article



LOUIS LINGG'S TERRIBLE DEATH.

constituting its outfit had been subjected to the closest inspection. It seemed certain that there could be no dynamite in that cell. Besides this, Mr. Benjamin P. Price, the Jail Clerk, made it his special business to look after the desperate man, and there seemed no possibility of danger from that quarter.

But on the morning of the 10th of November, at 8:45 o'clock, the officials as well as occupants of the jail were startled by the sound of a terrific explosion. Consternation seized everybody for the moment. Each surmised that some sad havoc had been created in some portion of the jail, and that his special section had miraculously escaped. All within the jail precincts jumped to their feet, and the most eager inquiries were made as to the cause of the noise. Even the inmates of the cells in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the explosion had occurred thought that some other portion of the building had been blown up, and they were uncertain whether the attack had come from without or within.

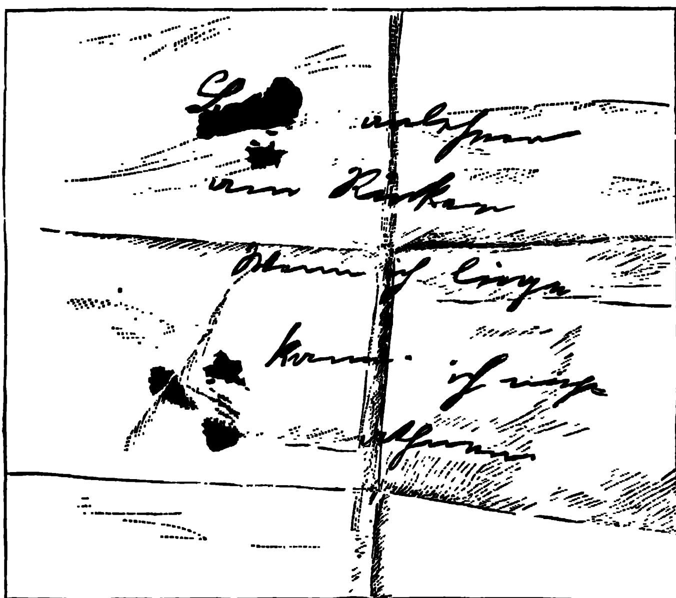
The first idea credited the explosion to confederates of the Anarchists on the outside. This was a perfectly natural conclusion. All sorts of rumors about violent demonstrations and forcible attempts at rescue of the doomed Anarchists were in circulation about the city, and the instant this detonation was heard it was supposed that the threats had been finally carried into effect. So loud was the report that people passing on the streets surrounding the jail imagined that fearful destruction must have been created inside. But after the first flush of excitement had subsided, the source of the commotion was easily and speedily ascertained.

The explosion had occurred in Lingg's cell. The night before Lingg had appeared in one of his complacent moods, and when the death-watch eyed him closely the next morning nothing unusual was discovered in his demeanor. Lingg seemed to be resting easily on his couch, and there was not the slightest indication that anything tragic was contemplated. While the death-watch, Deputy Sheriff Osborne, was giving his attention to something else for a moment, however, Lingg saw his opportunity, rose stealthily from his bed, seized a candle that flickered dimly in a corner of the cell, and, jumping back to his couch, put the bomb in his mouth and applied the flame. In an instant a loud explosion followed.

Officials were soon in the cell and found Lingg lying on his side on the couch, with one arm thrown over his head and the other resting on a little table. A stream of blood was coursing down the pillow, and pools of it had gathered upon the bedding. The deputies raised him up gently. A ghastly sight met their gaze. The lower jaw had been almost entirely blown away, the upper lip was completely torn to shreds, the greater part of his nose was in tatters, only a fragment of his tongue remained, and every vestige of front teeth had disappeared. What remained of his cheeks looked like flesh torn by vultures, and every jagged part bled pro-

fusely. The inside of his upper jaw was horribly lacerated. It looked as though no man could survive such a wound for a moment after its infliction. And yet the bomb-maker was alive and breathing regularly.

Lingg was at once removed from the cell to a large bath-room near the Jailor's office, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Drs. Fenger, Moyer and Bluthardt were at once sent for, and they responded immediately. They applied such restoratives as medical science suggested, but they found no little difficulty in stopping the bleeding and preventing the blood from running down the man's throat and interfering with his breathing. Now and then he coughed, and with each spell emitted large quantities of blood. The pallet upon which he rested, and the floor underneath, were saturated with blood, and its strong flow attested a superb physical condition—a wonderful vitality.



LINGG'S LAST WORDS.
From a Photograph.

During all the operations of the surgeons Lingg remained perfectly conscious and eyed them as complacently as though they had been at work on some other patient. He showed no concern and never quivered. While calmly stretched on the cot, he closely observed all who entered the room and seemed surprised at their consternation. It was only when some police officers entered to look at him that he showed signs of nervousness, and then, with pantomimic flourishes of his hand, he indicated that he desired them to leave. The signs were correctly interpreted; for the moment the officers left he quieted down easily, and a grateful look from his eyes expressed his satisfaction. John C. Klein, who afterwards became famous for the active part he took in the troubles in the island of Samoa—readers will remember that there was a great deal of diplomatic correspondence on account of them, that there was even talk of war betwen the United States and Germany—was at that time a reporter for one of the

Chicago dailies, and in that capacity was present in the room. While still being operated upon, Lingg beckoned to Klein for pencil and paper, and, these being handed to him, he wrote, in German : "Please support my back. When I lie down I cannot breathe." That piece of paper, stained with Lingg's blood, is still in existence, and is shown in the engraving.

Everything was done to alleviate Lingg's sufferings, but he died at 2:45 that afternoon.

The bomb-maker's remains were placed in a neat coffin, and Bailiff Eagan was detailed to critically examine Lingg's cell. It was discovered that when Lingg had lighted the bomb, which had been placed firmly between the teeth, he was reclining on his cot, with his head near the wall. This was indicated by the fact that Eagan found portions of the man's mustache, pieces of the tongue and shreds of flesh clinging firmly to the wall nearest where the head had rested. A piece of the tallow candle which had stood before its tragic use in a corner of the cell was found in the bed, and the wall where the head had lain was not only marred by the almost direct force of the explosion, but thickly bespattered with blood. All this indicated unmistakably the means Lingg had used to light the bomb and the position he had assumed when applying the fatal spark.



JOHN C. KLEIN.

The bomb used was undoubtedly similar to the lot discovered a few days previously. But how it became separated and in what manner it was concealed and smuggled into Lingg's hands after he had been placed in a new cell and put under strict surveillance, are matters of conjecture. My own theory is that Lingg had a confidential friend among the smaller class of criminals. To such a friend this bomb was intrusted for safe-keeping in the event of the discovery of the bombs in his own cell, and when they were found he relied on that trusted friend to help him to escape the gallows. In no other way could this bomb have come into the possession of Lingg, since the prisoner had been searched several times and nothing found upon him. A confederate must have carefully kept the bomb and smuggled it to him at the last moment. Everything indicated that the bomb had been part of the discovered explosives, and its use fully corroborated the opinion I had given to Sheriff Matson and Jailor Folz at the time of the find, that the bombs were only intended for suicidal purposes and had been brought into the jail for no other object. At the time this opinion was given I was severely criti-

cised by Chief Ebersold and others — the newspapers especially — for advancing such a theory. They maintained that the bombs had been brought in to be thrown at the time of the execution, so as not only to kill all who might become spectators, but to enable the Anarchists to escape hanging by death in the general destruction around them. A few of the papers even went so far as to attribute the opinion to "Schaack's stupidity."

The doomed Anarchists were closely watched when it became quite apparent that there was no chance of their escaping the gallows either through an intervention of the courts or through executive clemency. Before this, however, some latitude had been allowed them. They had been watched, of course, but the rigorous scrutiny subsequently adopted had not then prevailed. Visitors had been admitted, and, although separate conversations had not been permitted, prisoners and friends had been close together. No contraband articles had ever been noticed, however, the general opinion among the jail officials being that, considering the prisoners were so hopeful of good results from the labors of their counsel, such a thing as suicide was not contemplated by any one of them.

The first thing to arouse Jailor Folz's suspicion was Engel's action one day about the 1st of November. It appears that at that time Engel was very nervous and restless, and secured some morphine to quiet his nerves. He took an over-dose, and when charged with having deliberately done so with suicidal intent, he stoutly maintained that he had taken too much by mistake. Folz thought no man could take such a dose except with a view to suicide, and he resolved to keep a close watch on Engel thereafter and allow him no medicine save what was administered by a physician. The others were also more closely watched after that episode. All were searched at stated intervals, as I have already mentioned.

One day, while Parsons was being searched, he was handed a common white shirt by Otto Folz, a son of the Jailor. Parsons looked at it for a moment and then exclaimed:

"My God! you are not going to put a shroud on a live man?"

After the bomb discovery the doomed Anarchists were removed from their old cells and placed on the lower floor, along the tier containing Lingg's cell. Parsons was put in cell No. 7; Fischer, No. 8, and Engel, No. 9. When Lingg had been removed to the bath-room, his comrades were again subjected to an examinaton, and their clothes were all changed in the Jailor's office. While this change was being effected, Parsons became greatly agitated, and he remarked:

"If I only had one of the bombs Lingg had in his cell, I would make very short work of all this."

Fischer also made a similar remark. He said that he was ready to die at any time, and he did not care how he died. He was very defiant, and showed that he was in earnest in his expressions.

Late in the afternoon of November 10, Gov. Oglesby gave his decision on the various applications for mercy. It reads:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD, NOV. 10.

On the 20th day of August, 1886, in the Cook County Criminal Court, August Spies Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg were found guilty by the verdict of the jury and afterward sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Mathias J. Degan.

An appeal was taken from such finding and sentence, to the Supreme Court of the State. That court, upon a final hearing and after mature deliberation, unanimously affirmed the judgment of the court below.

The case now comes before me by petition of the defendants, for consideration as Governor of the State, if the letters of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg demanding "unconditional release," or, as they express it, "liberty or death," and protesting in the strongest language against mercy or commutation of the sentence pronounced against them, can be considered petitions.

Pardon, could it be granted, which might imply any guilt whatever upon the part of either of them, would not be such a vindication as they demand. Executive intervention upon the grounds insisted upon by the four above-named persons could in no proper sense be deemed an exercise of the constitutional power to grant reprieves, commutations and pardons, unless based upon the belief on my part of their entire innocence of the crime of which they stand convicted.

A careful consideration of the evidence in the record of the trial of the parties, as well as of all alleged and claimed for them outside of the record, has failed to produce upon my mind any impression tending to impeach the verdict of the jury or the judgment of the trial court or of the Supreme Court, affirming the guilt of all these parties.

Satisfied, therefore, as I am, of their guilt, I am precluded from considering the question of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg to imprisonment in the penitentiary, as they emphatically declare they will not accept such commutation. Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and August Spies unite in a petition for "executive clemency." Fielden and Schwab, in addition, present separate and supplementary petitions for the commutation of their sentences. While, as said above, I am satisfied of the guilt of all the parties, as found by the verdict of the jury, which was sustained by the judgments of the courts, a most careful consideration of the whole subject leads me to the conclusion that the sentence of the law as to Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab may be modified as to each of them, in the interest of humanity, and without doing violence to public justice.

As to the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

As to all the other above-named defendants, I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of defendants August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that under the solemn sense of the obligations of my office I have been unable to do so. RICHARD J. OGLESBY, Governor.

This removed the last hope of the Anarchists. Spies said he had been prepared for the worst, and that he had only signed the petition of Fielden and Schwab for clemency at the solicitation of Miss Van Zandt.

On the next morning after the Governor's decision Fielden and Schwab were removed to the penitentiary at Joliet.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Last Hours of the Doomed Men — Planning a Rescue — The Feeling in Chicago — Police Precautions — Looking for a Leak — Vitriol for a Detective — Guarding the Jail — The Dread of Dynamite — How the Anarchists Passed their Last Night — The Final Partings — Parsons Sings "Annie Laurie" — Putting up the Gallows — Scenes Outside the Prison — A Cordon of Officers — Mrs. Parsons Makes a Scene — The Death Warrants — Courage of the Condemned — Shackled and Shrouded for the Grave — The March to the Scaffold — Under the Dangling Ropes — The Last Words — "Hoch die Anarchie!" — "My Silence will be More Terrible than Speech" — "Let the Voice of the People be Heard" — The Chute to Death — Preparations for the Funeral — Scenes at the Homes of the Dead Anarchists — The Passage to Waldheim — Howell Trogden Carries the American Flag — Captain Black's Eulogy — The Burial — Speeches by Grottkau and Currlin — Was Engel Sincere? — His Advice to his Daughter — A Curious Episode — Adolph Fischer and his Death-watch.

THE Anarchists of Chicago now became desperate. Many of them had calculated on the worst for some time, and they had formed into small groups to be better able to plot for their imprisoned friends with the least possible danger of police detection. While assembling in large bodies, they had discovered that many of their secrets were in my possession, and after the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court they realized that it was essential to the success of any movement they might decide upon to keep all knowledge of it within the circle of true and trusted men. The leading lights in the order accordingly resorted to private residences, as I have already stated.

Sometimes they were joined in meetings of a general nature by some who had previously been anti-Anarchists, but who since the decision of the Illinois court had secretly expressed sympathy with the condemned men. Becoming emboldened by what they thought to be a growing sentiment in favor of the prisoners, these secret abettors finally threw off their masks, and, openly expressing their views, many of them speedily lost the esteem and friendship of neighbors by whom they had previously been highly regarded. With a view to aiding to effect a general change in public sentiment, some of these sympathizers even threw open their doors to Anarchists, as I have indicated in a prior chapter. But whenever some risky project was contemplated the small bands of conspirators saw to it that none but avowed and tried adherents of the red flag were present.

It was at this time that the police discovered the plot to release the doomed men, and one day Detective Schuettler learned of a place where numerous secret conferences were being held from time to time. He was under orders of Mr. Ebersold, who had taken him away from the Chicago Avenue Station with a view to crippling my force, but nevertheless the detective found a way, even while engaged in other directions, to keep a

keen eye on secret revolutionary movements. He had been too long in the service to lose his interest in things Anarchistic, and he resolved to get at the bottom of the rumored clandestine gatherings.

Learning that star-chamber sessions were being held in the room of an old-time Communist named Theodore Appell, at No. 234 West Division Street, Schuettler at once rented an adjoining room. In this appartment there was a closet, and after reconnoitering about the premises at a favorable opportunity, he discovered that by cutting a hole in the closet wall he could obtain a good view of those who might be present at future meetings. A hole was accordingly cut. This gave him a fine chance both to see and hear. Everything worked nicely for a time, but finally the conspirators became suspicious, as they found their secrets getting beyond their own circle, and, satisfied that the leakage was not due to members in their own set, they instituted a search. The result was that the officer's peep-hole was discovered. That closed their deliberations in that place, but they resolved to take revenge on the man who had thus obtruded his attentions upon them. For this purpose they decided to hold a mock meeting in the old quarters, and then and there, when they were satisfied that the concealed individual had his eye at the hole, to discharge a syringe filled with vitriol. This would destroy the eye-sight as well as disfigure for life the face of the man who had dared to intrude on their secrecy. I learned of this plan, however, and warned the officer. Schuettler never again went near that closet. But he had already gathered all the information that was needed.

The conspirators left the place like young birds leave the old nest, with a flop and a flourish, never to return; but we had learned that they had in view the liberation of their friends in jail.

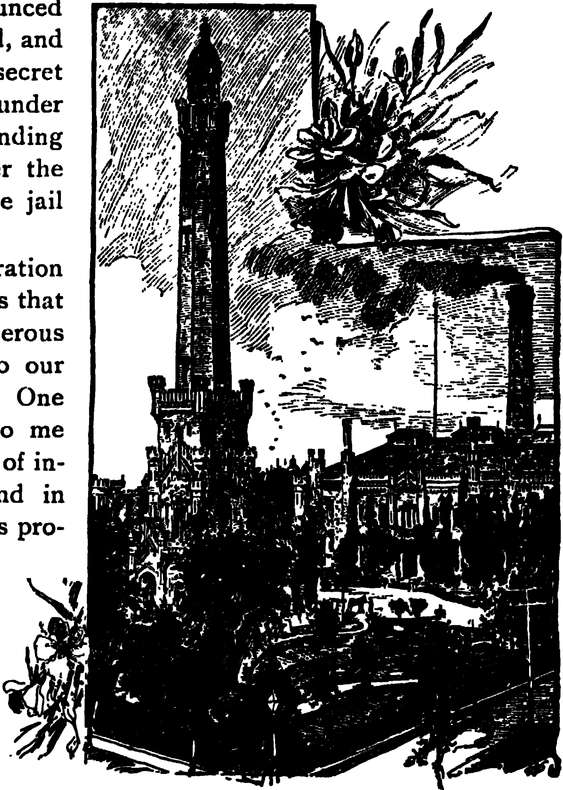
This information put the authorities on their guard, and it is possible that this timely discovery averted a jail delivery.

But the Anarchists did not lose hope. When they learned that the United States Supreme Court had refused to interfere with the execution they became more desperate than ever. Where before they had been revengeful, they now were frantic, and their schemes now embraced more drastic and destructive measures. They considered propositions looking to a blowing-up of the jail building with dynamite, and in the turmoil and confusion incident to the wreckage of a part of the building and the destruction of life within they contemplated a rush to the untouched portion containing their comrades, whom they would thus rescue from the hands of the law. This diabolical plot was earnestly debated, and about the time the reds became satisfied that the Governor would not step in between their convicted leaders and the gallows they even went so far as to advocate an explosion that would not only rob the gallows of its victims, but kill those whom curiosity might assemble about the jail a short time

before the expected event. If their comrades must die, they should not die alone. The disgrace of an execution must be averted, and a terrible lesson imparted to the enemies of Anarchy.

But the jail officials joined me in most rigid measures to prevent the execution of each and all of the plots, and officers and detectives were stationed in goodly numbers about the building, night and day, to watch the movements of suspicious characters. When the decision of the Governor was finally announced this vigilance was redoubled, and we made sure that no secret mines had been constructed under any of the sidewalks surrounding the building or across under the alley on the west side of the jail structure.

It was not only the liberation of the imprisoned Anarchists that was aimed at in the numerous conspiracies which came to our knowledge about this time. One plot which was reported to me embraced a wanton scheme of incendiarism and pillage, and in order to facilitate this, it was proposed to cut off the water supply of the city by demolishing the stand-pipe in the Water-works tower. In some manner the conspirators had learned the exact spot in the tower where a charge of dynamite would accomplish the most effective execution, and the reports brought to me showed that this project was debated most minutely. For the space of two months we were required therefore to keep extra guard over the source of Chicago's water supply, and the contemplated attack of the reds was not attempted.



THE CHICAGO WATER-WORKS.
From a Photograph.

While the plots on the outside of the jail were thus met with vigilance, the doomed conspirators within appeared quiet and resigned. They received the Governor's decision with extraordinary composure, and, having felt throughout that day that they must face the inevitable on the morrow, they busied themselves in arranging their earthly affairs, writing letters

to friends and relatives and giving directions as to the disposition of personal matters and the publication of their autobiographies and other manuscripts. Early in the evening they received their immediate friends and relatives to bid them farewell, and through all that trying ordeal they remained unmoved. Tears coursed down the blanched faces of wives, sisters and daughters as the last loving words were spoken, but no emotion of despair or grief seemed to agitate the men. They were solemn and stoical in their demeanor, and their efforts were mainly directed to administering words of cheer and consolation. When the final parting had taken place, they returned to their cells, and their last night on earth was varied with letter-writing and chats with the death-watch. None of them retired early. Parsons did not seek his couch till after midnight, and then it was some time before the rapid thoughts coursing through his brain would permit him to sleep Before morning he broke the stillness of his surroundings by singing a favorite song of his earlier days — "Annie Laurie." The clear tones echoing down the corridor startled all then awake, and prisoners and death-watch eagerly inclined their heads to catch every word and note. When Parsons drew near the closing stanza, his voice tripped and hesitated, unmistakably showing that his feelings were giving way to the recollections of former times.

Spies lay down to rest at a late hour, but his thoughts, as he chatted with his death-watch, seemed busy with the events that had brought him to a murderer's doom. He denounced the verdict as iniquitous, and declared that the people would shortly see the error of hanging men for seeking the welfare of the laboring classes.

Fischer was the quietest and most self-composed of all, and he had very little to say even to his death-watch. He soon apparently fell into a slumber and seemed to rest easily.

Engel was also remarkably self-possessed, and he was the last to retire to his couch — not because of thoughts of the morrow occupying his mind, but for another reason, as will appear further along.

During the latter part of the night, if any one of them had happened to be awake, the horrible preparations for the execution could have been distinctly heard. Around the corner, in the corridor north of the one in which their cells were located, the gallows were being placed in position, and, even though the sounds of the hammer were subdued, the echo plainly told the character of the work the carpenters were engaged upon. It was the same scaffold on which the three Italians had two years before atoned for the death of a murdered countryman, and on which the murderer Mulkowsky had also paid the penalty for his foul crime. It was a large structure — large enough to have dropped seven men had the original sentence of the trial court been carried into full execution. At the end of each rope one hundred and eighty pound weights were attached, so as to

give a heavier fall, and, thus arranged, by daylight the trap of death was ready for its victims.

When morning dawned, the four Anarchists arose early, but each seemed to have had a restful night. Their demeanor had not changed perceptibly from that of other mornings. After their ablutions they perused the morning papers and subsequently partook of breakfast, brought in from a neighboring restaurant. They ate quite heartily, and then each turned his attention again to letter-writing. Their communications were mainly directed to their families and to friends in the city, and some to Anarchists in other parts of the country, and very nearly the last they penned were directed to the Sheriff and to the Coroner and had reference to the disposition of their bodies and personal effects after death.

During the fleeting morning hours, the Anarchists were visited by the Rev. Mr. Bolton, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago, who came to assist in their spiritual preparation for death, but while each received him courteously, they all declined his kindly proffered ministrations. They had no faith in the gospel and frankly told the clergyman that they did not desire his services. They wanted to die as they had lived, with no faith in God or man as exalted above general humanity. Some of them even went into discussion with the clergyman, stoutly combatting every point he made to reach their hearts; but the talk always ended as it had begun — in a positive refusal to accept any spiritual guidance or advice. The Rev. Mr. Bolton was forced to retire without having made any impression, and the men treated the whole matter afterwards in a most indifferent and flippant manner.



CANUTE R. MATSON.
From a Photograph.

While the unfortunates on the inside were apparently unmoved by their impending fate, commotion and excitement prevailed on the outside of the jail. At a very early hour in the morning a contingent of the police force, numbering three hundred men, was detailed to preserve order and keep away from the immediate vicinity of the building all persons not having proper credentials or not properly vouched for. Across Michigan and Illinois Streets, on the east side of Clark Street, and on Dearborn Avenue at its intersections with the two first-named streets, stout ropes were stretched, and within the inclosure thus formed and at the barriers squads of policemen were marching up and down with glistening bayonets and Winchester rifles. There were also policemen in and about the Criminal Court and jail building and on the roof, commanding the streets below in all direc-

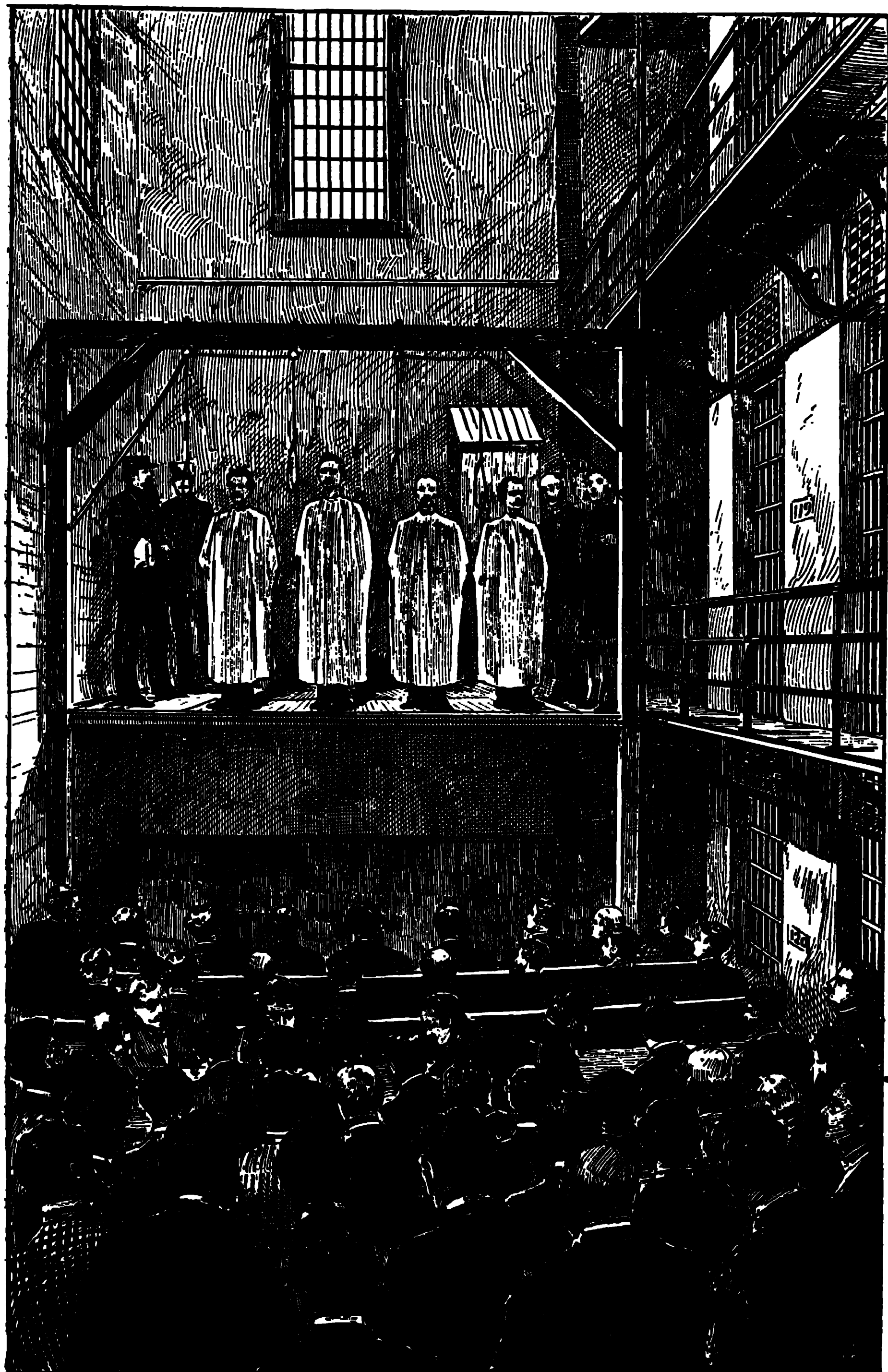
tions. There was thus a most complete arrangement to meet any unexpected attack or any violent hostile demonstration.

As the hour approached for the execution the streets beyond the ropes became crowded with people of all grades and descriptions, impelled by curiosity; but they were all kept moving by policemen scattered along the thoroughfares amongst them, so that no groups might gather and under the excitement of the moment precipitate a row or a riot. Along toward ten o'clock Mrs. Parsons, dressed in mourning and accompanied by her two children, presented herself at the ropes and demanded admittance to see her husband "murdered by law." She was, of course, delicately refused, and then she endeavored to create a scene, but the police promptly called a patrol wagon and sent her to the Chicago Avenue Station, where she was detained until after the execution. During the forenoon thousands of people passed in the vicinity of the building, but the only satisfaction they received for their pains was a sight of the somber walls of the jail at a distance. Taking the crowd as a whole, it was remarkably orderly, although there was more or less subdued muttering among the Anarchists who had sought the vicinity only to find themselves ordered to "move on." These generally sought solace for their wounded feelings in neighboring saloons, where they cast dire imprecations upon the police, promising to be avenged in time.

Within the jail everything was quiet, and, except for the presence of those who had come to witness the execution, there seemed to be no special indication of the tragedy to be enacted. The officials moved about quietly while making the preliminary arrangements, and the unfortunate Anarchists smoked, wrote hasty notes and chatted at intervals with their attendants.

At 11:30 o'clock Sheriff Matson, accompanied by Deputies Hartke, Cleveland, Spears and Peters, County Physician Moyer and Jailor Folz, started from the jail office, and repaired to the cell occupied by Spies. The iron-barred door was opened, and Spies advanced to meet the Sheriff. Mr. Matson at once proceeded to read the death warrant. Spies listened with folded arms, and there was no indication of nervousness nor trace of emotion. His feelings could not be divined from his demeanor. The facial muscles remained unmoved, and no color rose to flush the usual paleness of the cheeks, nor was the pallor of his face heightened when the last fearful words of the warrant had been read. The Sheriff was visibly agitated, and his voice was at times tremulous. On the conclusion of the reading Spies merely bowed his head slightly, and then stepped out into the corridor in obedience to the deputies' request. Around his chest was placed a leather belt about an inch and a half wide, with which to pinion his arms just above the elbows, and his hands were handcuffed behind his back. Then a white muslin shroud was thrown over him and fastened slightly at the neck and waist.

While these details were being carried out, the Sheriff was at Fischer's



THE EXECUTION.

cell, and the same programme of preparation was gone through with. The Anarchist was manacled, pinioned and shrouded, and he gazed upon each operation with curious interest, but with no sign of perturbation or weakness. Now and then he faintly smiled, and he seemed more concerned about the trepidation of the deputies than about his own situation.

Meantime the death warrant had been read to Engel, who was soon arrayed in the habiliments of death. He stood it all unflinchingly, and seemed even less concerned than his comrades. There was also an entire absence of affected indifference.

Parsons was the last to step out of his cell, and, as he stood receiving the ghastly paraphernalia, he endeavored to display no sign of fear. He bore up well, although he evidently wrestled with his inner feelings.

The solemn march to the scaffold began with the Sheriff in the lead. In the east corner of the north corridor stood the scaffold. Below and before it were benches for the two hundred spectators. The death procession moved slowly and with measured tread. As it neared the corner the footfalls became distinctly audible to those assembled. When the shuffling of feet on the iron stairway leading to the first gallery, which was on a level with the gallows, was heard, the buzz of conversation ceased, and every eye was centered on the spot whence the Anarchists would be first seen. It was only a moment, and then Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons, one after the other, came into view, each with a deputy by his side. Having reached their respective places on the trap, they faced the spectators. Spies, the moment he caught sight of the audience, gave it a contemptuous look, and thereafter his eyes seemed centered on some invisible object down the corridor above the heads of the spectators. Fischer merely looked down for a moment on the uncovered heads below, and then his eyes wandered in various directions. Engel seemed the most unconcerned of all, and swept the audience with a cool glance as though it might have been composed of friends. Parsons was superbly stiff, and his gaze, after a snap at those below, firmly set itself in the direction of the cell tiers.

As soon as those on the platform had taken the positions assigned, the lower limbs of the four Anarchists were pinioned. This was done very quickly. The nooses dangling overhead were then lifted from their hooks, and Spies was the first to have the rope placed around his neck. The noose had been slipped a little too tight, and, noticing the uneasiness it gave him, the deputy instantly loosened it a trifle. Spies gave a faint smile in acknowledgment of the kindness and again seemed at ease. Not a tremor was visible during the adjustment of the rope. Another deputy next placed the rope around the neck of Fischer, who, to facilitate its proper adjustment, bent his tall form slightly and received it with head inclined until the knot rested in its proper place under the left ear. Engel received the noose as if it had been a decoration about to be placed upon his shoulders by friendly

hands, and several times he turned his head around to exchange a word or two with the deputy, accompanying his whispered utterances with a smile. Parsons stood unmoved when his turn came, and appeared entirely indifferent to the operation. Loose-fitting white caps were now produced, and, as these came in sight, Fischer and Engel turned their heads slightly to the left and spoke a second to their respective deputies. Spies first, Fischer next, then Engel, and Parsons last, was the order in which the caps were adjusted, and the heads had no sooner been enveloped, shutting out forever the light of day, than all knew that the fatal moment had arrived. During all the preliminary preparations not a relaxation of nerve or an expression of anguish or despair had been observed. Now the tension of silence was painful. But suddenly there broke from the lips of Spies an exclamation that startled the auditors as if by a shock.

"You may strangle this voice," said he, in clear but subdued tones, "but my silence will be more terrible than speech."

Spies had scarcely uttered his last words, when Fischer shouted:

"This is the happiest moment of my life. *Hoch die Anarchie!*"

Engel immediately caught up the sentiment, and in a strong voice, and with a pronounced German accent, cried:

"Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Parsons then lifted his voice, and in firm, deliberate tones, exclaimed:

"O men of America!"

Then, lowering his voice to an appealing accent:

"Mr. Sheriff, may I be permitted to say a few words?"

Raising his voice again, without waiting for an answer, and continuing in the same breath, he said:

"O men of America, let the voice of the people be heard."

The last word had barely escaped his lips, when the signal was given to the unknown and hidden man in the sentry-box back of the platform, the rope controlling the trap was cut, and four bodies shot downward into space. The intervals between the adjustment of the caps, the utterances and the drop were only a few moments, but they were moments that seemed like hours. The first instant after the drop, the bodies all seemed motionless, but immediately one after the other began violent contortions, the limbs contracted, the breasts swelled with spasms, and the arms shook convulsively. It was fully eight minutes before the last was limp and lifeless. The bodies, however, were left hanging for twenty-six minutes, and then they were deposited in plain coffins, ready to be turned over to their relatives. The jury selected by the Sheriff to pass upon the death, as required by law, next viewed the remains and then signed the usual legal certificates. Those composing the jury were Dr. Ferdinand Henrotin, Dr. Denslow Lewis, Dr. G. A. Hall, Dr. Harry Brown, Dr. J. B. Andrews, Dr. M. W. Thompson, John N. Hills, William B. Keep, ex-Sheriff John Hoffman, Edwin

Wynn, George Lanz, George M. Moulton, John L. Woodward and H. L. Anderson.

It was subsequently ascertained that the necks of none of the Anarchists had been broken, and that death had come in each case through strangulation.

Within an hour and a half the coffins were removed, the bodies of Spies, Parsons and Fischer being receipted for by a committee of the Central Labor Union, and those of Engel and Lingg by a friend of Mrs. Engel. The body of Lingg had reposed in the women's department of the jail. Shortly before his death, the bomb-maker had expressed the wish that his body be allowed to repose by the side of Engel's, and that it be given in charge of Engel's family, as he himself had no relatives in America.



JOHN A. ROCHE.
From a Photograph.

The remains of Spies, Fischer and Parsons were taken to an undertaking establishment at No. 596 Milwaukee Avenue, and those of Engel and Lingg to a similar place at No. 186 Milwaukee Avenue, and there costly and ornamental coffins were provided after the bodies had been first embalmed. Subsequently they were removed to the houses of their respective relatives, and arrangements were at once set on foot for a tremendous demonstration at the funeral, the following Sunday.

No sooner had each coffin been taken to the relatives than hundreds of Anarchists flocked in to view the remains. Others, too — men, women and children, moved by morbid curiosity — crowded in to view the dead. The families were in almost constant tears, and deep were the lamentations over the fate of their loved ones. Mrs. Parsons was in paroxysms of grief and had to be almost forcibly removed from beside the bier of her husband. Her curses were loud against the police, and she strenuously refused all comfort. At the Spies residence there were copious tears, and no one was more deeply moved than Miss Van Zandt. The sorrow of Mrs. Engel and her daughter was more subdued, but nevertheless keen and poignant. It was the same at Fischer's home.

Meantime the preparations for the funeral went on, and the committee having it in charge determined that it should be conducted with the utmost pomp, ceremony and display. They desired that on this occasion the red flag should again be unfurled and wave over the bodies of those whom they regarded as martyrs. The police learned of it, and when a committee

waited upon Mayor Roche to secure the necessary permission for the procession, he set his face firmly against the red flag.

"The American flag," said he, "is good enough for us, and it is good enough for you. If that flag don't suit you, I am sorry. No red flag shall ever take its place while I am Mayor of Chicago."

Sunday, November 13, came, and every Anarchistic organization in the city turned out to attend the funeral. The procession, which started at an early hour, first called at the Spies residence, No. 154 Bryson Street, for the coffin of the editor, and then moved on to Mrs. Parsons' residence at No. 785 Milwaukee Avenue. After the coffin of Parsons had been placed in the hearse, Fischer's house was reached, and next that of Engel, and when all the hearses were in line, the entire funeral procession proceeded down Milwaukee Avenue, thence to Lake Street, and thence along Fifth Avenue to the depot of the Wisconsin Central Railway. At each of the houses of the executed Anarchists the cortege had been joined by friends and by various societies of which the dead had been members, and with these accessions the procession, as it finally moved on to its destination, numbered not less than six thousand. The hearses were loaded down with flowers, wreaths and other floral tributes, and each was followed by carriages containing the mourners. Close behind the Spies hearse was a carriage containing Mrs. and Miss Van Zandt, mother and daughter, and Mrs. Spies, the mother, and Miss Gretchen, the sister of the deceased. All along the line of march, the sidewalks were thronged, and there must have been over fifty thousand persons who viewed the procession as it passed. Hundreds had gathered at the residences before the procession started, and when they joined the throngs already on Milwaukee Avenue the streets became almost impassable. Policemen were stationed at the various street corners, and these gave the processionists ample room to move unimpeded. The procession did not lack music, several bands having been engaged, and the "Marseillaise" and "Annie Laurie" were the airs most frequently heard.

The absence of the red banner on the street was commented on, but with a seeming defiance of the Mayor's orders two red flags decked the coffins of Engel and Lingg. What was still more significant was the fact that not a single flag of the Union was borne by the procession. It was only when the Anarchists reached Lake Street that the red, white and blue was unfurled to the breeze, and then it was done, not by an Anarchist, but by Howell Trogden, a veteran of the civil war. It was a small emblem in size, and of cheap material, but he held it high above his head and proudly carried it before the cortege, clear down to the depot, greatly to the discomfiture and chagrin of the reds. When remonstrated with by some one who was in the crowd that had gathered about him and cheered him on the way, he defiantly exclaimed in plain, though perhaps not elegant, language:

"What, furl the ensign of the nation I fought for? Not much! You bet your life, I'll carry this flag and I'll kill the first man who tries to wrest it from me. I'll shed my blood to keep it there."

And the flag was kept there.

Arriving at the depot, the various organizations boarded the trains in waiting, and shortly after one o'clock all were under way to Waldheim Cemetery, situated some nine miles west of Chicago. It was a gloomy, cold day, but nevertheless an immense concourse of people followed the remains to the vault in which they were temporarily deposited. Those who had immediate charge of the funeral arrangements were Frank A. Stauber, H. Linnemeyer, George Schilling, R. M. Burke, Julius Leon, Edwin Goettge, Charles F. Seib, Ernst Litzman, H. Ulharn, F. G. Bielefeld, William Urban, Dr. Ernst Schmidt and T. J. Morgan, all members of the Defense Committee and the Amnesty Association.

After the coffins had been placed in the vault, Capt. W. P. Black took a position near the entrance and delivered the funeral oration. In concluding his address, he said, speaking of a day "when righteousness should reign":

"We look forward to that day. We hope for it. We wait for it, and with such a hope in our hearts can we not bring the judgment of charity to bear upon any mistakes of policy or action that may have been made by any of those who, acknowledging the sublime and glorious hope in their hearts, rushed forward to meet it? We are not here this afternoon to weep. We are not here to mourn over our dead. We are here to pay by our presence and our words the tribute of our appreciation and the witness of our love. I loved these men. I knew them not until I came to know them in the time of their sore travail and anguish. As months went by and I found in the lives of those with whom I talked the witness of their love for the people, of their patience, gentleness and courage, my heart was taken captive in their cause. For this I have no apology. If any of you feel that the tears are coming listen to the last words spoken by one of these, our dead.

"'Go not to my grave with your mourning, with your lamentations and tears, with your forebodings and fears. When my lips are dumb, do not thus come. Bring no long train of carriages; no hearse with waving plumes, with the gaunt glory of death illumed; but with hands on my heart let me rest. Ye who are left on this desolate shore, there still to suffer alone, deeply do I pity you. For me no more are the hardships, the bitterness, heartache and strife, the sadness and sorrow of life, but the glory of the divine, that is mine. Poor creatures, afraid of the darkness, who groan at the sight of the anguish in our silent night, go to my tomb. Peal no solemn bell — I am well.'

"It has been said that these men knew no religion. I repel the charge. I know but one religion — the religion which seeks to manifest itself by its service of God — or of the supreme good — by its service of humanity in its anguish and its hours of despair. And one of these, our dead, while within the very gloom of approaching death, gave in these words: 'My religion is this: To live right. To do right is to live right, and the service of humanity is my worship of God.'

"I remember that back in the centuries it was written in words that shall

never perish: 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous.' There is no conception possible to humanity of that which we call God other than the conception which sets our life aflame in the service of our fellow-men. But I must not keep you. There is no necessity for multiplying words in such a presence as this. There are times when silence is more terrible than speech; when men moving to the supreme issue of life can say, standing with their feet on earth and their hands reaching out into the unknown, in a sublime burst of enthusiasm: 'This is the happiest moment of my life' (the last words of Fischer), and then in that hour can cheer for the cause to which they have given their lives (as Engel did), and men in that hour, forgetting themselves, can speak of the voice of the people (Parsons' last words) until utterance is silenced forever, what need is there to stand by such men and multiply words?

"I say that a mistake may well be forgotten in the glory of the purpose which we condemn — it may be through undue haste. I say that whatever of fault may have been in them, these, the people whom they loved and in whose cause they died, may well close the volume and seal up the record and give our lips to the praise of their heroic deeds and their sublime self-sacrifice."

Some weeks afterwards arrangements were made for the final interment of the bodies. A suitable lot had been purchased with money collected by the "Defense Committee," and accordingly on Sunday, the 18th of December, 1887, the Anarchists were invited out to Waldheim to witness the last rites over the dead conspirators. It was a cold, chilling day, and only about a thousand people were in attendance. The remains of the five Anarchists were removed from the vault, the coffins opened and the bodies viewed by all who desired. They were then placed in one grave, and a heavy flagstone was lowered and firmly cemented to protect them. The orators on this occasion were Mr. Buchanan, of Chicago, Paul Grottkau, of Milwaukee, and Albert Currlin, of St. Louis. The tenor of Grottkau's speech may be judged from the following extract:

"Those cold clods of clay were the first offerings required at our hands, but they will not be the last. Our lords believed that with them they could slaughter the idea and ideals they represent. They imagined that the fivefold gallows would forever choke liberty. How they have succeeded the future will show. Let them erect their gallows, put them up by the million, and they will never destroy the glorious principles. Not all their revolvers, their armories of bayonets and Gatling guns, not all their bristling rows of cannon, can conquer us. ('Bravo!' 'Bravo!') From this land the fame of our martyrs and our principles will go out to the whole world. Our strangled ones are put at the head of the column. Their names will ever be the brightest on history's page. Party hate or sectional strife cannot dim their laurels. They were the champions of degraded and plundered humanity. They fought long and manfully for us; they died to serve us; and more than that man cannot do. It but remains for us to do our duty as they did theirs. We must be moved by their spirit. All mean personal desires must depart from us. We must continue our organization. We must be unswervingly loyal to the principles they taught us — the great principles that

will free the wretched and enslaved proletarians and drive all injustice from the face of the earth. Brothers, they (pointing to the five coffins) have done their duty; let us do ours."

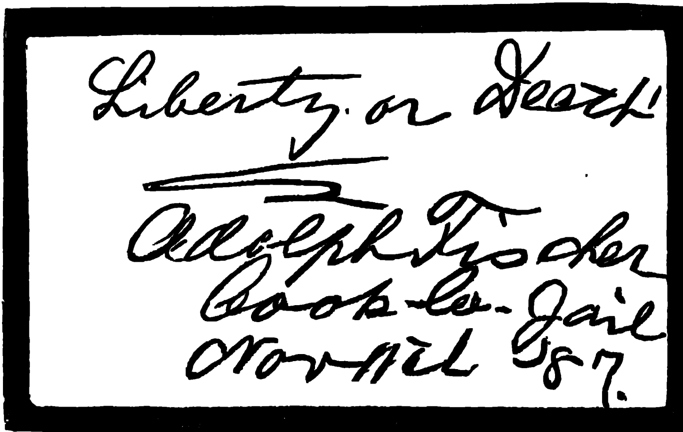
Currlin closed his address as follows:

> "We have been constantly bought, sold and delivered at the ballot-box (Applause.) These heroes and true men had well considered the folly of relying on the ballot, and with firm hearts and resounding voices had pointed out the road to the thinking and the brave.
>
> "They are gone. Shall the sacrifice of these noble lives be fruitful or not? It will, it must be. Let the dreadful act cement us together. Let us be loftier, firmer than ever. You have your Golgotha. See to it that you have your Easter, and have it soon. You owe it to yourselves and your families that you ever revere these dead. If at any time you become soul-weary or discouraged, make a pilgrimage to this hallowed spot and be reinvigorated for the strife. Let the prison, even the gallows, be powerless to overturn your purpose. Let us struggle for the right, for justice, freedom, and true fraternity until the nations of the earth are of us and with us, until the peoples are regenerated, and clean hands and clean hearts have authority to rule." (Applause.)

With the final burial of the dead, it may perhaps be well to inquire whether one of them continued to believe in Anarchy when he saw that there was no escaping from his fate. That one about whose faith there is most doubt is Engel.

It is frequently the case that men condemned to death, either on the gallows or otherwise, make a powerful effort to die bravely, and that, whatever may have been their true feelings, the truth dies with them. It is seldom that any one reveals from the bottom of his heart his true sentiments. In this case, Engel was a man known to have been sober and sincere, who believed that everything he said was true and right, and who expressed his opinions freely before all his people. He professed the same sentiments to the public up to the moment of his death, his last words being, "Hurrah for Anarchy!" Yet he felt differently. It is a well-known fact that people sentenced to death adhere until the last second to the position that they are right in their opinions or doctrines, or they simulate innocence. Now, as to Engel, it had been shown by the evidence that he had frequented many places at night, to attend Anarchist meetings, and at many of them he delivered addresses. On some of these occasions he was accompanied by his only daughter, a bright young girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and she often heard him utter sentiments which she ought not to have heard. But the girl could not help it. She was there, and she had to listen. After these meetings they would walk home together, and the daughter's company was always a source of great pleasure to Engel. She was also greatly attached to her father, and, naturally, whatever she heard him say she regarded as true, having the most implicit faith in him. Engel knew all this, and many stormy nights she would brave the weather to be at his side at meetings he

felt himself obliged to attend. She would cling to his arm, and through snow and storm they would face the elements. When Engel's last night on earth came, he asked the Sheriff and Jailor to permit his beloved daughter to remain with him during the night, and, the officials having satisfied themselves that no sinister purpose was in view, the wish was granted. This was the night of November 10, and young Mary kept her father cheerful company during the long hours. Engel seemed to have had something on his mind, but he refrained from saying anything until shortly before the time for her departure. It was evident that Engel had a deep solicitude for her welfare, in spite of his pretended stolidity. In theory he had always expressed the greatest admiration for Louise Michel, and on every occasion he had lauded that Frenchwoman for her bravery in suffering imprisonment and readiness to sacrifice her life for Anarchy. But he regarded theory and practice as separate and distinct, and in the face of death his thoughts concerned themselves with the future of his dear child. Should she espouse Anarchy and follow in his footsteps, taking up his work where he had left off? This is what agitated Engel, and he soon decided the issue. With a serious and earnest manner, and in a very strong voice, he said in German :



KIERLAN'S SOUVENIR.

" Mein liebes Kind, kümmere dich nicht um Anarchie. Du siehest wie es mir geht. Und vergesse diese Worte nicht so lange du lebst." (Translated : " My dear child, do not trouble yourself about Anarchy. You see my situation. Do not forget these words as long as you live.")

I am happy to record this to Engel's credit. He was conscious that he had been in the wrong for some time, and he had the manhood to warn his daughter not to embrace Anarchy. He wished her to maintain a good character and grow up to be a good woman.

The words I have given are true to the letter, just as they were spoken by Engel to his daughter, at the time I have stated, and, no matter how strenuously Anarchists may deny this, it will still remain the truth. I will even add that I have no doubt that Engel's comrades entertained similar sentiments.

The other doomed Anarchists, however, kept their own counsel, and no one seems to have been able to probe their real feelings. Spies and Parsons were decidedly reserved, and Fischer had a severe demeanor, which only relaxed to intimate and trusted friends. A slight exception to his rule was made in his conduct toward his death-watch, John B. Kierlan. In speaking of Fischer, Kierlan, who was a deputy in the jail building, says:

"At the beginning of February, 1887, I was detailed as death-watch to Fischer. When I first went on watch Fischer did not care much for my company, but after a week or so we got to be friends. He asked me to play cards with him, and I often joined him in a game. We played for imaginary and invisible beers. Sometimes I would lose, and then again he would be the loser. The one who lost generally wanted satisfaction, and the next night we would 'saw off' the games, and in this way we were accustomed to spend our evenings together until the last few nights preceding November 11th. Fischer was at this time in cell No. 28, second row. He became greatly attached to me, and was always pleased to see me. He had more confidence in me than in any other officer in the building, and I was with him nearly all the morning of November 11th. When it was nearly eleven o'clock that morning he said:

"'Well, John, what about the beer you owe me?'

"I was so greatly astonished that I could not answer him. Then Fischer threw his arm around my neck and said:

"'Dear John, we must part.'

"At the same time he kissed my cheek. This was a trying moment for me, as I had become greatly attached to him. While I knew him, he never used bad language or said anything unbecoming a gentleman. He asked me:

"'John, will you remember me?'

"'I said: 'Yes, but I would like to have something to remember you by.'

"He then pulled out a card from his pocket and wrote these words:

"'Liberty or death. Adolph Fischer, Cook County Jail, November 11, 1887.'

"This card was given to me forty-five minutes before he died, and I am positive that these were the last words he wrote in his life."

A *fac-simile* of the card appears on another page.

The *Freiheit* of March 16th prints what it calls Lingg's literary testament. It is stated in the introduction to the article that while in prison the bomb-maker carved a handsome little casket, which shortly before his death he presented to Johann Most as a souvenir. In a secret compartment of this casket was contained a small book, on the leaves of which Lingg had inscribed his sentiments, and from which the following is extracted:

"What is Anarchy?

"A man-worthy existence for the entire term of life, guaranteed to every

one through complete individual liberty, all human needs being supplied by means of equal participation in the enjoyment of all the products of the community.

"Free society (Anarchy) finds its limits only in those of the earth.

"The object of Anarchy is to secure the greatest possible happiness to all.

"This object is attained through the total extermination of all domination.

"Domination is personified in exploiters (*Ausbeuter*) and tyrants.

"The extermination of these, in view of their sources of power, can best be accomplished by means of dynamite.

"After such extermination the workingmen will organize according to their inclinations, for protection and consumption.

"Centralization — *i. e.*, subordination of the different groups of production and consumption under a clique composed of individuals, or even under a majority of society — is not advisable, because in that way another domination would be established, and such would make illusory the stated purpose of free society — Anarchy."

In writing this book I have endeavored at all times to be fair and honest. While I have done everything in my power and made use of every faculty which God has given me to ferret out and to combat Anarchy, and while I believe now, as I always have believed, that the men who suffered death at the hand of justice in the Cook County Jail deserved their fate, I also believe that there are those unhanged, and who probably never will be hanged, who are morally as guilty, and who deserve even a harsher fate than befell the men whose lives the law demanded. For these cowards — selfish, sneaking conspirators as they are, who fight from ambush and take no risks — would not deserve even the sympathy of the poor fools whom they lead to ruin. I firmly believe that Engel, Lingg and Fischer were at least sincere in their convictions and honest in their belief and in their expressions. Spies, I think, was led to his fate by vanity and a consuming desire for notoriety.

In my investigations I of course looked carefully into the antecedents of all the Anarchists who were arrested by my command, and I will say right here that not a dishonest act, as regards the rights of property, was laid to the door of any one of them. Lingg, particularly, was scrupulously honest and conscientious in his dealings with his fellow-man. The day after the Haymarket massacre he found himself penniless, and for that reason refused at first to partake of the food offered him at Seliger's table.

"I cannot partake of what belongs to you and your wife," he said, "nor of what I cannot pay for. You are as poor as I am."

"You must share with us as long as we have food," replied Seliger; but it was only after considerable urging that Lingg consented to appease his hunger.

While apparent bravery in facing death on the gallows counts for nothing — I have seen craven cowards meet their doom like stage heroes — I believe that Lingg, Engel and Fischer would have died calmly and bravely

even without the stimulants which are always administered to the condemned before the fatal moment, and which were, of course, administered to the four men before they were led to the fatal trap which hurled them into eternity. Lingg, particularly, during the entire term of his confinement, through the long months of the trial, and up to the very day when he so tragically took his own life, showed a consistency and a determination which would have been heroic had he not been the dupe of designing men who saw in the ardor of his temperament and in the resistless force of his enthusiastic energy the means to further and carry out iniquitous plots with which they had not the courage to openly identify themselves. I repeat again, there are those still unhanged, who are even now parading before a credible public as apostles of the cause of labor, and whose cowardice keeps them out of the reach of law, who deserve the greater share of public odium. Some of these, and others like them, are still at work in our midst, and in the midst of all communities in which the revolutionists see a chance of making propaganda out of differences between employers and employed. I hope that one result of my book may be to open the eyes of honest workingmen to the fact that those who preach violence and those who stir up trouble and intensify discontent are the enemies of honest labor.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Anarchy Now — The Fund for the Condemned Men's Families — $10,000 Subscribed —The Disposition of the Money —The Festival of Sorrow — Parsons' Posthumous Letter —The Haymarket Monument — Present Strength of the Discontented — 7,300 Revolutionists in Chicago — A Nucleus of Desperate Men —The New Organization — Building Societies and Sunday-schools —What the Children are Taught — Education and Blasphemy —The Secret Propaganda — Bodendick and his Adventures — "The Rebel Vagabond"—The Plot to Murder Grinnell, Gary and Bonfield — Arrest of the Conspirators Hronek, Capek, Sevic and Chleboun — Chleboun's Story — Hronek Sent to the Penitentiary.

THE question which will naturally present itself to the reader at this time is: What is the present condition of Anarchy in Chicago? Has the frightful fate of the convicted conspirators proven a salutary lesson to the others, or is the propaganda still maintained?

Unfortunately these questions must be answered in a manner not calculated to allay public apprehension.

After the death and the burial of the executed leaders there was a period of quietness among the Anarchists. They seemed stunned by the blow which had been leveled at them, but the impression soon wore away, and in a short time they were as rampant as ever.

Their first work was to provide for the families of the dead, and for this purpose a fund of $10,000 was speedily raised. Of this amount, strange to say, $4,000 has been invested in four per cent. Cook County bonds. This amount was intended as a reserve fund for the support of the families, and the rest of the money they are paying out in weekly installments to the families. On New Year's Day of 1888 each of the families was presented with $202 in cash, and loans have been made to Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Fielden and Mrs. Engel to the amount of $400 in each case. These loans are deducted in small amounts from the weekly allowances to these women. Later in the year funds were found to send Mrs. Parsons on a lecturing tour to England, an adventure which did not prove a conspicuous success if the reports are to be believed, for the English discontents showed marked disapproval of Mrs. Parsons' dynamite appeals.

Money is still being collected for a monument at Waldheim Cemetery which shall be the shrine of Anarchist pilgrimages from every part of the country. In this connection the revolutionists have established a "Festival of Sorrow," as they curiously call it, upon the anniversary of the execution.

In the proceedings of commemoration held at the cemetery on November 11, 1888, the most interesting episode was the reading of the following letter from Albert R. Parsons to his children, which had, by his instructions, remained sealed for a year. It ran as follows:

DUNGEON NO. 7, COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, ILL., November 9, 1887.—*To My Darling, Precious Little Children, Albert R. Parsons, Jr., and his Sister, Lulu Eda Parsons:* As I write this word I blot your names with a tear. We never meet again. Oh, my children, how deeply, dearly your papa loves you. We show our love by living *for* our loved ones; we also *prove* our love by dying, when necessary, for them. Of my life and the cause of my unnatural and cruel death you will learn from others. *Your father is a self-offered sacrifice upon the altar of liberty and happiness.* To you I leave the legacy of an honest name and duty done. Preserve it, emulate it. Be true to yourselves, you cannot then be false to others. Be industrious, sober and cheerful. Your mother! Ah, she is the grandest, noblest of women. Love, honor and obey her. My children, my precious ones, I request you to read this parting message on each recurring anniversary of my death in remembrance of him who dies not alone for you, but for the children yet unborn. Bless you, my darlings. Farewell. Your father, ALBERT R. PARSONS.

It was a somewhat disappointing epistle, for all the Anarchists had expected a sensational document, as the result of such a theatrical instruction.

On the other hand the people of Chicago have not been idle. A monument to the memory of the murdered policemen will soon grace Haymarket Square as a lasting memorial to the brave men who fell in the line of duty, and as showing the gratitude of the city to its defenders.

The pedestal for the police monument was completed long before the figure was ready to be placed. The foundation was begun and finished in December, 1888. The cost of the pedestal, with railings, light supports, and everything complete, in readiness for the figure, aggregated $5,000. The contract price for the pedestal was $3,500. This was increased to $4,000 by minor changes and extra work. The railings, electric lights and supports, and placing the figure in position, will add another $1,000. The figure itself will make the value of the monument $10,000.

The pedestal sits on a circular sub-base of dressed granite, sixteen feet nine inches in diameter, elevated two steps above the foundation. A base of dressed granite with Ionic cornices rests on the center of this circular sub-base. The central cube, decorated with a shield on which is the coat of arms of the city, supports a block bearing an inscription giving the date of the riot and appropriate sentiments. Worked around these inscriptions are branches and leaves of oak, indicative of strength. By a graceful series of Ionic cornices the pedestal ascends to the base of the figure, the height from the foundation being seven feet six inches. The pedestal is oblong, extending north and south across the circular base. Two arms of granite extending from the base unite on either side the granite base of the posts which support the lights.

The designer of the figure which surmounts the pedestal, and which represents a police officer in full uniform with his arm extended, is Charles F. Batchelder.

All of these are facts directly connected with and growing out of the trial of the case. I come now to the present status of Anarchy. The authorities have recognized the constant menace which the existence of this conspir-



THE HAYMARKET MONUMENT.

acy conveyed to the cause of law and order, and consequently the malcontents have been watched with unceasing vigilance. Their meetings, their plottings, their purposes, their plan of organization and their system of propaganda we know nearly as well as they know it themselves.

The Socialists themselves estimate their numbers in Chicago at 75,000 men, women and children. As Socialism is the parent of Anarchy — the two are identical in their ultimate aims, differing only in tactics — these figures are significant.

The number of Anarchists in Chicago to-day is not far from 7,300 men and women. Of these there are thirty-five known to us to be desperate men, ready to commit murder, arson or any other crime to revenge themselves upon the officers and the magistrates who were concerned in bringing about the hanging of their leaders. These are the most dangerous conspirators in the body, and it may easily be believed that rather close attention is paid to their movements. Next to these comes a collection of some 275 men who are at heart dynamiters, and who would be ready to plunge into a revolt at any moment if they were not held back by the more prudent counsels of the others. These men are dangerous. Next to these there is a body of about 5,000 Anarchists, who would join in a revolt if they could persuade themselves or be persuaded that there was any real chance for success; but they are as a rule careful of themselves, and they are not going to rush to the gallows if they can help it. Only in a time of great public tumult are they to be really feared. I place in still another category a body of 2,000 "sympathizers"—men upon whom neither the Anarchists nor society could rely. They are a doubtful class, and might easily be led one way or the other by a decided victory on either side in a time of real struggle.

Many women are to be found in each of these classifications, from the most desperate up. There are about forty "women-workers" so called who are engaged in the Anarchic propaganda in the city, six of them being lecturers. They are doing a great deal of harm.

The present plans of the reds, as broadly stated by one of the open leaders, contemplate the use of every force in society — "the force of education, the force of agitation and the force of arms; the first now and always; the second, with great care and judgment; the last, when the time shall arrive for a strike at liberty." The reds throughout the world have learned a lesson from the failure of Spies and his companions, and while their aims and sentiments are unchanged, their plans have undergone considerable modification.

A new system of organization has also been developed. They met at first in little groups of five or ten, fearing to gather in larger numbers in the excited times following the hanging. It was proposed to organize ward clubs, but this was negatived because the politicians would mix up with

them to get their votes, and thus destroy the secrecy that they wanted. Their demand was for some sort of an organization enabling many people to meet together without attracting suspicion or inviting investigation by the police, and this they succeeded in doing by getting up a Building Society. This was followed by another and another in different parts of the town. They charge an initiation of ten cents, none but approved and guaranteed Anarchists are admitted, and the societies are working in full force, although I doubt whether they will greatly contribute to the material improvement of Chicago. The Anarchists are a very quarrelsome lot, and they often get into serious disputes with each other, and thus one party, to get revenge, would often come to me with information on his enemy. This has been stopped by the "Building Association," which maintains committees to settle all quarrels between members.

Aside from a majority of the thirty-two organizations affiliated with the Central Labor Union, the reds of late have been propagating the revolutionary cause through the following societies:

1. The Workingmen's Defense Association, composed chiefly of men, of which Fred Bentthin is secretary. This same organization raised the money to defend the reds who were tried for the conspiracy to assassinate Judges Gary and Grinnell, Bonfield and others.

2. The Pioneer Aid and Relief Society, composed chiefly of women. This institution came into existence immediately after the arrest of the Anarchists in May, 1886.

3. A. R. Parsons Assembly No. 1. This is a reorganization of the suspended or expelled Assembly 1307, once known as the Sons of Liberty. It has always been a hotbed of Anarchy, and is now composed of Anarchists almost exclusively. Its membership is composed of such revolutionary lights as Oliver, Holmes, Snyder, Brown, Glasgow, and other fire-brands. Snyder and Brown were arrested at the time of the Haymarket massacre and held in custody for months.

4. The English branch of the Socialistic Labor party, Waverly Hall, 122 Randolph Street.

5. The German branch of the Socialistic Labor party, 54 West Lake Street.

6. The Socialistic Publishing Society, which controls the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on the communistic plan and devotes all surplus to the cause of the social revolution.

7. The "Arbeiter-Bund," or Working People's Confederation, recently organized at 636 Milwaukee Avenue. This is the most violent public organization of Anarchists in Chicago.

It was the Arbeiter-Bund which, through its attorneys, applied to Judge Tuley only a short time ago for an injunction to restrain the police from interfering with meetings of Socialists and Anarchists. While the in-

junction was not technically granted, still the decision was such as to render the police powerless to interfere with their gatherings. The Chancellor's opinion is too lengthy to print here, but it was made on a broad construction of the constitutional provision guaranteeing free speech. I am not a lawyer, and I will not attempt to say that the learned Chancellor misunderstands the law or the Constitution, but it does seem that there ought to be some provision which should make it unsafe or impossible for bloody-minded revolutionists to preach their foreign doctrine in open defiance of a respectable and law-abiding community.

The impudence shown by the Anarchists, extreme Socialists and other enemies of society in claiming redress under the law would seem ridiculous if it were not contemptible. These agitators shout "throttle the law," and then complain that their meetings are suppressed contrary to law. At their meetings, in their speeches, and in other ways they cover the courts and judges with opprobrium, and then apply to the courts for restraining orders forbidding the police to interfere with their meetings. With yells and screeches in foreign tongues they declare that the Constitution shall be destroyed, and then complain that they are denied freedom of speech in violation of the Constitution. Putting themselves outside the law and demanding its destruction, they at the same time demand its protection.

Other forms of public organization are the "Schulgemeinde" of the Northwest Side, and the "Arbeiter Bildungs-Verein." The two last-named seem to have for their special object the establishment and maintenance of "Sunday schools."

Of all this more will be said hereafter, but first I will call attention to the fact that the organizations named are only what appear on the surface. Underlying and controlling all these is the secret organization, which in Chicago consists of an "invisible committee." It must be understood that the movement toward the object to which the Internationale looks forward — the social revolution — is local, national, and international, and it is probable that the committee for Chicago was appointed from the headquarters of the Internationale in New York, at the suggestion of that arch-conspirator and mischief-maker, Johann Most. The "invisible committee," although they have full direction of the movement in Chicago, are supposed to be unknown to the mass of the order. They work individually, and not as a body, and always quietly. Their identity they hold sacredly secret. It is only when open revolutionary work has actually begun that they are to come to the front. In the meantime, the open workers and agitators report to the individual "invisibles," and act under their advice. The "invisibles" themselves make it a point to practice moderation in their public utterances to divert suspicion. The old-time centralized organization, the reds believe, led to the detection and conviction of their leaders, after the failure of the Haymarket plot, and this

it was that made the new plan not only advisable but necessary. Decentralization is now the ruling principle.

The public agitators are such people as Currlin, Holmes, Morgan, Mikolanda, Grottkau, Mostler, Bergman, G. Smith, Poch, Mittag, Mentzer and others. They declare themselves openly as Anarchists and agitators. They are of course well known to the police, and consequently they are on the lookout not to come in contact with us. They only enlist recruits, however. The secret agitators visit public meetings occasionally, but they very seldom do any talking. Nobody notices them, and this is what they want. They are seldom members of any "Verein," and they form acquaintances on the street, in shops or saloons, but always with the utmost caution until they have gained confidence. They meet at private houses in parties of three or four, agitating wherever they can gain a point. When charged with being Anarchists they deny it, and to throw off suspicion some of them even go regularly to church. Among these there are fanatics who would do almost anything to gain their ends. I know a great many of this class, and I would not believe it if I did not know of my own knowledge that they are Anarchists of the purest water. They are the most harmless-looking men in Chicago.

The open and public movement still goes on under cover of the cause of labor. The plan of campaign is, so far as the public associations and meetings are concerned, to teach Anarchy; to create in the minds of Socialistic adherents a hatred of all law and of all religion, and to inspire a spirit of revenge for the execution of Spies and his comrades. Their teachings are carried out by speeches more or less incendiary.

The most potent factor for evil in Chicago to-day, as heretofore, is the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. When this paper was first established it was delivered secretly through alleyways and at back doors. Now it has a circulation of 7,000 copies daily. Time was when the daily tirades of abuse scattered broadcast by that sheet were viewed with indifference by the English-speaking press of this city. That was in the seed-time of "theoretic" and "practical" Anarchy in Chicago. Then the dire meaning of it all escaped the bulk of the population. It was said — and the saying was flaunted in the faces of the sullen hordes until it acted like the red rag on an infuriated bull — that all this talk would end where it began — in talk. The paper is more readable and interesting now than it ever was. Its present editorial staff is an abler one, and understands better on occasion how to convey its meaning without expressing it in so many plain words. It comprises not only some of the old-time writers — men like Paul Grottkau and Albert Currlin — but it has now at its head a man of infinitely more cunning and ability than ever distinguished August Spies.

Editor Jens Christensen, a native of the formerly Danish province of

Schleswig, is a good-looking young German, and bears quite a resemblance to his predecessor in personal appearance. He is thoroughly proficient not only in German, but also in English, French, and all the Scandinavian tongues, is a scientifically trained man, and has at command an arsenal of facts, arguments and deductions to be marshaled up in defense of his specious pleadings.

Christensen was at one time a Socialist candidate for the German Reichstag, and is now in constant and confidential correspondence with the leading European prophets of destruction. Although he has been in America less than a year, he has inspired in his disciples within that short time a degree of confidence which Spies never possessed. He has not the easy address of Spies in dealing with a crowd, and he is at all times a better, more logical and more forcible writer than orator; but he is, for all that, the best public speaker the destructionists of this city have within their ranks to-day. He is more suave than impassioned in his speech — reserved and self-possessed, and never at a loss for a reply. He is a zealot and a fanatic in the cause he has espoused, and he is probably the only Socialist in Chicago who can give a scientific basis for every dogma he announces, and a proof for every word he utters.

Since Christensen's arrival here he has been in a newspaper warfare with Johann Most. He attacked Most, charging him with being an injury to the cause of the revolution by his bad judgment and radical plans of dynamite and other methods for the application of physical force. Most has been striking back in his characteristic way, and this has brought Christensen into considerable prominence. Moreover, he is a writer with great executive ability. He is a man of strong convictions, evident courage, but is quite a diplomat, and does not propose to follow his "comrades" to the gallows by any slip of the pen or tongue if he can help it. Christensen is a Socialist, not an Anarchist, he says, and yet he declares with a good deal of frankness that Socialists and Anarchists are pretty much the same, so far as the result sought is concerned, the only essential differences being in the tactics used to reach the object aimed at.

Such a man, it will be readily seen, when once started in the wrong path, is a much more dangerous foe than the hot-headed, rather selfish, openly ambitious Spies. And he shows his power in nothing better than in his manner of conducting the avowed organ of all the destructionists. Since his advent, this afternoon sheet has set the ferment of social agitation going again until the movement, as a matter of fact, is to-day in reality more formidable than it was three years ago, for now it is directed by a cautious, self-contained man who weighs every step before advising it, and who in all things considers the question of expediency first.

The paper he presides over is a daily proof of his skill and of his capa-

city for doing harm. It spreads the old doctrine of destruction and social upheaval, but it does so in a much more insidious, in a more guarded, and, probably, in a more effective manner. There is a general policy laid down, and that is never deviated from. Every line that goes into the reading columns of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* has to serve a purpose. That purpose is to teach a lesson, to serve as one more grain of disgust with the existing state of things, to render the reader more weary of the society of to-day. Every piece of news is bent to that end — distorted, falsified, or magnified — so as to "point a moral or adorn a tale." If a laborer has been cheated out of his wages, for instance, by his employer, a general deduction as to all employers is made. If a wealthy thief escape more or less merited punishment, the sharp edge of sarcasm and of lament over the futility of trying to regenerate this world by any but "radical" means is again used. Every piece of rascality, in fact, on the part of well-to-do or highly placed men, every misstep, every error, every unwise law and every unwise application of a wise one — all of these things and many more are seized and made to serve the purpose of this personally smooth and amiable Mephistopheles, and are dished up to his benighted readers, peppered, salted and seasoned with Chile sauce, to make them palatable.

Thus the paper acts on that vast body of half or wholly discontented, on all those who, with or without their own fault, are not as well off as they might be, on all those thousands who sympathized or still sympathize with the dread fate of the eight Anarchists arrested after the Haymarket slaughter, as a constant irritant, distorting everything to their mental eye and keeping them forever in an irritable mood and in a sort of self-made purgatory which embitters even their hours of rest and recreation. That this sort of effect cannot go accumulating in the minds of many thousands of men and women and children without finally producing something tangible, an explosion, is self-evident and needs no emphasizing. Did space permit, I should like to give here extracts to show how insidious and subtle the poison which is daily instilled into the minds of these readers.

Mr. Currlin, ex-editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, is known as the wandering missionary of Anarchy. He is busily engaged in the propagation of revolutionary ideas. His style of oratory and the general drift of his sentiments may be gathered from quotations heretofore given in this book.

George Schilling would strenuously object to being called an Anarchist. But he admits being a Socialist. When asked a short time ago if he expected another outbreak as the result of existing revolutionary forces, he said:

"I expect something of the kind about the end of the present century — say in ten years. Society is just now dormant, like a river frozen in winter time, but some night there will be a mighty crack in the ice, and under the warming influences of evolutionary forces there will be a mighty upheaval.

There will no doubt be a squall or two before that time, but the great event will not come, in my judgment, much sooner. There will be lots of men and women who will not be able to see beyond the squall, and they will think the time has arrived. It will come, not as the result of a conspiracy of Anarchists, but as a conspiracy of all the evolutionary forces of society."

Mrs. Lucy Parsons is still an active exhorter in the cause. She is simply irrepressible, and has made herself obnoxious to the more peaceable and conservative Socialists. To the ordinary hearer her harangues would seem ridiculous, were it not for the fact that the loss of a husband by death on the gallows naturally creates sympathy, even for a fanatic.

"Prison bars nor the scaffold shall ever prevent me from speaking the truth," she exclaimed at a Sunday afternoon meeting of Socialists at Waverly Hall a few months ago. "The ballot is useless as a remedy, and a change in the present condition of the wage slave will never be brought about peacefully. Force is the only remedy, and force will certainly be used."

This meeting had been called to listen to a paper by Prof. Charles Orchardson on "Salvation from Poverty." The speaker, deprecating the incendiary arguments and appeals to forceful measures on the part of what were known as Anarchists, said that Anarchy never would improve the condition of society. He devoted himself principally to the private ownership of land, and claimed that more frauds had been committed in that name than in any other. Fire and murder were the sole right and title of the original owners of the land, and no original robbery could be tortured into a righteous transaction. The owner of the land was the owner of the inhabitants. Land in Chicago originally worth $1 an acre was now, in some localities, worth perhaps $1,000,000 an acre. The people made this value, but the land-owner reaped the benefit of the advance the people had created. A land speculator was nothing but a land peculator, and held the people at his mercy. The three evils of society to-day, the speaker said, were private enterprise, the competitive system and private ownership of land. The first remedy to be applied was the education of the people. Another remedy was to adopt the single-tax theories of Henry George and to establish the Australian method of secret voting, so that the employé could fearlessly deposit his ballot without fear of discharge from his employer. This method would also abolish the buying and selling of votes. Then men should be elected to represent the people in the halls of legislation and to resist the encroachments of the capitalists and monopolists. Private ownership in land should be abolished, and the capitalists should be compelled to stop the work of increasing poverty by curtailing the productions of the labor of man.

During the discussion which followed the reading of Prof. Orchardson's paper, the ringing voice of Mrs. Parsons was heard in the rear of the hall.

She had entered late, and few were aware of her presence, but she was greeted with loud applause as she rapidly and defiantly made her way to the front of the platform. She said:

"I did not hear the beginning of this lecture to-day, but I heard it last evening at 599 Milwaukee Avenue. I have heard what he had to say about the Anarchists, and I want to say to him and to everybody else that it is about time to give the Anarchists a rest. Are there not enough of them dead? Do you need to go into their graves and aid the detectives in their work of digging up their memories for abuse and obloquy? Last night the Professor was asked what remedy he would propose if the men elected to the legislature betrayed their trust and sold out their poor constituents, and he then said his remedy would be to organize secret societies and assassinate the men who proved unfaithful to their trusts. He need not deny this, for I have witnesses here to prove that he said this. And now to-day he throws his slings at Anarchy. Anarchy, as I understand it, is one of the most beautiful theories, and I do not agree with the speaker when he favors assassination. I hold human life too sacred, and do not believe in assassinating the men who sell out. Before they talk about Anarchy let them define it. It is a philosophy which they do not, or will not, understand. . . .

"Men talk about revolution as if it were a terrible thing. Every one present is a revolutionist because he is poor. Every man who lives in a tenement-house and wants to secure a better home is a revolutionist, because the beneficial change means a revolution in his very life. I know I have to be careful what I say nowadays, but I assert that any and all means are justified in order to get rid of the present system of wage slavery. (Loud applause.) Any means, I say. If the ballot will accomplish that purpose, adopt it; but if it will not, let us adopt some more potent means. (Applause.)

"The speaker has argued in favor of Australian laws, but I know the same state of society exists there that exists here, and the laws furnish no remedy. Does any one suppose that the capitalists — your masters — will ever permit you to peacefully take their lands from them while they can invoke the aid of a policeman's club or a Gatling gun? The ballot-box is useless to reform the evils of society, and there is not a State Socialist living who believes that a reform can be brought about peaceably. They all admit it, but they claim that it is not policy to say so. I am not afraid to say what I believe, whether it leads me to prison bars or the scaffold. The capitalists never have relinquished anything until they were compelled to, and they will not now, unless they have a change of heart, or something of that sort. But go on voting. Vote for what you want, but don't forget that the Bill of Rights gives every man the right to keep and bear arms, and when you want to vote take your little musket to the polls with you, and then your vote will be counted — not before. Take the ballot; but first put an idea, a strong arm and determination behind, and then buy yourselves good Winchester rifles. Then you will be prepared to fight for your rights. Men who are armed are bound to be free, and you are all wage slaves to-day because you are not."

Here the applause was almost deafening. Mrs. Parsons paused and gazed around the room.

"I do not care," said she, "whether there are any policemen or detectives here or not, or whether the newspapers want to come out with sensational head-lines about me. Go on voting, and in ten years you will find yourselves where I am now. You will be no further advanced, and then you will have to come to the revolution of force which I advocate now."

Her voice rang out strong and clear, and as she finished it seemed evident from the loud applause that followed that the majority of those present were in full accord with her sentiments.

Professor Orchardson then replied to his critic. He claimed that Mrs. Parsons had begun by picturing Anarchy as one of the most lovely and beautiful conditions imaginable, but before she had finished she had advocated murder, force, carbines and every violent measure conceivable. She had claimed that Anarchy did not mean war, and in the same breath had urged that all means were justifiable to secure it. "A man who undertakes to philosophize upon this question," said he, "soon becomes contaminated by that horrible theory Anarchism."

A few hisses were heard about the room.

"I see I have no sympathy here," he continued, "and I here declare that if I live I will never speak again where Anarchists are admitted and permitted to speak."

Here a storm of hisses and loud cries of "Shame" were heard on all sides, and for a moment it seemed as if trouble was imminent. The chairman, however, succeeded in restoring order, and the speaker was about to continue his remarks, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Parsons.

"Did you not advocate assassination in your lecture last night?" she asked.

"I did not. I simply said that if humanity had sunk so low that men would sell themselves out, secret societies should be formed for the purpose of bringing retribution on the men who had betrayed their trusts."

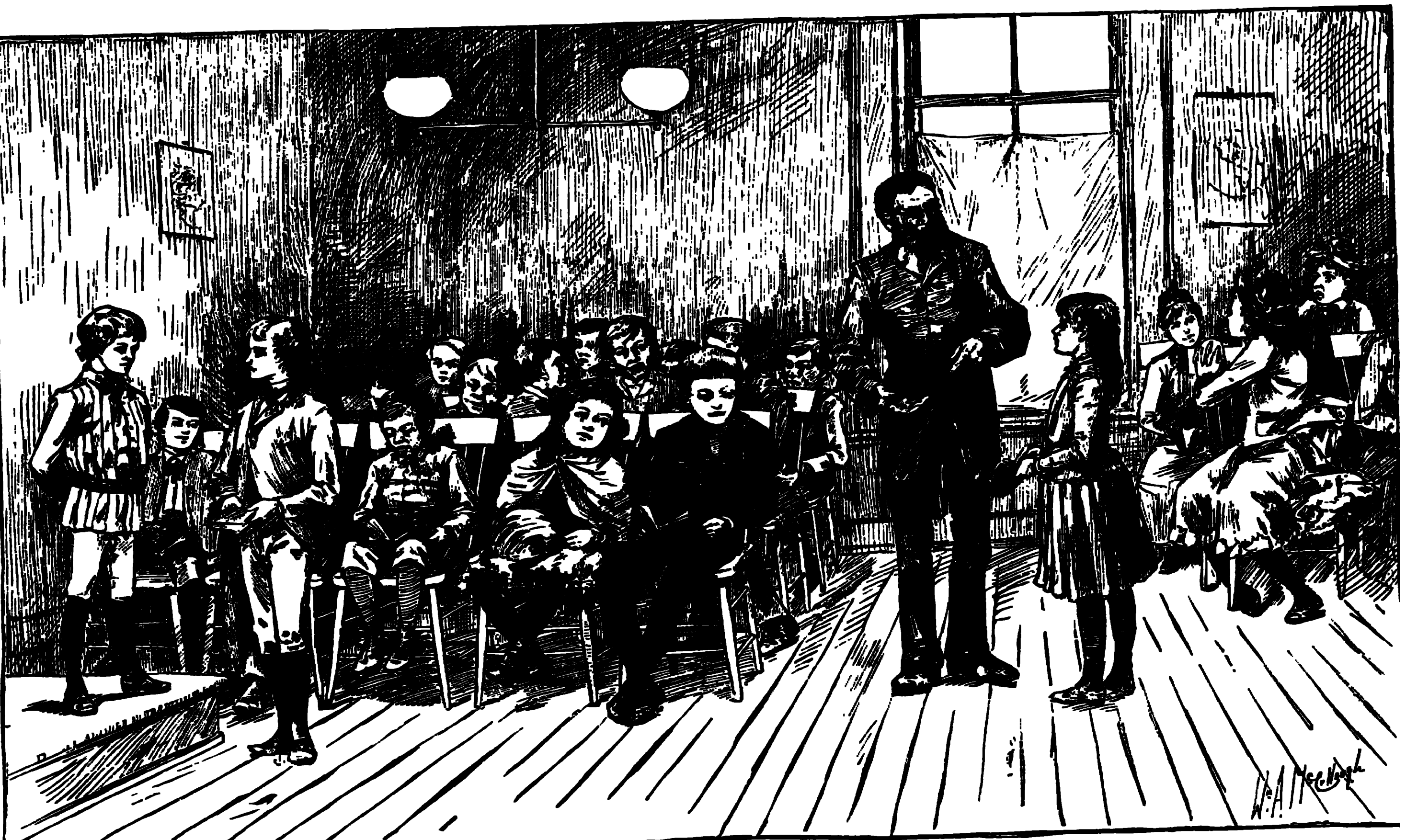
"You said assassination," shouted Mrs. Parsons, "and I can prove it."

"I never did and never will advocate the vicious, horrible and bloodthirsty ideas of the Anarchists, that made it so hard to argue the Socialistic question before the people," concluded the Professor, in evident disgust; "and I again repeat that I never will attend another meeting where such ideas are advocated."

As the speaker took his seat, he was warmly cheered by a number present, but there was a loud murmur of dissent from the rear of the room, where Mrs. Parsons sat surrounded by her friends.

The most conspicuous feature of the propaganda of the Internationale in Chicago to-day is the Sunday school movement. There are now four of these schools in successful and established operation, and a number of others are fairly started.

The first was opened in the spring of 1888, at Lake View, by the



AN ANARCHIST "SUNDAY SCHOOL." TEACHING UNBELIEF AND LAWLESSNESS.

"Socialistic Turn-Verein." The second was begun in August, 1888, at Jefferson, by the Turn-Verein "Fortschritt." The third was commenced in September, at "Thalia Hall," by the "Arbeiter Bildungs-Verein" of the Northwest Side, and the fourth was started at 58 Clybourn Avenue, by the "Arbeiter Bildungs-Verein" of the North Side. The school at Lake View is frequented by about 190 children; the school of the Turn-Verein "Fortschritt" has from forty to fifty pupils; the school of the Northwest Side was visited on Sunday, December 9, 1888, by 230 children, and this Verein will have to rent another hall, as the present one is not large enough to accommodate all the pupils. The North Side school was attended by about 100 children on the same day. All schools are under the supervision of the one organized on December 9, 1888, at Aurora Turn Hall. The main mission of this school is the organization of others. It can easily be seen that the schools now established are prospering, because the number of pupils is increasing from day to day. The schools are of Socialistic and Anarchistic origin. Nothing is taught relating to dynamite or bombs. The German language is used in all the schools, and all the ordinary branches of education are embraced in the curriculum, but underneath and above all is the spirit of contempt for law and religion. The children are instructed that religion is nothing but a humbug; that there exists no God and no devil, no heaven and no hell, and that Christianity is only a preventive system adopted by the capitalists to rule the working people and keep them under. After this they are to be taught the spirit of revolution. In all, the main point is agitation for Socialism and Anarchy.

As showing the spirit of the Anarchist Sunday schools, I append the following appeal for Christmas presents from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of December 7, 1888. It seems to me that it leaves very little to be said, except perhaps to point out that 58 Clybourn Avenue is a low-class groggery, and that it was in the very room in which the school is held that the Anarchists who were to carry out Engel's plan on the 4th of May, 1886, secured their supplies of dynamite and bombs:

Christmas Presents for the Scholars of the Sunday School of the North Side.

The "Arbeiter Bildungs-Verein" of the North Side held a meeting December 3d, and adopted the following: A presentation of Christmas presents and a lottery for the children of the Sunday school will be held at 58 Clybourn Avenue on Christmas day. Every one is invited who has an interest in taking from the clergy the power over our little ones, and who will help us to educate our children to become useful persons—also parents, their friends and business people who are willing to contribute a small sum of money for the benefit of this noble cause. Leave your contributions for the presentation of Christmas presents or for the dressing of the Christmas tree for the dear little ones until Saturday, December 22, with the committee, No. 58 Clybourn Avenue.

Receipts for presents will be published in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

ARBEITER BILDUNGS-VEREIN.

Dr. E. G. Kleinoldt, who lives at 591 Sedgwick Street, is one of the chief teachers. He is an enthusiast in instructing innocent children that

there is no God and no hereafter. He tells his small charges that priests and ministers alike are swindlers, and there are in this city fathers who bring their children to the rear of a beer saloon on Sundays to be taught such doctrine by a drunkard.

On Saturday night, December 1, 1888, a dance was in progress in Yondorf's Hall. Officer Lorch, of my command, called in to see what kind of a gathering it was. Entering the hall, he saw Kleinoldt with three young men, talking very busily. The officer approached near enough to hear that Kleinoldt was talking about dynamite, and finally heard him tell the young men how to make bombs, explaining the process in the same manner as Engel had done. He also suggested that if his hearers would make bombs and put them under "the leafers of policemen," it would make the "bloodhounds" jump. The officer approached Kleinoldt and said:

"This is not an Anarchist meeting. Stop your talk, or I will put you out."

Kleinoldt made some insulting remarks, and the officer took him by the back of the neck and pushed him out of the hall. This was the last of him there for that night, but the young men he had been talking to were not Anarchists. One of the three followed him out on the sidewalk and there met a friend whom he told what Kleinoldt had advised. The newcomer, who happened to carry a large turkey, was a little under the influence of liquor himself, but was sober enough to oppose Anarchy. He followed Kleinoldt, struck him with the turkey, knocked him down and broke his eye-glasses, apparently for the purpose of demonstrating to the worthy pedagogue that all people who drink too much beer are not necessarily Anarchists.

This man Kleinoldt was interviewed a short time ago by a reporter of the Chicago *Herald*. While other Anarchist pedagogues are loth to communicate their plans and doings, Kleinoldt talked readily, and what he said seems to me sufficiently interesting to repeat here.

"We do not teach Socialism or Anarchism in our Sunday-schools, and the newspapers do us an injustice when they say so," said Dr. Kleinoldt. "The object of our Sunday schools is to keep the children away from the influence of the Jesuits, who teach the Bible, religious songs, and church doctrine, subjects that are very distasteful to us who are Socialists. I was one of the prime movers in the project to organize schools to be held on Sundays all over the city, which shall be open to children of all parents who are opposed to the hurtful influences of church instruction. While it is possibly true that most of those in attendance are the offspring of Socialists and Anarchists, still it is by no means restricted to them, for in one school, at 58 Clybourn Avenue, as well as others, you will find those whose fathers have no sympathy with our advanced ideas on sociology."

"What do you teach at these schools?" asked the reporter.

"Our course takes in reading, writing, natural history, geography, liter-

ature, general history and morality — so much of ethics as young minds are capable of receiving."

"And you do not teach the tenets of Anarchy?" queried the reporter.

"By no means. We say nothing of bombs, dynamite, overthrow of kingdoms, uprooting of our present social system, or anything of that kind. What would be the use of it? If you had a correct appreciation of the principles of Anarchy and Socialism you would readily understand that the questions are too grave for the apprehension of juvenile minds. Later on — well, that is something else."

"Still, Doctor, your teachers are thoroughly imbued with these sentiments, and it would be only natural for you to desire, if you are honest in your convictions, that these young people should grow up in your peculiar faith."

"That is another matter," replied Dr. Kleinoldt, regarding the reporter fixedly through his spectacles. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined. We are honest in what we profess, else why should we profess at all, since we have nothing to gain but obloquy, in the present at least? Being honest and believing that our teachings are best for the human family, we should be strange beings indeed if we were not anxious to have our children grow up into our faith. What I have said is, and I repeat it, that we do not teach Anarchistic or Socialistic principles to the pupils in our Sunday schools."

The reporter here read to the Doctor a paragraph from one of the Chicago dailies to the effect that at the school held in the rear of Rachau Bros'. saloon, corner of Lincoln Avenue and Halsted Street, the day before, a teacher had dilated upon the death of Spies and Parsons, declaring they were murdered by the capitalists and that they were martyrs.

"Of that I know nothing. All I know is that such is not the design of our schools. Such talk is not heard at our school in the rear of the saloon at 58 Clybourn Avenue. We use the same books that are used in the day schools, and what we teach is as I have told you before — only this and nothing more."

"But since your teachers hold to these peculiar views, and since children have investigating minds — being eager to ask questions — is there anything to prevent teachers from defining their views even if they do not enter into arguments to demonstrate the tenableness of their position?"

"I repeat again, there are many children in attendance upon our schools whose parents are not Anarchists or Socialists. Those who are hear these opinions at their homes. Those who are not do not hear them."

"True; but there are some, doubtless, in every class, who have heard at their homes the teachings of Anarchy or Socialism; they may ask questions. Is there anything to prevent the teachers from replying to them in such manner as to indoctrinate the others in this faith?"

"It is possible, I admit. But I say again, it is not so in our school.

Indeed, most of the children are too small to know anything about such matters. You will say time will correct that. I add that our primary object is the education of the young people. We teach in German altogether, because the children learn English in the public schools. They all attend the latter, because it is a primary principle with us that it is education alone that can make men free. In addition to the studies named, we teach music and singing, and we hold a session at 58 Clybourn Avenue in the afternoon of each Sunday, when teachers from the Workingmen's Educational Society — an art organization — teach them drawing."



FRANK CHLEBOUN.
From a Photograph.

The Doctor is a short, thick-set, mild-mannered man, possessed of a gentle voice, and is, apparently, about thirty-five years old. He spoke carefully, and without excitement.

"Let me tell you further," he said, after a brief pause, "we do not teach anything of what is termed religion, because we do not believe in that. We do teach morals, the duties we owe to our neighbors, the great principles of right and wrong. We desire the children to grow up into Socialists, that they may be worthy successors of their parents; but we do not think the Sunday school we have organized is the proper place to inculcate such doctrines."



FRANK CAPEK.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

"Because your pupils are too young?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and because, as I have said, the parents of some of the children do not hold to our views, and it is our desire to bring into our fold as many as possible, thus saving as many as we can from the evil influences of the church."

"You say you teach music and songs. Do these include sacred music?"

"Our music and songs are strictly secular; we have nothing to do with anything connected with the churches."

Dr. Kleinoldt may be correct in his statement that the school at 58 Clybourn Avenue has not taught Anarchy, yet it is nevertheless true that at least two of the school's enthusiastic teachers have dilated upon the "martyrdom" of Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engel, declaring that they died for a glorious cause, and that those officials who

were instrumental in their arrest, and those who took part in the trial and at the execution, are guilty of the vilest of crimes. At one of the schools, a teacher even went so far as to allude to the Savior as the lazy loafer of Nazareth. It will not demand a very close reading "between the lines" of the interview with Dr. Kleinoldt, however, to find out that, whatever the motive of those who have inaugurated this movement, the ultimate result will be the same as though the open and expressed object were the dissemination of those views now universally regarded among civilized nations as subversive of all government. The schools are organized for the purpose of sowing in the minds of innocent children the seeds of atheism, discontent and lawlessness.

The Sunday school movement is only one feature of the general plan of the revolutionists. The Socialists fear as heartily as they hate the church, and of late they have had especial reason, from their standpoint, for both. Both Catholic and Protestant churches located in German, Bohemian and Polish sections have recently extended their facilities for reaching the youth of their nationalities, and hundreds of children have been gathered into Christian schools on Sundays, thus taking them for a brief while on that day from the squalid streets upon which they roam without restraint, and bringing them in contact with Christian influences. Even scores of children of Socialistic parents have had this experience. The great aim of the Internationals now, as always, is to increase their numerical strength. To do this they hold it necessary to establish secular Sunday schools wherein the principles of Socialism will be taught and where children will be made to despise, though they may obey, the laws.

It need only be added here that all the schools of the Socialists now in operation in Chicago are held either in the rear or in the basements of beer saloons.

Judge Tuley, in his decision on the application for an injunction, stated that "there are Christian Anarchists." I venture the assertion, however, that the learned jurist has never seen one of that class. I know that I have not, and I never expect to see one. Christianity and Anarchy are entirely opposite. While it is possible of course that a man professing the religion of Christ should be blinded by the plausible preachings of the Anarchists, still the hallucination would be only temporary. Religion and Anarchy, as I understand and have seen it, do not and never will go together.

The conspirator Hronek, at his trial, was asked if he believed in God.

"I have never seen him," was the reply.

Scratch the hide of an Anarchist, and you will find an infidel or a fool. An intelligent human being cannot reconcile the violent doctrines of Anarchy with any form of Christianity.

Charles L. Bodendick, twenty-five years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighing 150 pounds, was arrested by Officer Hanley for robbing Justice White, March

18, 1886, and was held to the Criminal Court in $1,500 bonds. He was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary in Joliet for one year. During his trial it was demonstrated that he was a thorough Anarchist. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* then called him a "crank" and said that he was crazy. Before he was arrested, however, he had made his home about the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and at that time he had been looked on as a valuable man. The poor fellow had kept hanging around there, reading their misleading trash, until he was destitute and a vagrant. The next steps were robbery and the penitentiary.

After his release from prison Bodendick came back to the city, and, roaming about from place to place, finally fell into his old ways again, living on wind and Anarchy. He grew more desperate even than before his arrest. He wanted to manufacture something stronger than dynamite. A card was given to him by Dyer D. Lum, and he called at the Public Library for the "Techno-Chemical Receipt Book," K 4314. On page 30 of this book Bodendick learned what he knew of the make-up of explosives. He admitted that he wanted to use sulphur, saltpeter and soda potash. He also procured other books on explosives, and he finally purchased a quantity of material and went to his room to experiment. But before he had learned very much he was arrested. Bodendick was kept in the Central Station in the sweat-box for two weeks. He was defiant at first, but finally sent word to the Inspector that he wanted to talk with him. He was brought to the office, and after he had given a lot of information, and promised to leave the city at once, he was released. The Anarchists claim that he never did "squeal."



CHARLES L. BODENDICK.
From a Photograph taken by the Police.

This Bodendick was an odd genius. Here is *verbatim et literatim* a poem in which he melodiously voiced his sentiments some years ago:

THE REBELL-VAGABOND.

I live and will *take the right,*
To demand of the world abundance;
To do so, I'm prepared to fight
the world and all its Dungeons.

Your a Loafer, says "the upper ten,"
You aught to go to Prison.
But, who are the priveledged ones
To loaf? the toilers lot dissmissend?

I've toiled hard, sometime ago,
From early morn till late.
That I aint worth some millions now
Is really too bad.

You see, a generous toiling man
Gets never much ahead;
For which a rascal allways can
Rob men of life and (e)state.

7-10 from what I have produced
You took in your possessions
While the toiling part you have reduced
To crime and degradations.

Not only this, nay vamper like
Do suck the Blood of men
And with the bones you take the hide
But, things get to an end.

That time I was quiet ingnorant
of, who was my enemy real,
That I've become to you a torment
Is only the result you feel.

I'll work for life and liberty,
For thiefs like you I wont
The courage that is left in me
Makes me a Rebell-Vagabond.

The most serious recent development of the spirit of revolt and disorder, however, is that shown in the attempt of the men Hronek and Capek to assassinate Judges Gary and Grinnell and Inspector Bonfield.

In July of 1888, Judge Grinnell sent for me and told me that he had been informed by a Bohemian citizen that there was a conspiracy afoot to murder himself, Gary and Bonfield, and that he thought there was something in the information. It appears that there were three Bohemian Anarchists, John Hronek, Frank Capek and Frank Chleboun, who had determined to avenge the "martyrdom," as they called it, of the Anarchist leaders. Chleboun was never in real sympathy with the others, and when the affair began to grow very serious he went to a Bohemian friend and confided to him the plot. This gentleman at once advised Judge Grinnell. Among the details was the fact that three men had examined the Judge's house on July 4th, with a view to blowing it up if a good opportunity offered, and the Judge remembered having seen three suspicious-looking men loitering about Aldine Square on that day. They had eyed him so strangely that his attention was attracted to them. This fact made him attach much weight to the story he had been told. The Judge wished me to conduct the investigation, but the suspects all lived in Inspector Bonfield's district, and I urged that the inquiry should be made by him, of course promising to co-operate as heartily as I could. After this Bonfield, the Judge and I had a

conference in which we went over the whole ground. We had all the facts in the case pretty well in hand. On the morning of July 17th, Bonfield was ready to strike, and the arrests were made. On the evening before warrants were sworn out for these three men, and at 4 A.M. Bonfield drove Lieut. Elliott past Hronek's house, 2952 Farrell Street, so that he might know it. Officers Rowan, Miller, Nordrum, Murtha, Styx and Meichowsky assisted in the arrests.

In describing what followed Inspector Bonfield said:

"We had reason to believe that Hronek, who only occupied the two rear rooms of a two-story frame dwelling, had dynamite, a revolver and a formidable-looking dagger, which we had been told was poisoned. We had also been given to understand that Hronek was a reckless fellow of the Lingg type and would offer a desperate resistance, and for that reason, in order not to jeopardize the lives of any of our men, we thought it prudent, instead of entering the house, to catch him unawares when he came out early in the morning. At the side of the house is a covered stairway leading from the ground to Hronek's rooms, and about seven o'clock we saw our man come down these, and he was immediately arrested by Officers Nordrum and one or two others. Leaving one or two men to watch the house, we took the prisoner, who appeared utterly indifferent, and astonished perhaps, to the nearest patrol-box, called the wagon, and sent him to Deering Street Station, whence he was removed to the Central Station later on.

"We then searched the house, and in a sort of closet we found a small quantity of dynamite in the original Ætna No. 2 packages. In the bed-room we found our information to be true, for under the pillow on which Hronek had a short time previous been sleeping we found a vicious-looking dagger, in a leather sheath, and a revolver. In addition to these we also found in the rooms several bombs, some of which are empty and some of which are loaded. The bombs are made of cast-iron piping, plugged at each end. The pipe had been made for some other purpose and turned to that use, and the bombs were four or five inches long and about an inch and a half in diameter."

Frank Capek was arrested at his home, 498 West Twentieth Street, at the same time as was Frank Chleboun, who was found at Zion Place. Capek's house was not searched, as it was known that he had made away with the dynamite that he had had there.

The arrests caused the greatest excitement in the city as soon as it became generally known what was the charge.

About the truth of it there could be no doubt. Hronek was a desperate fellow, quite ready and willing for any violence. He was an enthusiastic Anarchist, and a great admirer of the "martyrs," as he called them, and he had a regular arsenal of explosives and weapons.

Chleboun's story was a singular one. He was a tailor who had come from Bohemia to Chicago in 1882. He met Hronek shortly after the Haymarket riot, and the two struck up an acquaintanceship. With Frank Capek they discussed Anarchy and the trial of the leaders, and all went well as long as



they confined themselves to theory and beer. Chleboun was one of those weak-minded people who like to play at conspiracy, but he soon found that he had allied himself with desperate and dangerous men and that the chances were altogether in favor of his own neck paying the penalty for his comrades' work. This alarmed him, and he seems to have tried to draw away from them. But they would not let him. For a time he lent them money and tried to get along with them, but they made his life a burden to him. In October, 1887, he wanted to visit the old country, and desired to take out citizen's papers before he left. It shows the relations between the men, that Hronek and Capek would not help him to get naturalized until he had formally agreed to the plot to kill Grinnell, Gary and Bonfield. They also demanded $25 from him, and he paid it. He returned from Europe in December, and they at once pounced on him again. The poor fellow did not know which way to turn, and he finally did the wisest thing by making a clean breast of the whole plot.



The trial of the would-be assassins came on in the November term, but the prisoners secured a severance, and only Hronek was tried, Capek's trial being deferred until the next term. On the stand Chleboun told the story of the conspiracy at great length and in detail, and a very severe cross-examination failed to shake his testimony in any way. He showed how Hronek had planned the murder of the three men coolly and deliberately; how he had provided dynamite made up into tin bombs, and in other ways, and had secured a poisoned dagger, as well as a pistol. Capek seemed to concur in what the others did, but Hronek was the undoubted leader. Among other things Hronek told them was that he had met Inspector Bonfield, and had had a safe chance to kill him, but that he had had no arms with him and could not do it. Hronek was very angry over his disappointment. Chleboun described the visit of the three men — himself, Hronek and Capek — to Judge Grinnell's house in Aldine Square, and the reconnoissance they made.



Dynamite was in the possession of all the parties, and on one occasion a man named Janaus-

chek tried to get Chleboun to give him an order on Mikolanda, one of the open leaders, for some of the stuff. This was not done, however.

Hronek, in his own testimony, steadily denied any purpose of killing either of the threatened gentlemen, but under the skillful cross-examination of Mr. Elliott he failed to convince the jury that his possession of the bombs, which

		Rem			Rem.			Rem.	Color of Left Eye	
Height,	1 m 58.9		Head, lgth	17.8		L. Foot	25.1		Circle, [illegible]	Age 29 years
Stoop,			" wdth	15.6		" Mid F	10.8		Periph. Z Sl. Bl	
Outs. A,	1 m 65		Rgt. Ear lgth,	5.7		" Lit. F	8.1		Lim Yel	Born in
Trunk,	87.6		Rgt. Ear Pecul.			" ForeA	43.4		Pecul.	Bohemia

Remarks incident to Measurement.



DESCRIPTIVE.

Forehead		Nose				
Incl. M		Profile: Ridge, Und			Married, Yes	Beard, Deep Brown [illegible]
Hght M. High		Profile: Base, Hor	Root, M Broad		Teeth, 1 lower	Complexion, Fair
Width M. Broad		Length	Projection,	Breadth,	left side	Weight, 150
Pecul.		M	Prom	M. broad	out	Build, Slender (Stooped)
		Pecul. Tip thin & pointed			Chin, M short ([illegible])	Hair, Dk Chest

Measured at CHICAGO, ILL. July 18 1888 by Geo Bengley

Remeasured, When and Where,

JOHN HRONEK'S PORTRAIT AND DESCRIPTION — I.
Showing the New Method of Recording Criminals for Identification.

he claimed had been left at his house by a man named Karefit, was innocent. In fact, the testimony against him was too strong, and it was corroborated in many places even by his own admissions, and the jury found him guilty. He was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary.

The trial was watched closely by the general public as well as by Anarchists, and among those of the red fraternity who found admission to the court-room there were many curious characters. Some of these were sketched by an artist of my acquaintance, and three of his sketches are given on page 678. They are truthful representations of men who have not yet sat for our rogues' gallery photographer, but their associations warrant the fear that they will some day have their pictures taken at the expense of the taxpayers.

Dept. of Police, City of Chicago. *Date of Arrest* July 17-86 *Reg. No.* 2054.

NAME John Hronek *Alias*

Residence 2952 Farrell st *Occupation* Carpenter

Crime Conspiracy & Viol. Sec. 54 Chap. 38 R.S. *Held* $5000 *By Justice* D. J. Lyon

Officer Nordrum Miller & Murch *Dist. No.* 1. *Remarks*,

Sentence *Date* *Judge*

No. Times Arrested 1 *Offenses* Rioting in May 86

Crim'l Specialty Anarchist *Previous Crim'l Record* Tried and acquitted under an alibi

Also attempted to lynch off. Casey of Dist 7. May 86

MARKS, SCARS AND MOLES

Num'rc'l Order	
	Head large round & full
	M. high cheek bones M. hollow cheeks
	Legs bowed slightly
1	Small burn on outer right elbow
2	Knife scars on left forefinger
	Tip of left thumb bruised.
1	Slight hor. scar in centre of l. forehead

NOTE.—Please follow strictly Book of Instructions, not only as to measurement and general description, but also particularly as to Marks, Scars, etc. See pages 65 to 81 Use abbreviations as given in instructions.

JOHN HRONEK'S PORTRAIT AND DESCRIPTION—II.

Showing the New Method of Recording Criminals for Identification.

Portraits of Hronek taken by the police photographer are shown here, and a slightly reduced *fac-simile* of the form now used by the Police Department for identifying criminals. Formerly only front view photographs, as

a rule, were to be found in rogues' gallery collections. The new method is a vast improvement, and the reader will note from the details of the blank that it provides all the necessary data for perfect and unmistakable identification.

The case against Hronek was conducted by Judge Longenecker, the State's Attorney, and by Mr. Elliott, and was followed with the closest attention by the people of Chicago, as it displayed in unmistakable colors to what a pitch of desperation the Anarchist conspirators in this city can bring themselves.

Let us hope that the lesson will prove a salutary one.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Movement in Europe — Present Plans of the Reds — Stringent Measures Adopted by Various European Governments — Bebel and Liebknecht — A London Celebration — Whitechapel Outcasts — "Blood, Blood, Blood!" — Verestchagin's Views — The Bulwarks of Society — The Condition of Anarchy in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other American Cities — A New Era of Revolutionary Activity — A Fight to the Death — Are we Prepared?

AS regards the present plans and movements of the reds in Europe, of course it is almost impossible to obtain an adequate conception here. It is known, however, that the French, German, English and Belgian governments have only recently adopted most stringent measures, the effect of which will undoubtedly be to send some very undesirable immigrants to our hospitable shores.

Notwithstanding the measures taken by the French Government, it is reported as tolerably certain that the Revolutionary Congress will meet at Paris, although there is a pressure to have the date of the session delayed until October. Much will depend, probably, upon the proceedings of the proposed meeting of German, Swiss and Austrian Socialists at Zurich the coming summer.

With all their talk of universal brotherhood and a grand combination of the proletariat of every nation against tryanny, race hatreds are very strong among the Socialists of Europe. A French Communist would be more likely to cut a German Socialist's throat than labor with him for the overthrow of the common oppressor.

The social conference soon to convene at The Hague, it is said, will ask the German leaders to take the decisive step of annulling the Zurich meeting, in order to give the Paris congress the more importance and avoid giving any possible offense by such action as may be taken there. It is well known that Bebel, Liebknecht and their immediate followers have no particular love for the dynamite faction of the Paris Communists, but there are many Swiss, South Germans and Russians who are engaged in the thankless and seemingly hopeless task of reconciling national differences, and these men have no small influence over their fellows by reason of their intelligence and approved courage and the sacrifices they have made for the common cause. By their unceasing labor a large proportion of the rank and file of the German army have been won over to the Socialistic movement, and they do not despair of allaying the French repugnance to affiliating with men of their own ideas from across the Rhine.

The London celebration of the anniversary of the Paris Commune on the night of March 18, 1889, consisted of a small crowd of boozy, beery,

pot-valiant, squalid, frowsy, sodden Whitechapel outcasts who shrieked and fought in a small hall in their district under the eye of a single policeman.

"Better not go in, sir," the policeman said to a correspondent who entered the door of the small hall at 87 Commonwealth Road. "There ain't no danger, but it's very unpleasant."

It was the fumes of scores of dirty pipes and a thousand other causes that made the air almost unbearable. About two hundred people, a fourth of whom were lushed, soggy Whitechapel women, were in the low-ceilinged hall, while a long-haired Pole was screaming an address from the platform. He cursed and swore with frantic blasphemy, and called upon his hearers to arm themselves and wade to liberty through blood. Whenever he uttered the word "blood," the muddled and maudlin crowd set up a shriek of "Blood, blood, blood!" that was deafening. All of the women and most of the men had soiled red flags and handkerchiefs, which they waved in the air as they shrieked "Blood!" in chorus. Then they would sink back into drunken indifference till the word "blood" was mentioned again.

Two women and a man, says the correspondent, lay in senseless stupor, with the crowd treading on them. One woman's rags did not half cover her. An illiterate Englishman pushed the Pole aside and began to harangue the people from the platform. It was the most shameless, ribald and obscene harangue imaginable. In the midst of it one woman struck another with a piece of a broken beer glass, and the two females began to fight like cats. Faces were cut and bleeding. No one paid the slightest attention except the policeman, who looked indifferently on. Presently one of the women ran sobbing from the hall with her face streaming blood. Another woman started after her, when a man made a sign to a policeman, and she was restrained. Then a neighbor plucked the correspondent's sleeve:

"Don't let that nasty scene deceive you," he said shortly, "it doesn't mean that Socialism is dead in London. It means that it is more intelligent. They've left off shouting in public and begun to work under cover. This thing to-night proves it."

The following, from the pen of Vassili Verestchagin, the eminent Russian painter, whose realistic representations of battle scenes have created a great sensation wherever exhibited, and who is also a writer of great ability, will show how the situation in Europe as regards Socialism, Anarchy and Nihilism appears to one close and intelligent observer:

"There is no gainsaying the fact that all the other questions of our time are paling before the question of Socialism that advances on us, threateningly, like a tremendous thunder-cloud.

"The masses that have been for centuries leading a life of expectancy, while hanging on the very borders of starvation, are willing to wait no more. Their former hopes in the future are discarded; their appetites are whetted,

and they are clamoring for arrears, which means now the division of all the riches, and so as to make the division more lasting, they are claiming that talents and capacities should be leveled down to one standard, all workers of progress and comfort alike drawing the same pay. They are striving to reconstruct society on new foundations, and, in case of opposition to their aims, they threaten to apply the torch to all the monuments pertaining to an order that, according to them, has already outlived its usefulness; they threaten to blow up the public buildings, the churches, the art galleries, libraries and museums — a downright religion of despair! . . .

"My friend the late General Skobeleff once asked me, 'How do you understand the movement of the Socialists and the Anarchists?' He owned to it that he himself did not understand at all what they aimed at. 'What do they want? What are they striving to attain?'

"'First of all,' I answered, 'those people object to wars between nations; again, their appreciation of art is very limited, the art of painting not excluded. Thus, if they ever come into power, you, with your strategic combinations, and I, with my pictures, will both be shelved immediately. Do you understand this?'

"'Yes, I understand this,' rejoined Skobeleff, 'and from this on I am determined to fight them.'

"There is no mistaking the fact that, as I have said before, society is seriously threatened at the hands of a large mass of people counting hundreds of millions. Those are the people who, for generations, during entire centuries, have been on the brink of starvation, poorly clad, living in filthy and unhealthy quarters; paupers, and such people as have scarcely any property, or no property at all. Well, who is it that is to blame for their poverty — are they not themselves to be blamed for it?

"No, it would be unjust to lay all the blame at their door; it is more likely that society at large is more to blame for their condition than they are themselves.

"Is there any way out of the situation?

"Certainly there is. Christ, our Great Teacher, has long ago pointed out the way in which the rich and the powerful could remedy the situation without bringing things to a revolutionary pass, without any upheaval of the existing social order, if they would only seriously take care of the miserable; that certainly would have insured them the undisturbed enjoyment of the bulk of their fortune. But there is little hope of a peaceful solution of the question now; it is certain that the well-to-do classes will still prefer to remain Christian in name only; they will still hope that palliative measures will be sufficient to remedy the situation; or else, believing the danger to be distant yet, they will not be disposed to give up much; while the paupers — though formerly they were ready for a compromise — may be soon found unwilling to take the pittance offered them.

"What do they want, then?

"Nothing less than the equalization of riches in the society to come; they claim the material as well as the moral equalization of all rights, trades, all capacities and talents; as we have already said, they strive to undermine all the foundations of the existing state of society, and, in inaugurating a new order of things they claim to be able to open a real era of liberty, equality and fraternity, instead of the shadows of those lofty things, as existing now. . . .

"I do not mean to go into the discussion of the matter; I would not

pretend to point out how much justice or injustice, how much soundness or unsoundness there is in these claims; I state only the fact that there is a deep gulf between the former cries for bread and the sharply formulated claims of the present. It is evident that the appetite of the masses has grown within the past centuries, and the bill which they intend to present for payment will not be a small one.

"Who will be required to pay this bill?

"Society, most certainly.

"Will it be done willingly?

"Evidently not.

"Consequently there will be complications, quarrels, civil wars.

"Certainly there will be serious complications; they are already casting their shadows before them in the shape of disturbances of a Socialistic character that are originating here and there. In America, most likely, those disturbances are lesser and less pointed, but in Europe, in France and Belgium, for instance, such disorders assume a very threatening aspect.

"Who is likely to be victorious in this struggle?

"Unless Napoleon I. was wrong in his assertion that victory will always remain with the *gros bataillons*, the 'regulators' will win. Their numbers will be very great; whoever knows human nature will understand that all such as have not much to lose will, at the decisive moment, join the claims of those who have nothing to lose. . . .

"It is generally supposed that the danger is not so imminent yet; but, as far as I was able to judge, the impendence of the danger varies in different countries. France, for instance—that long-suffering country which is forever experimenting on herself, whether it be in social or scientific questions, or in politics—is the nearest to a crisis; then follow Belgium and other countries.

"It is very possible that even the present generation will witness something serious in that respect. As to the coming generations, there is no doubt that they will assist at a thorough reconstruction of the social structure in all countries.

"The claims of Socialists, and, particularly, the Anarchists, as well as the disorders incited by them, generally produce a great sensation in society. But no sooner are the disorders suppressed, than society relapses again into its usual unconcern, and no one gives a thought to the fact that the frequency of those painful symptoms, recurring with so much persistency, is in itself a sign of disease.

"Far-seeing people begin to realize that palliative measures are of no more use; that a change of governments and of rulers will not avail any more; and that nothing is left but to await developments contingent on the attitude of the opposed parties—the energetic determination of the well-to-do classes, not to yield, and that of the proletaires, to keep their courage and persevere. . . .

"The only consolation remaining to the rich consists in the fact that the 'regulators' have not had time yet to organize their forces for a successful struggle with society. This is true to a certain extent. But, though they do it slowly, the 'regulators' are perfecting their organization all the time; yet, on the other hand, can we say that society is well enough organized not to stand in dread of attack?

"Who are the recognized and official defenders of society?

"The army and the church.

'A soldier, there is no doubt of it, is a good support; he represents a solid defense; the only trouble about him is that the soldier himself begins to get weary of his ungrateful part. It is likely that for many years to come yet the soldier will shoot with a light heart at such as are called his 'enemies;' but the time is not far distant when he will refuse to shoot at his own people.

"Who is a good soldier? Only one to whom you can point out his father, his mother or his brother in the crowd, saying, 'Those are enemies of society, kill them'—and who will obey.

"I may remark here, in passing, that it occurred to me to refer to this idea in a conversation I had with the well-known French writer and thinker, Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, and with what success? Conceding the justice of the apprehension, he had no other comforting suggestion to offer than to say: 'Oh, yes, the soldier will shoot yet!'

"The other defender of society, the priest, has been less ill-used than the soldier, and consequently he is not so tired of his task; but, on the other hand, people begin to tire of him, less heed is paid to his words, and there arises a doubt as to the truth of all that he preaches.

"There was a time when it was possible to tell the people that there is but one sun in the heavens as there is but one God-appointed king in the country. As stars of the first, second, third and fourth magnitude are grouping themselves around the sun, so the powerful, the rich, the poor and the miserable surround the king on earth. And, as all that appeared plausible, people used to believe that such arrangements are as they ought to be. All was accepted, all went on smoothly; none of such things can be advanced nowadays, however; no one will be ready to believe in them. . .

"Clearly, things assume a serious aspect. Suppose the day comes when the priests will entirely lose their hold on the people, when the soldiers will turn their guns muzzles down—where will society look for bulwarks then? Is it possible that it has no more reliable defense?

"Certainly, it has such a defense, and it is nothing else but *talents*, and their representatives in science, literature and art in all its ramifications.

"Art must and will defend society. Its influence is less apparent and palpable, but it is very great; it might even be said that its influence over the minds, the hearts and the actions of people is enormous, unsurpassed, unrivaled. Art must and will defend society with all the more care and earnestness, because its devotees know that the 'regulators' are not disposed to give them the honorable, respectable position they occupy now—since, according to them, a good pair of boots is more useful than a good picture, a novel or a statue. Those people declare that talent is luxury; that talent is aristocratic, and that, consequently, talent has to be brought down from its pedestal to the common level—a principle to which we shall never submit.

"Let us not deceive ourselves. There will arise new talents, which will gradually adapt themselves to new conditions, if such will prevail, and their works may perhaps gain from it, but we shall not agree to the principle of general demolition and reconstruction, when such have no other foundation but the well-known thesis: 'Let us destroy everything and clear the ground; as to the reconstruction—about that we shall see later on.' We shall defend and advocate the improvement of the existing things by means of peaceful and gradual measures."

That is Verestchagin's view. It is certainly original and at least presents matter for serious reflection to the thoughtful, even though his deductions are not agreed to.

Only recently a tremendous sensation was caused by the discovery of a dynamite bomb factory in Zurich, secretly conducted by students, and the tracing therefrom of a Nihilist conspiracy against the Czar, with extensive ramifications throughout Russia. Official and court circles in St. Petersburg were panic-stricken at the news, and the public journals, as usual, were promptly forbidden publishing information, making comment, or saying a word on the subject. In the meantime the police pushed investigation in all directions and a large number of arrests were made.

Following up the traces of the plot, they found in a street of the capital most important evidences of its ramifications in St. Petersburg. This conspiracy was said to be more formidable than any preceding one. Nor was the danger diminished by the discoveries made. The arrests were only of minor people, and these maintained unbroken fidelity to their leaders, refusing to divulge even the little they were allowed to know.

All over the world the apostles of disorder, rapine and Anarchy are to-day pressing forward their work of ruin, and preaching their gospel of disaster to all the nations with a more fiery energy and a better organized propaganda than was ever known before. People who imagine that the energy of the revolutionists has slackened, or that their determination to wreck all the existing systems has grown less bitter, are deceiving themselves. The conspiracy against society is as determined as it ever was, and among every nation the spirit of revolt is being galvanized into a newer and more dangerous life.

In Chicago the signs of the times are so plain that he who runs may read. The skulking conspirators, who but a few months ago met secretly and in fear, in out-of-the-way cellars and thoroughly tiled halls, now court publicity. Their meetings are advertised and open — any one who chooses may attend — and they evidently feel a confidence and security which was unknown before this year of grace 1889. If this feeling is rampant here in Chicago, where the heaviest blow was struck at Anarchy, what must it be in other American cities, New York for instance, where the reds have a formidable and growing organization, or in Philadelphia, Pittsburg or Cincinnati? It is manifest that a new era of "revolutionary activity" is at hand, and it is to be questioned whether the proper means for meeting the proposed attack have been taken, or are being prepared.

In Europe the same ferment is apparent. In England the conspiracy is still largely under cover, for the English proletariat, as the Anarchists love to call the raw material of Anarchy, is slow to move and difficult to arouse. But the propaganda is busy, and occasional rumblings may be heard of the work going on underground, which should be received as

the danger signals they are. In London there are all the factors for the most dangerous mob the world can produce. There are thousands upon thousands of half-starved, desperate men, who have absolutely nothing to lose save lives which they themselves hold as almost worthless, and there is the constant temptation before them of wealth so great and so flaunting, and of a wealthy class often so cruelly unjust, that it need never be a matter of wonder when the East End of London springs at the throat of the West. In England, however, nobody seems to believe that there can be such a thing as a servile revolt — that might occur among the French or the Germans or the Russians, but never in John Bull's island, — and the conspirators, safely covered by the fancied security of the people, are permitted to undermine at their will the fabric of English society.

In France the Commune is stronger than it ever was, and the Red Terror may appear with every turn of the whirligig of politics. France does not disbelieve in the danger, but it is practically powerless to avert it, owing to the general demoralization which has followed Boulanger's success. Of course, it can only be a wild and bloody riot followed by a wild and bloody retribution, by a nation frightened out of freedom back into the arms of a strong government, for in France the issues are made up, and the country has made up its mind.

In Spain and Italy, and especially in the smaller states — Switzerland, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries — the Socialists are busy, while in Germany and in Russia a crisis is at hand. Thus, the world over, it is evident that Anarchy is at work with a feverish purpose never before displayed, and the governments are menaced with a danger before which foreign war is as nothing. Nothing but the uprooting of the very foundations and groundwork of our civilization will satisfy these enemies of order. Their fight is to the death. They will neither take nor give quarter. It is war *à l'outrance* — composition or truce is futile and foolish.

Are we prepared, or are we even preparing for the shock?

Let none mistake either the purpose or the devotion of these fanatics, nor their growing strength. This is methodic — not a haphazard conspiracy. The ferment in Russia is controlled by the same heads and the same hands as the activity in Chicago. There is a cold-blooded, calculating purpose behind this revolt, manipulating every part of it, the world over, to a common and ruinous end. Whether the next demonstration of the Red Terror will occur where its disciples are goaded to desperation under despotic measures, as in the land of the Czar, or in our own country, where they are allowed to preach its bloody doctrines under a broad construction of the American constitutional right of free speech, time alone can tell.

But believe me, Anarchy is not an enemy for society to despise.

APPENDIX A.

THE meeting places of the Anarchist groups in Chicago prior to May 4, 1886, were as follows:

South Side, Saturday nights, 2883 Wentworth Avenue.

Southwest Side, No. 1, Saturday nights, 691 South Halsted Street.

Southwest Side, No. 3, Saturday nights, 611 Throop Street.

Vorwaerts, Saturday nights, 204 Blue Island Avenue.

Jefferson, Saturday nights, at or near 1800 Milwaukee Avenue.

Town of Lake, No. 1, Saturday nights, 514 State Street.

Town of Lake, No. 2, every other Sunday evening, in Thomas Hall, corner of Fifty-eighth and Laflin Streets.

Bridgeport, Sunday afternoons, 2 o'clock, 2513 South Halsted Street.

The Lehr und Wehr Verein companies met as follows:

First Group — Tuesday and Friday evenings, at Mueller's Hall, corner of Sedgwick and North Avenue; also, at No. 58 Clybourn Avenue, Sunday mornings, for instruction in shooting and rifle practice.

Second Group — Wednesday evenings, and two weekly meetings, together with the Northwest Side Group, at 8 o'clock, at 636 Milwaukee Avenue.

Third Group — Wednesday evenings at the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall.

No. 58 Clybourn Avenue was a general meeting-place. A general invitation was extended to all to come there on Sundays for practice in shooting.

List of names of Anarchists and Socialists as found on record with Secretaries Seliger and Lingg, at 442 Sedgwick Street:

William Hesse.
Moritz Neff.
William Lange.
Balthasar Rau.
Albert Bonien.
Michael Schwab.
H. Harmening.
William Medow.
A. Hovestadt.
Oscar Neebe.
Franz Hoffmann.
Ch. Charlevitz.
H. Kaune.
H. Tietgens.
Theodore Polling.
Louis Hensling.
E. Buschner.
Henry Bonnefoi.
George Meng.
W. L. Rosenberg.
Carl Wichmann.
Ch. Mauner.
Chr. Mauer.
John Nedovlacid, *alias* Pohl.
A. Hirschberger.
Edward Schnaubelt.
John Altherr.
William Buffleben.
Carl Milbi.
Chr. Ramm.
Max Mitlacher.
Paul Grottkau.
Joseph Bach.
Albert Gorns.
Julius Stegemann.
Otto Habitzreiter.
William Hoelscher.
William Ludewig.
H. Perschke.
A. Roehr.
William Urban.
Ernst Altenhofer.
H. Fasshauer.
Abraham Hermann.
Michael Hermann.
Lorenz Hermann.
Peter Huber.
John Neubauer.
Rudolph Kobitch.
Julius Habitzreiter.
Fritz Fischer.
Albin Mittlacher.
Fritz Reuter.
Carl Teuber.
Rudolph Ohlf.
Theodore Remane.
E. Brassholz.
Joseph Knochelman.
A. Picard.
Arthur Fritzsche.
Franz Domes.
John B. Lotz.
John Wohlleben.
Gustav Moeller.
H. Ulrich.
William Neumann
H. Kallina.
August Stollidorf
W. Senderson.

George Rosenzweig.
Robert W. Ebill.
S. Heidenbluth.
William Luetzgerath.
R. Lauterbach.
Ernst Fischer.
Carl Schroeder.
Otto Voigt.
Heinrich Menge.
John Neunkirchen.
William Kaune.
Chris Ammer.
Carl Leukert.
H. Boeltscher.
H. Vogelsaenger.
B. Leber.
Joseph Mattius.
John Holm.
William Walteck.
Carl Puder.
N. Willes.
William Linden.
George Menge.
Louis Krauthahn.
Wilhelm Schleuter.
Paul Riedel.
Fritz Huebner.
Louis Liebl.
Rudolph Effinger.
Wilhelm Lindner.
Conrad Meier.
August Baer.
Wilhelm Rieger.
Hans Reindel.
Rudolph Schnaubelt.
William Heinze.
Anton Schmidt.
Fritz Schmidt.
Albert Wilke.
Gustav Schroth.
Carl Meier.
George Engelett.
H. Marcmann.
H. Albert.
Ch. Blendow.
August Neuhaus.
Chr. Hase.
H. C. Eden.
H. Thomser.
Claus Boege.
Frederick Boecer.
H. Kirvitt.
H. Lehman.
Nic Schroegel.
Max Biehle,
Andrew Decker.
Johann Mass.
Hermann Klug.
H. Honsel.
Edward Koelble.
Adolph Greschner.
Guenther Bock.
Fritz Bock.
C. Bock.
Fritz Linden.
Leo Wierig.
Nic Keller.
Aug. Wassilof.
Linarz.
Fr. Rathke.
Baehrendt.
Henry Schmidt.
Franz Hein.
Chas. Meyer.
Otto Bathke.
Louis Peters.
Wm. Seliger.
Christ Jansen.
Chas. Scholl.
B. Horschke.
Kinder.
Robert Moench.
Latinker.
Leopold Miller.
E. Trolson.
Otto Blonk.
Ludwig Sitzberger.
Albert Sommer.
Albert Dilke.
Alfred Bartels.
August Asher.
Henry Slvetera.
Hermann Pabst.
John Richlich.
Ernst J. Nitschke.
Fritz Roeber.
W. Callinius.
E. Hoffmann.
W. Matuspkirvitz.
Carl Pundt.
E. Rudolph.
Franz Stahr.
Hermann Weg.
H. Judknecht.
Christ. Drawert.
Julius Blecksmith.
Carl Rick.
Carl Leukert.
Gustav Stolze.
Edward Heis.
Wilhelm Waldeck.
Ludwig Lintz.
August Pavel.
H. Hildemann.
Ernst Altenhofer.
John Kleinsten.
Hermann Hoges.
Wilhelm Alb.
H. Markmann.
H. Albert.
Blendow.
H. C. Eden.
John Maas.
Hermann Klug.
H. Hansel.
F. Thiesen.
Henry Abelman.
Joseph Neder.
Leo Wierig.
Nic Keller.
Max Hollock.
George Binder.
Wm. Lueneberg.
Anton Besser.
Franz Springer.
O. Deichman.
Joseph Schramm.
Carl Kroger.
Franz Turban.
George Binder.
John Kerr.
Wenzel Kinzill.
Ernst Niendorf.
Theodore Blumbach.
H. Zwierlein.
August Metschke.
K. Kumberg.
Charles Lovitte.
H. Kauney.
H. Mathge.
Ludwig Luetzeberger.
Frederick Schmiecke.
Christ Wegemann.

Carol Fischhammer.
E. Andauer.
Bernard Labor.
August Litch.
Paul Polke.
Franz Schumann,
Franz Hermann.
Fran Bohl.
Christ. Killgers.
Max Hollock.

Total number of members, 232.

Names of Socialists belonging to different parts of the city:

Fritz Kaderli.
Alois Preiss.
Anton Bonner.
Gustav Zerbe.
Carl Weidenhammer.
Berthold Bauer.
Nic Goebel.
Franz Frank.
George H. Karst.
Fritz Witt.
August Ziemann.
Rudolph Spuhr.
Ernst Blanck.
August Krause.
Wilhelm Helm.
Franz Krueger.
Frederick Luebbe.
Jacob Beck.
Hermann Wechmann.
Hermann Boese.
B. Gromall.
Fred Wessling.
Franz Schips.
Michael Michels.
John Tallmann.
Gustav Hopper.
Carl Chuast.
Nic Mueller.
Franz Schlopp.
Philipp Glaser.
John Woehrle.
Louis Boechlke.
Albert Koch.
John Voss.
Fred Heiden.
Franz Heidench.
Carl Michael.
George Bloecher,
Fred Naffs.
Robert Wegener.
Max Miller.
Frank Wiederkehr.
Heinrich Volkmann.
Friederich Wargowsky.
Gustav Bressmann.
Hermann Jocks.
Peter Dieterich.
John Fromm.
Frederich Hanne
Carl Norvotny.
Heinrich Simon.
August Rieger.
Henry Lebierri.
Christ Erbman.
Rudolph Arndt.
John Sellmann.
William Rehfeldt.
Emil Kaiser.
Carl Swansen.
Louis Jansen.
Jacob Lieser.
Carl Billhardt.
Johann Grefflath.
Fritz Peters.
Albert Bittelkau.
Leo Engelmann.
Christ Feidler.
Peter Bucher.
George Lange.
August Littele.
Hermann Pretch.
Albert Fork.
Wilhelm Hohmann.
Hermann Theile.
Carl Heinrich.
Friederich Rathman.
Carl Wild
Wilhelm Wetendorf.
Carl Gerbech.
Friederich Assmussen.
Louis Griep.
Heinrich Zeiss.
Carl Mund.
George Schmidt.
August Buchwald.
Peter Weber.
Christ. Jungknecht.
Johann Fleischmann.
August Bernatzki.
Julius Koschnitzki.
Bernard Kaelle.
Richard Wagner.
Christ. Schumann.
George Stange.
Johann Siegfried.
Frank Ehlert.
Heinrich Becker.
Johann Peters.
Hermann Junke.
Julius Beck.
Louis Thiess.
John Weber.
Robert Lattmann.
Mike Hartmann.
Heinrich Pressler.
Otto Bartell.
Martin Lausgres.
Heinrich Koehler.
Fritz Geding.
Peter Ferneeten.
Louis Schroeder.
Heinrich Rauch.
John Mangels.
Hermann Tombrow.
John Koehler.
Wilhelm Kramp.
Hermann Gnadke.
Peter Pauls.
Adolph Rudemann.
Louis Schalk.
Rudolph Firo.
Joseph Kaiser.
Frank Allring.
Heirrich Block.
Carl Beck.
John Urech.
Gustav Roshke.
Ed. Peterson.
M. Grant.
August Hoffmann.
Gustav Kerstarm.
J. Casper.
Philipp Wichmann.
John Bernier.
August Schnedort.

Total number, 139.

Names of Socialistic women of North Side, 1886:

Mrs. Back.
Mrs. W. Lange.
Mrs. Mattius.
Mrs. Rehm.
Mrs. Johanna Schroeder.
Mrs. Antonie Hoverstadt.
Mrs. Rosenzweig.
Mrs. Fisher.
Mrs. Wilhelmina Menge.
Mrs. H. Habitzreiter.
Mrs. Elizabeth Reuter.
Marie Schnaubelt.
Mrs. Lane.
Mrs. Hermann.
Mrs. Pohl.
Mrs. Neuhaus.
Ida Schnaubelt.
Johanna Schnaubelt.
Mrs. Schwab.
Mrs. Miller.
Mrs. Huber.

Total number, 21.

ILLUSTRATIONS.